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THE AMERICAN IMITATION OF ENGLAND.

A COLLOQUY.

[SCENE—MR. RALPH ENDICOTT's library, furnished in old English style. MR. ENDICOTT stands beside his wife at the window, looking out over the Berkshire hills. He is tall and fair, and his black velvet morning-coat sets off his wavy yellow hair and auburn beard. She is slender and dark. Her clear, olive skin has a faint tinge of color on the cheeks. The outline of her face is exquisite, and she has very thick, dark hair, and fine eyes.]

ENDICOTT. If he were only less of a cad!

MRS. ENDICOTT. He is very good-natured.

ENDICOTT. Oh, he is not half a bad fellow; but he is so horribly, so demonstratively *American*.

MRS. ENDICOTT (*smiling*). We, also, are American, Ralph.

ENDICOTT. At least we don't shake the fact in every one's face. Yesterday, when he was talking to Anstice at dinner, I grew hot half a dozen times at his bragging. He hadn't the sense to see how distasteful his talk was to me. By Jove, I longed to throw him out of the window.

MRS. ENDICOTT (*patting his arm*). Sir Wilfrid didn't seem to mind. And, certainly, he must have seen how heroically you struggled to change the conversation. I pitied you from my heart, but I was too far off to help you.

ENDICOTT (*lifting the hand on his arm and kissing it*). You were an angel. Only the occasional warning signals I caught from your eyes enabled me to keep from blazing out at Havens. But it wasn't in my character of host that I suffered most; though it isn't pleasant to invite your friends to hear their country abused. Still, Anstice is a gentleman, and understood. The worst thing was that Havens's talk made

me ashamed of my country. I haven't a doubt Anstice thought him a representative American. Good heavens, Margaret! Do you suppose he is?

MRS. ENDICOTT. A Western American? I don't know. Perhaps. Hush! I hear him in the hall. He is talking to Nelly.

ENDICOTT. Uncommonly good running he seems to make with Nelly, too, confound him.

MRS. ENDICOTT. She sympathizes with him in his disgust at what they call our "English nonsense." Good morning, dear. Did you have a pleasant walk?

[Enter Miss NELLY GOODRICH, of Kansas City, Missouri, a very pretty girl, whose brown hair has been roughed by the wind and whose brown eyes are shining.]

MISS NELLY. Perfectly lovely. I think the Berkshire hills are too beautiful for anything. Don't say now that I don't admire something in Massachusetts. I think the scenery is perfection—I *dote* on it.

MRS. ENDICOTT. We would prefer to have you *dote* on the people.

MISS NELLY. I don't. I can't help it. I suppose it's my unlucky Western education. I

can't play tennis or whist; I don't do Kensington needlework; I've never been to Europe, and I hate, hate, hate Henry James—

[Enter MR. CYRUS L. HAVENS, of Chicago. He is a tall young man of thirty or thirty-five, handsome, and carrying himself well, if with something of assertion.]

MR. HAVENS. 'Hullo! Who's Nelly hating? Who *is* Henry James, anyhow, Cousin Margaret—somebody I ain't met yet?

ENDICOTT (*grimly*). No. 'He's an author.

HAVENS. Oh, yes—solitary horseman fellow. He's rather slow. But what do you want to waste so much emotion on that dead old party for, Nelly?

MISS NELLY (*looking sidewise at Endicott to detect any hint of a smile*). It is another man, Mr. Havens. Henry James is a smart young American, who lives in London, and is making a fortune by ridiculing his own country.

HAVENS. Don't take much stock in *him*, if that's the case. What's the use of having a country if you can't stand up for it?

MISS NELLY. That's what I think. But wherever I go, East, I run into people who can't find anything good enough for them in their own country. They import everything from England or from France. In New York, it was all France; but here, it's all England. They get their furniture, and their dishes, and their cookery, and their coachmen, and even their accent, from England. When I went to Boston, the other day, I was told eight times in an evening that the Bostonians, according to English testimony, spoke the purest English going. All the young men I met were dressed by English tailors, and talked just like characters in English novels. Mercy knows! they were stupid enough to have been in a novel themselves.

ENDICOTT. We never could get you to say much about that dinner before, Nelly. I am glad to get particulars.

MISS NELLY. I didn't enjoy the occasion enough to talk about it much.

ENDICOTT. But Aunt Millicent?

MISS NELLY. Aunt Millicent was a saint in good clothes, as she always is. But, of course, she couldn't be with me every minute. And the others—I never was so genteelly snubbed in my life.

HAVENS (*who has been tugging fiercely at his mustache for the last five minutes*). People's notions of politeness differ. Now, in Chicago, when we go to see people and meet a stranger, we think it the polite thing to make it as pleasant as we can for him.

ENDICOTT. Yes; you tell him what a wonderful city you have, and describe its beauties. I have been in Chicago.

MRS. ENDICOTT. But, Nelly, I can't believe that any of Aunt Millicent's friends could have been so rude. You must have fancied—

MISS NELLY. Oh, I don't mean that they were rude. They were dreadfully well behaved and polite. Nobody said a word—that was just it, don't you see? They were so careful, whenever I showed my ignorance of something that they seemed to know as well as their own names, they changed the conversation, and talked about nice, easy, common things—like Indians. It was amusing how they all seemed to think I must be interested in the Indians. The fact is, I never saw an Indian in my life. I suppose they thought I was a kind of savage myself. I know I felt very much like one. I was perfectly possessed to say something shocking, they were all so prim and so proper, and all talking in the same Englishy way, with such a horrid, indefinite expression about them, as though they knew it all. I couldn't help seeing that everything I thought fine they despised, and everything they seemed to be enthusiastic about I thought silly or else hideous.

HAVENS. Well, I'm glad I didn't go.

MISS NELLY. You *may* be. You would have been an awful comfort, though; only I'm afraid you would have disgraced yourself by laughing right out over some of the things they said and did. I wish you could have heard them go on about some frightful engravings, by some old German—I've forgot his name. No, they weren't engravings—they were etchings. Aunt Millicent had just paid some fabulous price for the old horrors, and everybody was looking at them. And there was some needlework, too, that they looked at and admired. One of the men was a good deal more interested than the women. Think of a man's being interested in fancy-work! I told him I thought it was queer a gentleman should care for such things.

MRS. ENDICOTT. That must have been Philip Locke. Didn't you find him agreeable?

MISS NELLY. Indeed, I didn't. He was horrid. Every once in a while, though his face was perfectly sober, his eyes would flash in such a way I knew he was laughing at me. And he was *so* English. He put "don't you think?" at the end of every sentence. I *hated* him. He knew Henry James, and said he was a delightful fellow.

MRS. ENDICOTT. Wasn't there any one there whom you liked?

MISS NELLY. Well, there was one man I thought rather nice; but, afterward, I found he was dreadfully talented, and had written a book about "quaternions," and, as I hadn't the ghost of an idea what that was, I thought I'd

better fight shy of him. Then there was another man I liked the looks of, but he was going to reform the civil service, and at dinner I heard him telling his next neighbor how great, and grand, and glorious, and perfect the English civil service was; so I thought that was all I cared to know about him. And there was a very pretty girl who came up to me, and I thought I should get along with her because she said she couldn't learn to play tennis; but when I overheard her talking Herbert Spencer to a dreadful man who knew him, I gave her up, too.

MRS. ENDICOTT. Did she have light hair, and dark eyes, and very pretty dimples?

MISS NELLY. Yes. Why?

MRS. ENDICOTT. It was Amy Carinth. In spite of Herbert Spencer, she is a very charming, unassuming girl, and I am sure you would have liked her.

MISS NELLY. No, I wouldn't. Excuse me for contradicting, but I never could like a person who talked of the "lower classes," and thought a limited monarchy had great advantages.

HAVENS. I wish all these folks who are so keen for monarchy, and set themselves up for aristocrats, would take themselves off where they belong. *We* haven't any use for them. This is a free country, where one man's as good as another.

MRS. ENDICOTT (*gently*). I am afraid, Cyrus, there is no place in all this world where one man is as good as another, and there never will be.

HAVENS. I don't think I see just what you are driving at. I don't mean good in a moral sense. I mean politically, and—well, socially.

MRS. ENDICOTT. You have a large pork-packing establishment, I believe, Cyrus. Did you ever ask any of your "hands" to dine with you?

HAVENS. Don't ask questions to trip me up, like those dialogues of Socrates they used to have in the Speaker. Of course, you know why. If I don't ask Tim O'Brien, for instance, to take dinner with me, it ain't because I hold myself up to be a whit better man than Tim, for I can tell you that I am not. I only wish I was as good. No; it's simply because Tim's ways are not my ways, and we wouldn't jibe together. He would be as uncomfortable as I. But I don't feel called upon to give myself airs to Tim just because I have had a better education, and eat with my fork, while he finds a knife handy.

ENDICOTT. Nor do I give myself airs of superiority when I recognize such a fact, and talk

about the "lower classes," and refuse to speak of Tim O'Brien as a gentleman.

HAVENS. Don't you chip in, Ralph. I'm waiting to hear Margaret point her own moral.

MRS. ENDICOTT. I merely meant, Cyrus, that it is unhappily true that men are *not* born free and equal. Some are born weak and some are born strong, some healthy, some deformed, and, I am afraid we must admit, also, some good and some bad. The differences between men run deep as human nature, and no political system has ever been able to smooth them out—

HAVENS. I know all that. But what I'm after is just this: Granted there are natural barriers between men. Well, I hold that is the very reason why we shouldn't be building artificial ones. Let the best man take the best place, I say; but don't let's give a man a place just because his great-grandfather was the best man. Don't let's import the infernal spirit of caste, which is about played out in the old world, into our new world. Don't let's imitate effete aristocracies and their ways. No, sir. Let's stand on our own feet, and believe in our own country, and give every man a show on his merits.

MISS NELLY (*clapping her hands*). Three cheers for our side!

ENDICOTT. But who *is* your best man? Are you going to allow him to be civilized, or will civilization make him too much of an effete aristocrat? Beg pardon, Margaret; were you going to say something?

MRS. ENDICOTT. I was going to say that Cyrus and I were, may be, a little like the knights who quarreled about the shield. Perhaps I haven't made what I meant quite clear, yet I think that, just as civilized men are widely removed from savages, in all their feelings, and ideals, and customs of life, so certain classes of civilized men—though, of course, not so widely—are removed from each other in the same way, according as they are more or less civilized; and I see no dishonor to any class in the frank recognition of this fact. It is no kindness to a man to tell him he is your equal when he is not.

HAVENS. But suppose I say he *is* my equal. Take Tim O'Brien, who can't read or write, but who has a good, clear head upon his shoulders, and is as honest as the sun. Ain't he my equal?

MRS. ENDICOTT. I have no doubt that Mr O'Brien is a very worthy man. But *you* are honest also, and have a "good head on your shoulders," while you have what he has not, that wider view of the world, and refinement of feeling, and capacity to use men and things which education—

HAVENS. Spare my blushes! Take away the taffy!

ENDICOTT (*aside*). "Refinement of feeling!" By Jove, she is trying the "sweet reasonableness" of persuasion with a vengeance!

MRS. ENDICOTT. At least, if you haven't all these fine things, you ought to have.

HAVENS. Oh, I admit I have. What then?

MRS. ENDICOTT. Then Tim O'Brien is not your equal, and can't be until he gets those very same things.

ENDICOTT. And they say women haven't the logical faculty! Hear! Hear! Four generations of lawyers are speaking through you, Margaret. I listen with a— (*She puts her hand over his mouth, laughing*).

MRS. ENDICOTT. He shan't make fun of me, shall he, Cyrus?

ENDICOTT. I will be good. I will be very good. Now, Cyrus, I am going to make remarks—if I may, madam? Thanks. Cyrus, do you, or don't you, consider civilization of account?

HAVENS (*starting a little—he has been looking from his cousin to Miss Nelly, with a rather singular expression*). What say?

ENDICOTT. Do you think civilization is worth anything?

HAVENS. Of course I do.

ENDICOTT. Then it is worth trying to attain?

HAVENS. Come, now, don't you be trying Socrates on me, too.

ENDICOTT. And if some other nation happens, in some ways, to be more civilized than we, why should we not imitate her in those ways, even though she be an effete aristocracy? If we raise better or cheaper beef than England, England takes our beef; because we mix drinks better than they do in England, all over England one sees signs of American drinks. Now, if the English order their households in such a way that life is easier, and their women are healthier, why should not we do likewise? If tennis is an innocent, pleasant, healthful game, why should we refuse to play it only because the English aristocracy enjoy it? If the English speak their own language better than we—

MISS NELLY and HAVENS (*at the same moment*). They don't!

ENDICOTT. The best authorities think that they do, taking everything into account. Why, if they do, shouldn't we speak it as they do? If the English civil service is better than ours, why shouldn't we study its merits, and try to copy them, while avoiding its defects? The

imitation of English ways and manners, and all that sort of thing, of course, has plenty of silliness and snobbishness mixed up in it; but it has a vast deal of sense in it as well. One of the master tendencies of civilization is to break down national distinctions, and help each nation to obtain the best in all. And shan't we borrow ideas as well as clothes and machines? Why, look at us! Here we are, every year, getting ship-loads of vice and poverty from Europe; and, if we don't get some wisdom from them, too, to show us how to deal with them, we shall be smothered."

HAVENS. Universal suffrage—

ENDICOTT. —is a good safety-valve, and that is the best one can say for it. It hasn't saved the poor from the distinction of their poverty, nor kept our politics clean, nor prevented our great cities from being a reproach to us. By Jove, Havens, this country has a heavy load to carry, and it's poor patriotism to shut one's eyes and howl, "We're all right, and every other nation is all wrong." In a hundred ways we are not right; and the best thing we can do is to admit it, and look about us to see how other nations have managed who have had the same load to carry which is crushing us.

HAVENS. Oh, they've shifted theirs off on to our shoulders.

ENDICOTT. They have enough left. And it is worth our while to study their methods. We can't afford to neglect anything which will help to civilize all ranks. It is a matter of life and death with us, for universal suffrage has its own dangers.

MISS NELLY. Well, for my part, I can't see what there is peculiarly civilizing or elevating to the poor, or anything of that sort, in saying "I fancy," instead of "I guess," or putting a coachman into a light overcoat and three capes, or being waited on at dinner by a man in a swallow-tail.

MRS. ENDICOTT. The fork, also, is a mere prejudice.

[Enter EDWIN, the butler.]

EDWIN. Sir Wilfrid Anstice.

[Enter SIR WILFRID.]

SIR WILFRID (*bowing all around*). Endicott has promised to teach me to play poker, your great game, and I'm come to learn—

CURTAIN.

OCTAVE THANET.

HYDRAULIC MINING.—NEED OF STATE ACTION UPON OUR RIVERS.

Hydraulic mining is one of the conspicuous industries of California, both because its operations are upon so extended a scale and are so unique among industrial processes, and because its products are so large and concentrated. It lies, however, aside from the central routes of travel, and without the range of ordinary observation, and, as a consequence, is known only by reports. Very few of those familiar with it by name have had the opportunity to examine it so thoroughly as to have a correct conception of its methods and its peculiar bearing upon the industry of the region of its operations and upon the prosperity of the State; yet, just at this time, when a question, resulting from it, in regard to our navigable rivers, is before the State for action, a thorough understanding of its history, methods, and results would aid much to effective legislation and engineering.

Its history is soon told. Hydraulic mining was never practiced before in any part of the world. It was projected and developed in California, and is one of the wonders she can show the old and the new continents. The gold-seekers of '49 used the rocker and cradle, and subsequently took to drifting, gravel, and quartz mining. The first recorded hydraulic mining is in 1856. In one of the many mining towns of the Sierra an ingenious individual conceived the idea of bringing water through a canvas hose from an elevated barrel. With a head of sixteen feet, the stream from the nozzle washed a bank he wished to mine into his sluice-boxes. There was not wanting ingenuity and enterprise among the thousands of energetic adventurers then in our mountains to enlarge upon and vary the application of the principle he had thus brought to the service of man. The successive steps in the development of the process were too speedy and varied to be followed in this article. It is within the last ten years that the large and powerful machinery and cunning methods and devices have been completely developed.

Although hydraulic mining has been classed with quartz and drift mining, the similarity extends only to the region of operations and to the nature of the product. In methods, and in the bearing upon the region, and upon other industries, the former differs distinctively from the latter, and must be studied alone. The ef-

ficient cause of the difference is the difference of the gold sources upon which the two divisions of mining are mainly occupied. The placers, as distinguished from the quartz veins, are gravel beds found generally in the ridges adjacent to the river *cañons*, but higher up than the river beds. They are ordinarily capped by layers of rock and dirt which contain but a trace of gold. The mode in which these placers were formed from quartz veins is interesting, and a knowledge of it will aid in understanding the peculiar nature and results of this species of mining. Through the investigations of Professor Joseph LeConte, it has been determined to the satisfaction of most geologists. All of North America, northward from a line through the southern part of the United States, was covered in the geologic era preceding the present one by an ice-cap similar to that now covering Greenland. The northern part of California and most of Oregon, with the adjacent Territories, were also covered, at some preceding period, by an outflow of lava to the depth of from three to five thousand feet, from great cracks near the base of the Sierra Nevada. The Columbia has cut a *cañon* through this from one to three thousand feet deep, and the lava beds of Modoc notoriety are but a rougher part of this general lava covering. The geologic evidence indicates that just as the glacial epoch was coming on, and large masses of ice, especially in the higher regions, had accumulated, the earth commenced to get warm from the impending lava flow. The ice, melted by the internal heat, caused destructive floods. These tore down cliffs and the inclosed quartz veins into which the gold had been secreted from the surrounding rock. The dirt and rock fragments were carried down by the floods, and the river *cañons* were gorged and filled with the fragments of rock and quartz. Before the rivers could cut them out again, the lava flow came and covered the gravel-filled beds. The severity of the glacial epoch then came on. As it passed away the rivers appeared again, and commenced cutting new channels. Since the lava was thinnest above the old divides, the new river channels were cut there. At the same time with the lava flow there seems to have been a general elevation of the Sierra Nevada. As a consequence, the new rivers cut

deep *cañons* below their old beds, leaving these far up the sides of the *cañons*, as layers of gravel capped by layers of lava or ashes. The gravel miners tunnel into these beds, carry the gravel of the pay-streak to the mouth of the tunnel, and there wash it, leaving the hill intact. Their operations and results are thus very similar to those of the quartz miner. The hydraulic process, however, brings down the gravel bed with the superincumbent cliff from fifty to four hundred feet in height, to be washed in the sluices. The companies have possessed themselves of water-rights upon the heads of the various rivers, where an immense supply is stored and furnished by the snow-fields of the Sierra. The water is brought to the neighborhood of the works through ditches and flumes, that wind for miles around the dizzy sides of cliffs and in and out of numberless *cañons*. It is then received in strong iron pipes, one foot or more in diameter. In these it is carried down four hundred to a thousand feet, to the scene of the mining, where it is projected from the "Little Giant" (a nozzle of the ordinary shape, but from four to eight inches in diameter at its mouth) in a stream that tears down the cliffs and sends earth and huge boulders and stones rolling pell-mell to the sluice-boxes. The amount of the material thus washed down it is difficult to conceive, and it was not definitely known until the investigations of State Engineer Hall. In his report he states that the material washed down by hydraulic mining in one year amounts to 53,404,000 cubic yards, or enough to cover seventeen square miles one yard in depth. The difference between the few hundred thousand cubic yards produced by quartz and gravel mining and this gigantic washing is the first difference between these two methods of mining. But it might be anticipated, from the nature of the placers, that they would not last always, and so the Engineer is of the opinion that, with the increasing extent of the operations, the profitable gravel-beds will be worked out in thirty years. As yet, however, there are miles of gold-bearing hills to be washed. In places there are ridges extending as much as ten miles waiting to be worked.

At present, this class of mining produces one-half of the gold yield of the State. The estimated yield of 1878 was \$16,000,000, of which \$8,000,000 was from hydraulic mining. Hydraulic mining, however, cannot be carried on except by large companies, since the water-rights, ditching, machinery, etc., require a large outlay. As a consequence, there are but few companies, all large ones. Upon the Bear, Yuba, and Feather Rivers, they number some nineteen. Thus, in an industrial point of view,

it has a different social bearing from the other division of mining. A man of very small capital can open a quartz mine; and throughout the mountains, there are hundreds of companies engaged in quartz and gravel mining whose whole capital ranges from \$1,000 to \$10,000. While in the case of the latter the proprietors are actual residents, in the former the stock-owners are almost entirely non-resident; indeed, much of the stock is owned in London. In the hydraulic mines, also, the dirt is moved, and most of the work done by water-power, so that mines paying a profit upon \$500,000, or a \$1,000,000, employ only from twenty-five to fifty men. Before the Third District Court, Senator Sargent, who is interested in the mines, testified that the hydraulic mines upon the Bear River (one of the three principal hydraulic regions), afforded employment to only four hundred men. With quartz and gravel mines, it is different. The dirt is obtained from the tunnel by actual labor. Many of these mines, paying a profit upon a capital of from \$10,000 to \$20,000, employ as many men as do the large hydraulic companies. It thus becomes evident that, while hydraulic mining may produce one-half the gold product, yet, in a local point of view, it is of minor importance. Quartz and gravel mines are much more numerous, furnish more general employment, and the proprietors are more frequently actual residents. The gold products from these species of mining enter the local channels of trade, augment, and in reality support, the business of the region, while the major part of the product of hydraulic mining goes to San Francisco and London, and other regions enjoy the benefits. When it does cease, as it is bound to, in the ordinary course of things, in thirty years, it is evident that it will leave no such gap in the business or the labor market of that region, and turn no such army of laborers adrift, as would the general stoppage of quartz mining effect. The social disturbance will leave no trace, after the course of a season, during which the supply of labor is adjusting itself anew. Another distinction in the social bearing of the two divisions of mining, is also well marked. The quartz ledges are scattered in countless numbers through the mountains, and as thousands have been found, so there are other thousands undiscovered, leaving open, to multitudes of lucky and enterprising men, chances of securing fortunes. The placers, being filled-up river channels, can be traced up when discovered, and their whole extent located. Thus this mineral producing source of our State has been secured at nominal prices, by a number of large companies, who enjoy the riches which are shared in the

case of quartz mining by whole communities of men. This mineral wealth does not increase the business and population of the region, as do the quartz ledges, which distribute their gifts to tens of thousands of men of moderate fortunes, who are, in the main, actual residents. Hydraulic mining, however, has performed a service for the foothills of the Sierra Nevada which could have come from no other industry, in furnishing to localities the means of irrigation, at an early time, when the needs of agriculture would not have warranted the State, or individuals, in introducing any sort of a system of irrigation. Nevada City, and many other towns in the hills, as well as some farms along the line of the ditches, received water at an earlier date than they could have had it otherwise, and are still furnished with an abundant supply. But, at present, when the agricultural capabilities of the lower regions of the Sierra Nevada, with the aid of irrigation, has become apparent, the hydraulic mining rather prevents than aids the introduction of a thorough system of irrigation, and thus the thorough development of that region. There are some six million acres in the foothills capable of producing fruit, raisins, wine, olive oil, and all kinds of dairy produce; capable, in fact, of combining the fertility of the English hilly soils with the two-fold productions of Italy and England, when provided with irrigation. The supply of water must be found in the higher Sierras, but the water-rights and available ditch routes are owned by the hydraulic mining companies, who find it more profitable to use any additional supply of water in extending their operations, rather than in making the outlay necessary for a comprehensive system of ditches, with profits to accrue from a demand not in actual existence, but to spring from an agricultural activity to be caused by the prospect of abundant water. Furthermore, if such an agricultural activity were aroused, the growing needs of that vigorous industry might soon demand an encroachment upon the supply for mining. The agriculturists might soon become numerous and energetic enough to secure State action, by which some—at least—of the water-rights of the companies would be condemned, and turned to the service of the agricultural community. It is against the interests of the companies to court the disturbance this would occasion them. Meanwhile, the introduction of anything like an adequate system, by private individuals is prevented by the want of opportunity, since all the water-rights and ditch courses are occupied; and on the part of the State, it is impossible, since, in the hill counties, the towns are supplied with water and are content, and the farm-

ing class, who feel the need of it, are too poor to make it a public question.

These are the main points in the relation of hydraulic mining to the region of its operations, which must be fully understood before the real importance of the industry can be appreciated. But its more prominent influence upon the rest of the State, through the tailings emptied into the Yuba, Bear, Feather, and American, is imperfectly understood by those who have not experienced the actual effects on the districts traversed by the rivers. Yet, now that the treatment of the question of amending the state of things in Sacramento Valley has been assumed by the State, a safe decision requires a more accurate acquaintance by the general public with the true condition of the upper Sacramento Valley. It is only then that the urgent need of continued and effective State action can be understood. Fortunately, in the investigations of the State Engineer we have reliable data, which, if surprising, will yet be accepted unreservedly. The tailings, or *débris*, that appear in the valley are of a two-fold character. They consist, first, of coarse insoluble sand, which the water rolls in billows along the bottom, filling up and leveling all inequalities and deep holes. As fast as the channel behind is leveled, the front of this sand advances. The second constituent is a clay, amounting to some thirty per cent. of the *débris*, which is carried in solution by the water and deposited in the channels and upon the flood-plains in advance of the sand.

Its effects reach down to the mouth of the Sacramento, the scene of its principal deposits advancing ahead of the sand. The Yuba and the Bear, the main tributaries of the Feather, have been affected the most disastrously by the tailings. They were originally clear streams, running in channels from fifteen to thirty feet in depth, over pebbly beds; upon either side were the bottoms, extending two or three miles to the redland, and covered with oak and buck-eye forests, broken by moist, grassy meadows and glades. The crystal water was filled with trout, and shoals of salmon annually ascended to spawning grounds upon their head-waters. At times, during the winter floods, the water ran over the bottoms, leaving a film of fertilizing deposit, from the washings upon the hillsides above, but receded in a few hours, causing no damage of moment to the lands or property on either side. The soil was a rich, black alluvium, as fertile as the richest alluvial loams in the world. Many valuable orchards were scattered along the rivers from the hills to their mouths. About 1860 the sand began to appear from the *cañons*, where it had paved its way

down. It entered and filled the channels to the brim, and commenced to spread upon the bottoms on either side. The low levees, formerly adequate to confine flood-waters, were overtapped, and the river began to flow upon a constantly raising bed of sand. Each year the levees had to be raised, to cause the floods and sand to sweep farther down; and with each year, one after another farmer gave up, as the water overtapped his levee and buried his land in the sand. Upon the south side of the Yuba, not a single farm remains upon the river bottom. The whole reach of alluvial bottom is covered in coarse sand, from ten to sixteen feet in depth, which either lies in barren sand-tracts or is covered with a growth of willows and cottonwoods, over which the river spreads and threatens to swerve aside upon the redlands. Upon the north side, Marysville alone remains, surrounded by levees, with the water above the level of her streets, and compelled to pump the seepage water into the river. The original channel of the Bear River is obliterated, and the sandy level over which it flows is from seven to ten feet high above the small portion of its former bottom, still preserved for a few miles upon its northern side. The State Engineer states that the Yuba has been filled at Smartsville dumps one hundred and twenty-five feet, at the Yuba mill and mining shaft, eighty feet—both places where the river is about leaving the hills; and at its mouth, some sixteen miles below, the low-water plane has been raised from thirteen to sixteen feet. The land alone, destroyed upon the Bear, Yuba, and Feather, he has estimated at \$2,597,235; but his estimate is low in many cases, and he instances an orchard of six hundred and forty acres, formerly considered worth \$640,000, "whose tree-tops are now found above the sand with which they have been covered," whose former value he estimates at a hundred dollars an acre only, and for whose present value fifty cents an acre, he says, would be a liberal estimate. The losses in crops, improvements, etc., he says, are not capable of definite estimation, but are probably several times the more tangible loss in lands. The property in Marysville has depreciated, since 1860, from \$3,823,518 to \$1,703,900 in 1880, according to the Assessor's figures. Nor does this represent the total loss, since the population and property ought to have increased greatly in twenty years. Four times the loss of land, or \$10,390,540, is allowable at the least, according to his figures, for losses of lands and improvements. Add to this, \$2,000,000, the perceptible depreciation in Marysville, and the total loss to the region and to individuals has been only approached. There is still the depreciation in other adjacent prop-

erty, money sunk year after year in unsuccessful levees, and the loss from a prospective development arrested.

But there is a further loss, incapable of estimation, in the destruction of the rivers—as means of exit for the crops, and as a leverage by which the freights could be brought to the lowest reasonable figures; as a source of food, in the fish, that formerly swarmed in their waters, but have now utterly deserted the viscid, muddy rivers, which have proved uninhabitable to them; and, finally, in the increased unhealthfulness, and the loss of the added pleasure to life derived from a sparkling stream with its opportunities for enjoyment. We are so accustomed to hear of millions that it is difficult to conceive of the magnitude of this calculated loss. Twelve millions, the least loss capable of being definitely fixed, is an enormous sum. But the injury done by the *débris* is not confined to these regions where the land is actually buried—to the gray-haired men, deprived of homes and property, of the savings and results of a vigorous youth and prime. There is a further injury to the State system of drainage and river navigation fairly commenced, and to be consummated in five years, if unhindered, whose magnitude, estimated as bearing upon the future prosperity of the State, far exceeds the ten or twenty millions injury upon the minor rivers. The navigation of the Feather is almost at a standstill. Only a small portion of the wheat crop is moved down by its means. On the Sacramento, it is known that in the "fifties" steamers of one thousand tons ascended to the capital; now only small stern-wheel steamers, of three or four feet draught, and two hundred tons or less, ascend it, and then with frequent stoppages upon the bars. Three or four of these, only, ply between the bay and the city. Engineer Hall reports that below the mouth of the American River, along the water-front of Sacramento City and below, the maximum fill in the river has been thirty feet, and the average fill fifteen and two-tenths feet. The former deep reaches are filled up, and bars are frequent. The San Joaquin will soon suffer by the clogging of the lower Sacramento and Suisun Bay. Thus the whole system of inland navigation is in a fair way to be ruined. These rivers serve, also, as a drainage system for the whole inland valley of California; but Engineer Hall states (page 13, part III., of his report) that the carrying capacity of the Feather, and of the Sacramento below the mouth of the Feather, for flood waters between their natural banks, has been reduced thirty per cent., and in some places fifty per cent. The water is backed up into the upper Sacramento Valley, where the *débris* is

not seen, and more frequent floods at Colusa and above are the result. The waters of the San Joaquin will soon fail of a ready outlet into the Sacramento, and, in its comparatively level valley, floods will be aggravated. Meanwhile, to this actual lessening of the carrying capacity of the Sacramento is distinctly traceable the flood that caused a loss of \$500,000 in the Sacramento Valley in 1878, and those of the last winter, when it seemed that the levees at some places on one side or the other must break and relieve the river. Sacramento City is coming to occupy a situation similar to that of Marysville. The embankment built by the Railroad Company has been a protection for a number of years, but it was with difficulty that the water was kept out last winter. In spite of the fact that the city was raised a number of years ago some twelve feet, her drainage is now in a fair way to be interrupted, in the winter, at least—during which season, when the levees at points far below her break, the break-water will threaten her, as happened in the last winter. Below the city the drainage is already interfered with. For twenty miles the orchards are injured, and trees are dying in consequence of the raising of the water-line in the grounds. If the flood-carrying capacity of the Sacramento has been reduced one-third, and the steamers plying upon it have been reduced from one thousand to two hundred tons, and to three and four feet draught, in the last fifteen years, in the next five years it will be rendered entirely unnavigable, and its usefulness as a flood-carrier entirely destroyed, for the reason that the sand which formerly lodged in the reaches of the Yuba and Bear, and made these rivers inclined planes, is descending into the Feather, while the light material formerly deposited in the Feather proceeds to the Sacramento. As it is, the Engineer estimates that in the past the lower Sacramento has been carrying annually of this soluble material from the mines, 13,200,000 cubic yards, or enough to cover four square miles a yard in depth, much of which reaches the bay. It is thus plain that, while a special and signal injury is being done to the region where the sand actually covers the land, and an incalculable hardship and injustice is being worked to the multitude of individuals whose property is partially or totally ruined, yet, in addition, the whole State is about to suffer an injury by the destruction of its navigable streams and drainage system that cannot be estimated. The urgency of effective action immediately is evident. The last Legislature passed what is known as the "Young Bill," providing for a State tax of one-twentieth of one per cent, a small district tax upon the farming and mining

counties immediately affected, and a tax upon the water used by the hydraulic mining companies. The money was to be used in constructing a series of stone dams in the *cañons* of the rivers, behind which the *débris* could be lodged, and in erecting levees upon the Yuba, Bear, and Feather, to protect land in imminent danger, according to the scheme reported by the State Engineer. In his report he has designated sites for dams to be raised annually, which would have sufficient capacity to hold all the sand and heavy material produced during the next thirty years. To complete these works upon the Yuba he estimates that \$2,894,534 will be required, or about \$100,000 a year, upon the average; but of the total sum \$500,000 will be required the first year, and diminishing amounts each succeeding year. To build dams upon the Yuba, Bear, Feather, and American, he estimates will require \$233,000 a year, or \$6,990,000 in the thirty years. In accordance with the bill, a district was organized and a Board of Commissioners appointed to determine and execute the work to be done. Three dams will be built to the height of eight feet this year, two in the Yuba and one in the Bear; but they will be of brush instead of stone.

This is the only method the State can adopt to prevent further injury upon the upper rivers and the destruction of Sacramento River, and it may be of Suisun Bay, short of forbidding the emptying of tailings into the river. It is necessary, for her own protection, that the State should act, and since the works are to prevent any injury to her, as a whole, it would be an injustice to assess the cost upon any particular district; and, indeed, the burden would ruin any district upon which it should be imposed. Furthermore, it is the State's duty toward the portions of her citizens upon the Yuba, Bear, and Feather. It is a plain principle of our Government, that every citizen has a right to the enjoyment of his property, free from obstruction, or injury upon the part of others. He has also a right to such use of the waters of an adjacent stream, as serves his purposes, so long as he causes no detriment to those below him, and does not prevent their enjoyment of the stream. In these rights, it is recognized that it is the duty of the State to protect him. The case of the citizens upon these rivers, is a plain application of these principles. The property of a part has been, and of the rest is being, destroyed by the sand emptied into the streams and brought down; and it is the duty of the State to protect them from further injury, by preventing the further flow of the *débris* into the valley. It can do this, either by dams in the *cañons*, or by preventing the introduction of

tailings into the rivers in the future. They are suffering an injustice at the hands of the State, who had the power and whose province it was to protect them. Morally, the State ought to make them restitution, although it cannot be exacted from her now by legal means. But here arises an interesting and curious question. May it not be possible, in time, that the State will be made liable for such injuries suffered, because of its inaction, where it should have protected, as was the city of Philadelphia for the destruction of \$3,000,000 worth of property by the riots her police should have sup-

pressed? Were such a principle introduced into law, and the machinery and methods devised to apply it, it is evident that it would be one guarantee secured to weakness, against a disregard of the rights guaranteed it by the State. It would prompt Legislatures to greater vigilance, and more speedy attempts to arrest injustice, where it was within the power and province of the State to do so, in the same way that the principle in regard to the liability of cities makes municipal governments a little more vigorous in their dealings with mobs.

JOHN H. DURST.

A CHILD'S JOURNEY THROUGH ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO.

As I look back it seems like the bright and the dark sides of a dream. From out the heart of June was born the fairest scene that ever went unframed. The little valley lay, an uncombed lawn, between the sloping forests; and a small stream, babbling and tinkling, lost a mimic battle-shout as it ran somewhere between entrance and outlet, gleaming like a string of water-pears, shut in between banks. The milkers, at sunrise, went in among the cows, calling and soothing and laughing, and I took my cup, with the webs of sleep still tangling across my eyes, and, listening to theplash of the stream, looked off down the valley. A herd of antelopes sped away out of vision, frightened at the echoes of their own retreat. The dark verdure of the forest swept up to the skies that lay beyond, and miles and miles away rose the beautiful Mount St. Francisco, his head hoary with snow. In my child-heart I bowed before that wondrous mountain and did him reverence. He seemed like God, weird and strange and set apart; a veil-like atmosphere wound about him like a garment of holiness; the snow was upon his breast like a beard. The whole world seemed filled with happiness and plenty.

Months after I returned to the spot. I remember that I was hungry. Dry leaves skipped and danced about, and a sharp wind swirled through the little valley. My clothes were old and worn, and I should have liked a shawl to wrap around me. Somewhat dwarfed by greater that I had seen, there was Mount St. Francisco, with a sheet of rain lying between us. He was gray and dull, and his glory was dimmed. The little stream was gathering itself for winter. I was filled with a sense of desolation,

and I felt that old women should never laugh for in their long lives they must have been sorry so many times. That day the last sack of flour in the camp was brought to our tent because there was the widow and her children. They tell me that Prescott, Arizona, has sprung into life somewhere there since, but I cannot imagine a town in that wilderness.

There was a city set upon a hill, and it was called Zuñi. It was closely built and thickly inhabited by half-civilized Indians. On every hand there were stupid looking eagles, sacred birds, at whom one must never throw a stone. I seem also to think of a rude church as belonging there. Small panes of isinglass were set in the windows, and for safety, in case of the constantly feared invasion by the Navajos, one sometimes made entrance to the houses by going up a ladder to the flat roof, and then down a ladder to the floor. The people were exceedingly hospitable, and greeted the comer with "eat, eat." The men tended the babies, knit, and wove blankets, and the women ground the corn. A woman grinding corn got upon her knees, and, taking an ear in her hands, with the motion of washing clothes, rubbed it on a coarse, sloping stone. Often, as she ground, she carried a nursing child upon her back, throwing her breast over her shoulder within its reach. She chewed constantly what proved to be wheat, and when it had reached a certain consistency she took it out and chewed more wheat. I had eaten heartily of a certain sweet mush they had given me, but I was hardened to many things, and I only laughed when I learned it was a choice dish made of chewed wheat. Also, they made wafer bread. I saw two albinos, with

white hair and small, weak, pink eyes, who were looked upon as unfortunates by their friends.

When I left Zuñi the darkness was gathering around a cluster of dome-like rocks, that looked like women in cloaks, and I trembled and cowered close in the covered wagon for fear of Navajos.

One night a little company were gathered upon a bared elevation, choosing this site because it was free of chaparral, and no Indians could lurk near unseen. The oxen were in yoke, the horses bridled, and if one man spoke to another it was in a whisper. It is the most horrible memory of my life, and for years afterward I would start away from myself and find a companion to rid myself of the dread of that hour. Once my mother, wrapped in a buffalo-robe, for fear of arrows, and carrying her little boy in her arms, on Lucy, our old family horse, rode to the wagon side, and, under her breath, whispered a word of cheer. One of the oxen lay down, and his yoke creaked against the stillness of the night, and immediately every man put his hand upon the lock of his gun and steadied his eye. The hoot of an owl, wild and distinct, before us, was answered by another hoot behind, and because fear and suffering had made me wise, I knew they were human voices signaling each other in the dark. My own heart seemed to thunder thickly in my ears, but I stifled it to hear the Indian whoops and yells a mile back upon the Colorado River, where we had left all our worldly goods. Oh, those wild and curdling yells! They echoed afterward from every pillow I pressed, they sounded in every lonely spot, they rushed upon me in strange moments of mirth, they intruded in the midst of school-books, and now that sterner duties have come, here they are still, flocking about me and mocking till the old fear and shuddering come again.

A man came to our wagon, and began to search for something very silently.

"Oh, sir," I said, with falling tears, "why didn't you save my father?"

He answered:

"My child, it was impossible," and went hastily away.

In another moment the moon broke forth as calm and radiantly pale as ever she had been when she shone upon us in our old home, and by her light we took up our line of march.

I remember two graves. Sickness, brought on by exposure and want, had fallen upon the little boy who had been carried on horseback that dreadful night through, in his mother's arms, under a buffalo-robe, to be safe from arrows. Two Mexican women came into the tent,

laughing toward the men as they came, and one, having learned a little English, pointed toward the sick child and said:

"What ails him?"

Two days afterward, in our wagon, we were carrying a little coffin to the small burying-ground set apart by the American inhabitants of Albuquerque, New Mexico. It was on a lonesome and sandy hillside, and the wagon tipped a little as we neared it. It contained but few graves, but they were all the graves of white people. When our small hillock was made, we stood around it, watering it with tears, and we knew, having once left it, we never should see it again. We gathered stones and put upon it, to prevent the digging of wolves; and then, having done all, we looked at each other, dreading to go. We had grown stoical with starvation and danger, and we had each a knowledge of death from having stared him in the face so often; but, as my mother turned, in the wagon, to look her last upon the lonely hillside, an agonized cry broke from the lips she had forced shut:

"Oh, my boy, my boy! How can I leave him there?"

Along in the middle of one warm afternoon, I stood by the side of another grave. The whole landscape was flooded with yellow, and even the red slide of the mountain-back was turned to gold. In the distance flowed a broad and shallow river, its broader bed from which it had receded shining with yellow sand. It was the Gila, treacherous, mysterious stream, which eluded and then sprung noisily upon us; whose dry channel we crossed a dozen times one day to cross it a dozen times again, filled with water the next. I stood, inured to the thought of dead people, by the grave at the roadside, and looked with interest at the mound. A headboard bore upon it the inscription, "Sacred to the Oatman Family," erected by some friendly stranger; and the little fence looked as though it had been carefully constructed of poles, the ends placed in corner-posts. I had heard the tale of surprise and murder so often that I knew it by heart. I had been in the Pima Village to which Lorenzo Oatman had crawled, holding his cracked and scalped skull between his hands. I had been for days in a camp haunted by the Mojave Indians, among whom Olive Oatman had been for such a weary time a captive, and in whose midst her little sister had died, singing with her last breath the well known hymn, beginning, "How tedious and tasteless the hours when Jesus no longer I see." And this was the grave where reposed the remains of the four who were murdered by the wolf-like and ill favored Tonto Apaches,

whose scowling faces and low-drawn brows I well knew. I wondered why we had escaped and they been doomed. I ascended the over-hanging bluff, and stood among the scattered remnants of their effects. Here lay the hub of a wheel, there a ragged portion of cloth clung to a bush; just beyond, a tin-pan, battered and rusty, half tipped upon a stone; and each article seemed to whisper into my child-ears the story again. I see yet that red and yellow light upon the Gila River, the bare slide upon the mountain, and the Oatman grave, solitary and desolate, under the bluff.

We were crawling through the desert, and a parching thirst fell out from the hot sun. The grains of sand burned the callused soles of my bare feet, or struck through the moccasins I put on sometimes. The oxen shut their eyes, and toiled on, oh, so slowly!—it was almost like moving not at all. There was nothing left to eat but meat taken from the cattle, poor and sick from alkali, and it must be eaten without salt. A week ago, Tiger, our faithful dog, had crept weakly along, his dry tongue hanging from his mouth, had fallen, scrambled on again, and finally lain down to die of thirst, and so had watched us out of sight. He was only a dog, but it was hard, very hard, to leave him. Today a man had made a little wound upon his hand, and taken the blood from the cut vein to moisten his mouth. My own lips were swollen and cracked; my tongue was growing larger, and constantly searched 'about in my cheeks for moisture. Ah, me! I sighed, and wondered if these dreadful days would ever end. I looked away off ahead into the sky. Around the fire, the night before, I had heard them telling of a mirage of funeral processions marching up the sky, each figure standing on its head; of inverted ships, sailing along the blue out of the horizon, and other of the strangest tales, but they did not frighten me any. I feared only the great comet, the comet of '59. It was, with its fiery tail, sweeping the heavens, and when I awoke in the night I hugged the blanket round my chin, while I shuddered at him and wondered if he could be the monster working us all this evil. But often we traveled in the night, to escape the heat of the day, and then I kept always in the wake of my mother's skirts, for fear of that comet. Then, when for five minutes there was a halt allowed, the weary oxen, women, and children dropped upon the sand and slept, and, as there was no one to see to another, each person took precautions for awakening. My mother sat between the wheels, I often caught one of the spokes, and other hands grasped the wagon behind to feel its first motion. A nameless dread shook me one night,

for one of the young girls had failed to waken, and we had traveled on without her. Oh, horror!—if it had been I to open my eyes upon the comet, and find myself alone in the trackless sand! When she was recovered, I looked upon her with awe because of the experience that had just been hers. Oh, yes; I knew what mirage was. There it lay now, quivering in the horizon like a broad river shining in the sun, so beautiful, so tantalizing, so tempting, and so disappointing. Oh, if I could just have a drink of water! I would never eat anything more if they would only give me all the water I wanted. Would it sizz in my hot throat as it went down? What sweet, cold water we used to draw out of the old well at home! Oh, for just one cup, only one cup, from that well! And then one of the men came with a tin bucket, and tipped it toward my mouth a little way—such a very little way that I could not by any possibility get all I wanted. But it was so good. And when he was gone I straightway longed for more, with a consuming, fainting desire that made me restless and irritable.

One warm day in August, upon the bank of the muddy Colorado, we children were lazily sitting about on the ground. One sister was stringing beads taken from an old moccasin, and most of the men were sleeping under the wagons through the heat of the afternoon. There was a great stillness upon everything, save for the children's chatter, and a heat rose from the ground that smote the eyes. Suddenly there was a dreadful scream, echoed, re-echoed, multiplied; then another, and another, as when one strikes the hand upon the mouth, till in one second of time the air seemed rent and torn with yells. In just that second the close chaparral had become black with Indians, who had crawled, serpent-like, on hands and knees, till, right upon us, in concert they could leap into sight. They wore cloths upon their loins, and some had feathers wound in their hair, with hideous paint glowing on face and breast. I gazed in dumb amazement, benumbed with surprise, and then I think I awoke to the excitement of the occasion. The women and children, through an air thick with flying arrows, were marshaled into one covered wagon, and there my mother wrapped us all round with feather-beds, blankets, and comforters. I do not think I was frightened, not because of any precocity of courage, but because of a wild excitement that filled me. I half leaned upon the knee of my sister. She says she was conscious of no pain, she felt no sudden pang, but something warm seemed running down her side, and, looking down, she saw an arrow which had pierc'd her flesh and protruded its flinty

head from the wound. "Mother," she exclaimed, "I am shot," and fainted. My mother, the woman whose spirit never failed her in this or the dreadful trials which succeeded this disastrous fight, put forth her hand and drew the arrow backward through the wound. It was while thus supporting the head of the girl she supposed dying, it somehow became known to her that her husband was lying quite dead and filled with arrows under the great cottonwood tree round which the camp was made. It was but a few moments more till one of the men spoke from the front of the wagon. Said he:

"Our ammunition is giving out, and we do not know but it may come to a hand-to-hand fight. Get out the knives you have in the bed of the wagon."

Through the backward march which followed it was ever the women who rose superior to suffering and to danger. The men lost courage, hope, and spirit, but the women never. A few moments after the demand for the knives, a Methodist preacher, who had seized my father's rifle, aimed at the chief with a dinner-bell depending from his belt, and saw him fall. In five minutes not an Indian was to be seen, the living dragging with them the dead as they went. In the meantime, under cover of the fight, our great herd of cattle had been made to swim the river, and were safely corralled in the Mojave villages.

Then began a weary tramp backward to Albuquerque, over mountain, desert, and plain, every step of which for hundreds of miles we felt was watched from every bush and point. The few cattle remaining to us were those too feeble from the effects of alkali to swim the river, our food was insufficient, we could not find water, our progress was miserably slow. Oh, the agony of those days as they must have been to my mother, just widowed, with her little ones looking to her for care and comfort! Reader, is it any wonder that memory clings to the subject so faithfully, or that the bark of the wolf and the wild whoop of the Indian that startled the child still lingers in the ear of the woman?

I remember a strange pit, like a huge, round pot let into the earth, and they called it Jacob's Well. Its sides were so steep as almost to forbid descent, but the thirsty cattle burst bounds and plunged down toward the pool of water at the bottom. It was a dark, still, mysterious pool, filled with a greenish-black water, in which swam eyeless fish with legs like frogs. Some one said it was bottomless. Bottomless? I wondered at the idea, and tried to grasp it as I now clutch desperately at the idea of eternity, and still at this day I shake my head at both, for I can compass neither. Trees of a delight-

ful verdure grew in the pit, and they were cool and fresh—cool and fresh and beautiful enough to quench the thirst of a sight parched with heat and glare and sand and mirage and the fever of disturbed sleep. Well, well! Had the Bible come into Arizona, and was this really that well of old Jacob, of whom I had heard on Sundays as a very mythical personage who cheated his brother and afterward had a gray beard?

And then, whether near or far from this halting place my memory fails to tell, we drew toward a great pile, with angles and curves and overhanging cliffs threatening destruction; and this was Inscription Rock, a quaint and curious and marvelous mass, towering from the plain into the sky. The stone was grained like sand, and so soft that a knife-blade would easily cut into it. It was covered with names and rude carvings, some put so high up I wondered how a hand ever could have reached them. It was here I first learned the word *hieroglyphics* and heard mention of *Montezuma*. They said some of the carvings were hieroglyphics, and that perhaps—a very vague perhaps—the old ruins built on the top of Inscription Rock might be the remains of a fortification of Montezuma's time.

We were encamped at the Warm Springs, a little way out upon the hillside from Socorro. The water gushed, blood warm or a little more, from a rock in the hill, springing, quite a stream, from the fissure that made two parts of the rock. It had hollowed out a basin for itself where it fell, and this it filled like a bowl with warm water, so clear, so very clear, that you could count all the legs on the little black bugs moving sluggishly about on the rocks two or three feet deep. To this basin flocked the women of Socorro when infrequent wash-day came—flocked barefooted, and with the bundles of clothes upon their heads. They wore a skirt and a chemise, and this latter, as if by design, slipped continually from their shoulders. Child as I was, I wondered at the freedom of their smiles and glances, while I was fascinated by the little trickles of laugh that bubbled every moment from their lips, and the chant of words which seemed like rhythm as they talked. They let down their bundles, and washed their clothes upon the stones as the Zuñi women ground the corn, slapping them and pounding them often with soap-root, which obediently gave out lather. And then, while they caressed and encouraged me, and passed me round, it was, "Oh, the little child!" and "Ah, the poor little girl, out from the midst of the Indians!" and "See the little one!" while, half bashful and half charmed, I drew away, and at the same time

yielded. When the washing was done and spread to dry, then into the basin they sprung and laughed and splashed and shouted, or swam as lazily and sluggishly about as the little black bugs below.

After that there was more danger, and there was the Apache country. I well remember the

shudder at Apache Pass, and the visit which Cochise, the famous chief, paid to our lonely wagon. But the hard balance of suffering was over, and finally, when the rolling hills were green with spring, our tired eyes greeted Los Angeles, that fairest city of the south.

KATE HEATH.

THE DECAY OF EARNESTNESS.

Every animal, when not frightened, shows in its own way a certain quiet self-complacency, a confidence in the supreme worth of its individual existence, an exalted egotism, which is often not a little amusing if we reflect on the shortness, the insignificance, and the misery of most creatures' lives. This animal self-complacency characterizes, also, as we know, all naturally-minded men. We know, too, that most men are nearly as much in error as the beasts, in the degree of importance that they attach to their lives. But what I have just now most in mind is that the same kind of blunder is frequently found in the judgment that any one age passes upon itself and its own work. Every active period of history thinks its activity of prodigious importance, and its advance beyond its predecessors very admirable. So the eighteenth century thought that the English poetry of past times had been far surpassed in form and in matter by the poetry of the age of Dryden and of Pope. Long since the blindness of the eighteenth century upon this point has been fully exposed. The Neoplatonic philosophy, the Crusades, the First French Empire, are familiar instances from the multitude of cases where men utterly failed to perform the permanent work which they were very earnestly trying to do, and where they were, at most, doing for the world that which they least of all wished or expected to do. Like individuals, then, whole eras of history go by, sublimely confident in their own significance, yet often unable to make their claims even interesting in the sight of posterity.

The same lesson may be drawn both here and in the case of individuals. The man is vain; so is the age. The man ought to correct his vanity first by negative criticism; so ought the time. But the disillusioning process is a cruel one in both cases. It is hard for the man to bear the thought that, perhaps, after all, he is a useless enthusiast. So it is hard for an age to bear the thought that its dearest worship may be only idolatry, and its best work only a fight-

ing of shadows. But for both the lesson is the same. Let them find some higher aim than this merely natural one of self-satisfaction. Let their work be done, not that it may seem grand to them alone, but so that it must have an element of grandeur in it, whatever be the success of its particular purposes. Grandeur does not depend upon success alone, nor need illusions always be devoid of a higher truth. The problem is to find out what is the right spirit, and to work in that. If the matter of the work is bad, that must perish, but the spirit need not.

Now, in our age we are especially engaged upon certain problems of thought. We discuss the origin of the present forms of things in the physical and in the moral universe. Evolution is our watchword; "everything grew," is the interpretation. Our method of inquiry is the historical. We want to see how, out of certain simple elements, the most complex structures about us were built up. Now, in the enormous thought-activity thus involved, two things especially strike one who pauses to watch. The first is, that in studying Evolution men have come to neglect other important matters that used to be a good deal talked about. The true end of life, the nature and grounds of human certitude, the problems of Goethe's *Faust* and of Kant's *Critique*—these disappear from the view of many representative men. The age finds room to talk about these things, but not to enter upon them with a whole-souled enthusiasm. Yet these are eternally valuable matters of thought. The age for which they are not in the very front rank of problems is a one-sided age, destined to be severely criticised within a century. The other fact that strikes us in this age is that the result of our one-sidedness is an unhappy division, productive of no little misery, between the demands of modern thought and the demands of the whole indivisible nature of man. The ethical finds not enough room in the philosophy of the time. The world is studied, but not the active human will, without whose interference the

world is wholly void of human significance. The matter of thinking overwhelms us; we forget to study the form, and so we accept, with a blank wonder, the results of our thinking as if they were self-existent entities that had walked into our souls of themselves. For example, we make molecules by reasoning about facts of sensation, and by grouping these facts in the simplest and easiest fashion possible; then we fall into a fear lest the molecules have, after all, made us, and we write countless volumes on a stupid theme called materialism. This unreflective fashion of regarding the products of our thought as the conditions and source of our thought, is largely responsible for the strife between the ethical and the scientific tendencies of the time. The scientific tendency stops in one direction at a certain point, content with having made a theory of evolution, and fearing, or, at any rate, neglecting, any further analysis of fundamental ideas. The ethical tendency, on the other hand, rests on a rooted feeling that, after all, conscious life is of more worth than anything else in the universe. But this is, nowadays, commonly a mere feeling, which, finding nothing to justify it in current scientific opinion, becomes morose, and results in books against science. The books are wrong, but the feeling, when not morose, is right. The world is of importance only because of the conscious life in it, and the Evolution theory is one-sided because of the subordinate place it gives to consciousness. But the cure is not in writing books against science, but solely in such a broad philosophy as shall correct the narrowness of the day, and bring back to the first rank of interest once more the problems of Goethe's *Faust* and of Kant's *Critique*. We want not less talk about evolution, but more study of human life and destiny, of the nature of men's thought, and the true goal of men's actions. Send us the thinker that can show us just what in life is most worthy of our toil, just what makes men's destiny more than poor and comic, just what is the ideal that we ought to serve; let such a thinker point out to us plainly that ideal, and then say, in a voice that we must hear, "Work, work for that; it is the highest"—then such a thinker will have saved our age from one-sidedness, and have given it eternal significance. Now, to talk about those problems of thought which concern the destiny, the significance, and the conduct of human life, is to talk about what I have termed "the ethical aspect of thought." Some study we must give to these things if we are not to remain, once for all, hopelessly one-sided.

In looking for the view of the world which shall restore unity to our divided age, we must first not forget the fact that very lately all these

now neglected matters have been much talked about. It is the theory of Evolution that, with its magnificent triumphs, its wonderful ingenuity and insight, has put them out of sight. Only within twenty years has there been a general inattention to the study of the purposes and the hopes of human life—a study that, embodied in German Idealism, or in American Transcendentalism, in Goethe, in Schiller, in Fichte, in Wordsworth, in Shelley, in Carlyle, in Emerson, had been filling men's thoughts since the outset of the great Revolution. But since the end of the period referred to our knowledge of the origin of the forms of life has driven from popular thought the matters of the worth and of the conduct of life, so that one might grow up nowadays well taught in the learning of the age, and when asked, "Hast thou as yet received into thy heart any Ideal?" might respond very truthfully, "I have not heard so much as whether there be any Ideal."

Yet, I repeat, the fault in our time is negative rather than positive. We have to enlarge, not to condemn. Evolution is a great truth, but it is not all truth. We need more, not less, of science. We need a more thorough-going, a more searching—yes, a more critical and skeptical—thought than any now current. For current thought is, in fact, *naïf* and dogmatic, accepting without criticism a whole army of ideas because they happen to be useful as bases for scientific work. We need, then, in the interests of higher thought, an addition to our present philosophy—an addition that makes use of the neglected thought of the last three generations. But, as preliminary to all this, it becomes us to inquire: Why was modern thought so suddenly turned from the contemplation of the ethical aspect of reality to this present absorbing study of the material side of the world? How came we to break with Transcendentalism, and to begin this search after the laws of the redistribution of matter and of force? To this question I want to devote the rest of the present study; for just here is the whole problem in a nut-shell. Transcendentalism, the distinctly ethical thought-movement of the century, failed to keep a strong hold on the life of the century. Why? In the answer to this question lies at once the relative justification, and at the same time the understanding, of the incompleteness of our present mode of thinking.

By Transcendentalism, I mean a movement that began in Germany in the last thirty years of the eighteenth century, and that afterward spread, in one form or another, all over Europe, and even into our own country—a movement that answered in the moral and mental world to the French Revolution in the political world.

Everywhere this movement expressed, through a multitude of forms, a single great idea: the idea that in the free growth and expression of the highest and strongest emotions of the civilized man might be found the true solution of the problem of life. Herein was embodied a reaction against the characteristic notions of the eighteenth century. In the conventional, in submission to the external forms of government, religion, and society, joined with a total indifference to the spiritual, and with a general tendency to free but shallow speculation, the average popular thought of the last century had sought to attain repose rather than perfection. The great thinkers rose far above this level; but, on the whole, we look to the age of the rationalists rather for ingenuity than for profundity, rather for good sense than for grand ideas. The prophetic, the emotional, the sublime, are absent from the typical eighteenth century mind-life. Instead, we find cultivation, criticism, skepticism, and at times, as a sort of relief, a mild sentimentality. The Transcendental movement expressed a rebound from this state of things. With the so-called Storm and Stress Period of German literature the protest against conventionality and in favor of a higher life began. Love, enthusiasm, devotion, the affection for humanity, the search after the ideal, the faith in a spiritual life—these became objects of the first interest. A grand new era of history seemed opening. Men felt themselves on the verge of great discoveries. The highest hopes were formed. A movement was begun that lasted through three generations, and far into a fourth. It was, to be sure, in nature a young men's movement; but as the men of one generation lost their early enthusiasm, others arose to follow in their footsteps—blunderingly, perhaps, but earnestly. When Goethe had outgrown his youthful extravagances, behold there were the young Romantics to undertake the old work once more. When they crystallized with time, and lost hold on the German national life, there came Heine and the Young Germany to pursue with new vigor the old path. In England, Wordsworth grows very sober with age, when there come Byron and Shelley; Coleridge fails, and Carlyle is sent; Shelley and Byron pass away, but Tennyson arises. And with us in America Emerson and his helpers renew the spirit of a half century before their time. This movement now seems a thing of the past. There is no Emerson among the younger men, no Tennyson among the new school of poets, no Heine in Germany—much less, then, a Fichte or a Schiller. Not merely is genius lacking, but the general public interest, the soil from which a genius draws nour-

ishment, is unfavorable. The literary taste of the age is represented by George Eliot's later novels, where everything is made subordinate to analysis, by the poetry of several skillful masters of melody, by the cold critical work of the authors of the series on "English Men of Letters." Men of wonderful power there are among our writers—men like William Morris in poetry, or Mathew Arnold in both criticism and poetry; but their work is chiefly esoteric, appealing to a limited class. Widely popular writers we have upon many subjects; but they are either great men of abstract thought, like Spencer and Huxley; or else, alas! mere superficial scribblers like Mr. Mallock, or rhetoricians like Rev. Joseph Cook. The moral leader, the seer, the man to awaken deep interest in human life as human life, no longer belongs to the active soldiers of the army of to-day; and, what is worse, the public mind no longer inquires after such a leader. There must surely be a cause for this state of public sentiment. Neglect of such vital questions must have sprung from some error in their treatment. Let us look in history for that error.

The Storm and Stress Period in Germany began with the simplest and most unaffected desire possible to get back from conventionality and from shallow thought to the purity and richness of natural emotion. There was at first no set philosophy or creed about the universe common to those engaged in the movement. The young poets worshiped genius, and desired to feel intensely and to express emotion worthily. To this end they discarded the traditions as to form which they found embodied in French poetry and in learned text-books. Lessing had furnished them critical authority. He had shown the need of appealing to Nature for instruction, both in the matter and in the manner of poetry. Popular ballads suggested to some of the young school their models. Their own overflowing hearts, their warm, ideal friendships with one another, their passion for freedom, their full personal experiences, gave them material. Together they broke down conventions, and opened a new era in literary life, as did the French Revolution, twenty years later, in national life. Every one knows that Goethe's famous *Werther* is the result of this time of ferment. Now, if one reads *Werther* attentively, and with an effort (for it needs an effort) to sympathize with the mood that produced and enjoyed it, one will see in it the characteristic idea that the aim of life is to have as remarkable and exalted emotional experiences as possible, and those of a purely personal character; that is, not the emotion that men feel in common when they engage in great

causes, not the devotion to sublime impersonal objects, not surrender to unworldly ideals, but simply the overwhelming sense of the magnitude and worth of one's own loves and longings, of one's own precious soul-experiences—this, and not the other, is to be sought. Werther cannot resist the fate that drives him to load his heart down with emotion until it breaks. He feels how far asunder from the rest of mankind all this drives him. But he insists upon despising mankind, and upon reveling in the dangerous wealth of his inspiration. Now, surely such a state of mind as this must injure men if they remain long in it. Men need work in life, and so long as they undertake to dig into their own bowels for the wonderful inner experiences that they may find by digging, so long must their lives be bad dreams. The purpose of these young men was the highest, but only those of them who, following this purpose, passed far beyond the simplicity of their youth, did work of lasting merit. The others stayed in a state of passionate formlessness, or died early. The result of remaining long in this region, where nothing was of worth but a violent emotion or an incredible deed, one sees in such a man as Klinger, who lived long enough to reap what he had sown, but did not progress sufficiently to succeed in sowing anything but the wind. I remember once spending an idle hour on one of his later romances, written years after the time of *Storm and Stress* had passed by, which well expresses the state of mind, the sort of *katsenjammer*, resulting from a long life of literary dissipation. It is Klinger's *Faustus*—the same subject as Goethe's masterpiece, but how differently treated! *Faustus* is a man desperately anxious to act. He wants to reform the world, to be sure, but that only by the way. His main object is to satisfy a vague, restless craving for tremendous excitement. The contract with the devil once made, he plunges into a course of reckless adventure. Where he undertakes to do good he only makes bad worse. Admirable about him is merely the magnitude of his projects, the vigor of his actions, the desperate courage wherewith he defies the universe. Brought to hell at last, he ends his career by cursing all things that are with such fearless and shocking plainness of speech that the devils themselves are horrified. Satan has to invent a new place of torment for him. He is banished, if I remember rightly, into horrible darkness, where he is to pass eternity perfectly alone. Thus terribly the poet expresses the despair in which ends for him, as for all, this self-adoration of the man whose highest object is violent emotional experiences, enjoyed merely because they are his own, not because by having them one

serves the Ideal. As a mere beginning, then, the *Storm and Stress* Period expressed a great awakening of the world to new life. But an abiding place in this state of mind there was none. What then followed?

The two masters of German literature who passed through and rose above this period of beginnings, and created the great works of the classical period, were Goethe and Schiller. As poets, we are not now specially concerned with them. As moral teachers, what have they to tell us about the conduct and the worth of life? The answer is, they bear not altogether the same message. There is a striking contrast, well recognized by themselves and by all subsequent critics, between their views of life. Both aim at the highest, but seek in different paths. Goethe's mature ideal seems to be a man of finely appreciative powers, who follows his life-calling quietly and with such diligence as to gain for himself independence and leisure, who so cultivates his mind that it is open to receive all noble impressions, and who then waits with a sublime resignation, gained through years of self-discipline, for such experiences of what is grand in life and in the universe as the Spirit of Nature sees fit to grant to him. *Wilhelm Meister*, who works eagerly for success in a direction where success is impossible, and who afterward finds bliss where he least expected to find it, seems to teach this lesson. *Faust*, at first eagerly demanding indefinite breadth and grandeur of life, and then coming to see what the limitations of human nature are, "that to man nothing perfect is given," and so at last finding the highest good of life in the thought that he and posterity must daily earn anew freedom, never be done with progressing, seems to illustrate the same thought. Do not go beyond or behind Nature, Goethe always teaches. Live submissively the highest that it is given you to live, and neither cease quietly working, nor despair, nor rebel, but be open to every new and worthy experience. For Goethe this was a perfect solution of the problem of life. He needed no fixed system of dogmas to content him. In the divine serenity of one of the most perfect of minds, Goethe put in practice this maxim: Live thy life out to the full, earnestly but submissively, demanding what attainment thy nature makes possible, but not pining for more.

Now, this of course is a selfish maxim. If the highest life is to be unselfish, Goethe cannot have given us the final solution to the problem. His selfishness was not of a low order. It was like the selfishness in the face of the *Apollo Belvedere*, the simple consciousness of vast personal worth. But it was selfishness for all that. We see how it grew for him out of his

early enthusiasm. The Storm and Stress Period had been full of the thought that there is something grand in the emotional nature of man, and that this something must be cultivated. Now, Goethe, absorbed in the faith of the time—himself, in fact, its high priest—learned after a while that all these much sought treasures of emotion were there already, in his own being, and that they needed no long search, no storming at all. He had but to be still and watch them. He needed no anxious brooding to find ideals; he went about quietly, meeting the ideal everywhere. The object of search thus attained, in so far as any mortal could attain it, Goethe the poet was in perfect harmony with the Goethe of practical life; and so was formed the creed of the greatest man of the century. But it was a creed of little more than personal significance. For us the grand example remains, but the attainment of like perfection is impossible, and we must look for another rule of living. For those sensitive and earnest people who learn, as many learn while yet mere school-boys or school-girls, that there is a great wealth of splendid emotional life, of affection and aspiration and devotion, shut up in their own hearts; for those who, feeling this, want to develop this inner nature, to enjoy these high gifts, to order their lives accordingly, to avoid shams and shows, and to possess the real light of life—for such natural Transcendentalists, what shall Goethe's precept avail? Alas! their little lives are not Olympian, like his. They cannot meet the Ideal everywhere. Poetry does not come to express their every feeling. No Grand Duke calls them to his court. No hosts of followers worship them. Of all this they are not worthy. Yet they ought to find some path, be it never so steep a one, to a truly higher life. Resignation may be the best mood, but Goethe's reason for resignation such souls have not.

Perhaps Schiller's creed may have more meaning for men in general. In fact, Schiller, though no common man, had much more in him that common men may, without trouble, appreciate. His origin was humble, and the way up steep and rough. In his earlier writings the Storm and Stress tendency takes a simpler and cruder form than that of *Werther*. What Schiller accomplished was for a long time the result of very hard work, done in the midst of great doubt and perplexity. Schiller's ideal is, therefore, to use his own figure, the laborious, oppressed, and finally victorious Hercules—*i. e.*, the man who fears no toil in the service of the highest, who knows that there is something of the divine in him, who restlessly strives to fulfill his destiny, and who at last ascends to the sight and knowledge of the truly perfect.

Schiller's maxim therefore is: Toil ceaselessly to give thy natural powers their full development, knowing that nothing is worth having but a full consciousness of all that thou hast of good, now latent and unknown within thee. Resignation, therefore, though it is the title of one of Schiller's poems, is never his normal active mood. He retains to the end a good deal of the old Storm and Stress. He is always a sentimental poet, to use the epithet in his own sense; that is, he is always toiling for the ideal, never quite sure that he is possessed of it. He dreams sometimes that he soon will know the perfect state of mind; but he never does attain, nor does he seem, like Goethe, content with, the eternal progress. There is an undercurrent of complaint and despair in Schiller, which only the splendid enthusiasm of the man keeps, for the most part, out of sight. Some of his poems are largely under its influence.

Now, this creed, in so far as it is earnest and full of faith in the ideal, appeals very much more immediately than does Goethe's creed to the average sensitive mind. Given a soul that is awake to the higher emotions, and if you tell such a one to work earnestly and without rest to develop this better self, you will help him more than if you bid him contemplate the grand attainment of a Goethe, and be resigned to his own experiences as Goethe was to his. For most of us the higher life is to be gained only through weary labor, if at all. But what seems to be lacking in Schiller's creed is a sufficiently concrete definition of the ideal that he seeks. Any attentive reader of *Faust* feels strongly, if vaguely, what it is that Faust is looking for. But one may read Schiller's "Das Ideal und das Leben" a good many times without really seeing what it is that the poor Hercules, or his earthly representative, is seeking. Schiller is no doubt, on the whole, the simpler poet, yet I must say that if I wanted to give any one his first idea of what perfection of mind and character is most worthy of search, I should send such a one to Goethe rather than to Schiller. Schiller talks nobly about the way to perfection, but he defines perfection quite abstractly. Goethe is not very practical in his directions about the road, but surely no higher or clearer ideals of what is good in emotion and action can be put into our minds than those he suggests in almost any passage you please, if he is in a serious mood, and is talking about good and evil at all.

But neither of the classical poets satisfied his readers merely as a moral teacher. As poets, they remain what they always seemed—classics, indeed; but as thinkers they did little more than state a problem. Here is a higher life, and they tell us about it. But wherein consists

its significance, how it is to be preached to the race, how sought by each one of us—these questions remain still open.

And open they are, the constant theme for eager discussion and for song all through the early part of the nineteenth century. Close upon the classical period followed the German Romantic school. Young men again, full of earnestness and of glorious experience! On they come, confident that they at least are called to be apostles, determined to reform life and poetry—the one through the other. Surely they will solve the problem, and tell us how to cultivate this all important higher nature. Fichte, the great idealist, whose words set men's hearts afire, or else, alas! make men laugh at him; young Friedrich Schlegel, versatile, liberal in conduct even beyond the bounds that may not safely be passed, bold in spirit even to insolence; the wonderful Novalis, so profound, and yet so unaffected and child-like, so tender in emotion and yet so daring in speculation; Schelling, full of vast philosophic projects; Tieck, skillful weaver of romantic fancies; Schleiermacher, gifted theologian and yet disciple of Spinoza; surely, these are the men to complete the work that will be left unfinished when Schiller dies and Goethe grows older. So at least they thought and their friends. Never were young men more confident; and yet never did learned and really talented men, to the most of whom was granted long life with vigor, more completely fail to accomplish anything of permanent value in the direction of their early efforts. As mature men, some of them were very influential and useful, but not in the way in which they first sought to be useful. There is to my mind a great and sad fascination in studying the lives and thoughts of this school, in whose fate seems to be exemplified the tragedy of our century. Such aspirations, such talents, and such a failure! Fragments of inspired verse and prose, splendid plans, earnest private letters to friends, prophetic visions, and nothing more of enduring worth. Further and further goes the movement, in its worship of the emotional, away from the actual needs of human life. Dramatic art, the test of the poet that has a deep insight into the problems of our nature, is tried, with almost complete failure. The greatest dramatic poet of the new era, one that, if he had lived, might have rivaled Schiller, was Heinrich von Kleist, author of the *Prinz von Homburg*. Driven to despair by unsolved problems and by loneliness, this poet shot himself before his life-work was more than fairly begun. There remain a few dramas, hardly finished, a few powerful tales, and a bundle of fragments to tell us what he was. His fate is typical of the work of the

younger school between the years 1805 and 1815. There was a keen sense of the worth of emotional experience, and an inability to come into unity with one's aspirations. Life and poetry, as the critics have it, were at variance.

Now, in all this, these men were not merely fighting shadows. What they sought to do is eternally valuable. They felt, and felt nobly, as all generous-minded, warm-hearted youths and maidens at some time do feel. They were not looking for fame alone; they wanted to be and to produce the highest that mortals may. It is a pity that we have not just now more like them. Yet their efforts failed. What problems Goethe and Schiller, men of genius and of good fortune, had solved for themselves alone, men of lesser genius or of less happy lives could only puzzle over. The poetry of the next following age is largely the poetry of melancholy. The emotional movement spread all over Europe; men everywhere strove to make life richer and worthier; and most men grew sad at their little success. Alfred de Musset, in a well known book, has told in the gloomiest strain the story of the unrest, the despair, the impotency of the youth of the Restoration.

Wordsworth and Shelley represent in very much contrasted ways the efforts of English poets to carry on the work of Transcendentalism, and these men succeeded, in this respect, better than their fellows. Wordsworth is full of a sense of the deep meaning of little things and of the most common life. Healthy men, that work like heroes, that have lungs full of mountain air, and that yet retain the simplicity of shepherd life, or children, whose eyes and words teach purity and depth of feeling, are to him the most direct suggestions of the ideal. Life is, for Wordsworth, everywhere an effort to be at once simple and full of meaning; in harmony with nature, and yet not barbarous. But Wordsworth, if he has very much to teach us, seems to lack the persuasive enthusiasm of the poetic leader of men. At all events, his appeal has reached, so far, only a class. He can be all in all to them, his followers, but he did not reform the world. Shelley, is, perhaps, the one of all English poets in this century to whom was given the purest ideal delight in the higher affections. If you want to be eager to act out the best that is in you, read Shelley. If you want to cultivate a sense for the best in the feelings of all human hearts, read Shelley. He has taught very many to long for a worthy life and for purity of spirit. But alas! Shelley, again, knows not how to teach the way to the acquirement of the end that he so enthusiastically describes. If you can feel with him, he does you good. If you fail to understand him, he is

no systematic teacher. At best, he will arouse a longing. He can never wholly satisfy it. Shelley wanted to be no mere writer. He had in him a desire to reform the world. But when he speaks of reform one sees how vague an idea he had of the means. Prometheus, the Titan, who represents in Shelley's poem oppressed humanity, is bound on the mountain. The poem is to tell us of his deliverance. But how is this accomplished? Why, simply when a certain fated hour comes, foreordained, but by nobody in particular, up comes Demogorgon, the spirit of eternity, stalks before the throne of Jupiter, the tyrant, and orders him out into the abyss; and thereupon Prometheus is unchained, and the earth is happy. Why did not all this happen before? Apparently because Demogorgon did not sooner leave the under-world. What a motive is this for an allegoric account of the deliverance of humanity! Mere accident rules everything, and yet apparently there is a coming triumph to work for. The poet of lofty emotions is but an eager child when he is to advise us to act.

The melancholy side of the literary era that extends from 1815 to 1840 is represented especially by two poets, Byron and Heine. Both treat the same great problem, What is this life, and what in it is of most worth? Both recognize the need there is for something more than mere existence. Both know the value of emotion, and both would wish to lead men to an understanding of this value, if only they thought that men could be lead. Despairing themselves of ever attaining an ideal peace of mind, they give themselves over to melancholy. Despairing of raising men even to their own level, they become scornful, and spend far too much time in merely negative criticism. The contrast between them is not a little instructive. Byron is too often viewed by superficial readers merely in the light of his early sentimental poems. Those, for our present purpose, may be disregarded. It is the Byron of *Manfred* and *Cain* that I now have in mind. As for Heine, Matthew Arnold long since said the highest in praise of his ethical significance that we may dare to say. Surely both men have great defects. They are one-sided, and often insincere. But they are children of the ideal. Byron has, I think, the greater force of character, but the gift of seeing well what is beautiful and pathetic in life fell to the lot of Heine. The one is great in spirit, the other in experience. Byron is, by nature, combative, a hater of wrong, one often searching for the highest truth; but his experience is petty and heart-sickening, his real world is miserably unworthy of his ideal world, and he seems driven on into the darkness like his

own Cain and Manfred. Heine has more the faculty of vision. The perfect delight in a moment of emotion is given to him as it has seldom been given to any man since the unknown makers of the popular ballads. Hence, his frequent use of ballad forms and incidents. Surely, Byron could never have given us that picture of Edith of the Swan's Neck searching for the dead King Harold on the field of Hastings, which Heine has painted in one of the ballads of the *Romancero*. But, on the other hand, Heine lacks the force to put into active life the meaning and beauty that he can so well appreciate. He sees in dreams, but he cannot create in the world the ideal of perfection. So he is bitter and despairing. He takes a cruel delight in pointing out the shams of the actual world. Naturally romantic, he attacks romantic tendencies ever afresh with hate and scorn. In brief, to live the higher life, and to teach others to live it also, one would have to be heroic in action, like Byron, and gifted with the power to see, as Heine saw, what is precious, and, in all its simplicity, noble, about human experience. The union of Byron and Heine would have been a new, and, I think, a higher, sort of Goethe.

Since these have passed away we have had our Emerson, our Carlyle, our Tennyson. Upon these men we cannot dwell now. I pass to the result of the whole long struggle. Humanity was seeking, in these its chosen representative men, to attain to a fuller emotional life. A conflict resulted with the petty and ignoble in human nature, and with the dead resistance of material forces. Men grew old and died in this conflict, did wonderful things, and—did not conquer. And now, at last, Europe gave up the whole effort, and fell to thinking about physical science and about great national movements. The men of the last age are gone, or are fast going, and we are left face to face with a dangerous practical materialism. The time is one of unrest, but not of great moral leaders. Action is called for, and, vigorous as we are, spiritual activity is not one of the specialties of the modern world.

So much, then, for the reasons why what I have for brevity's sake called Transcendentalism lost its hold on the life of the century. These reasons were briefly these: First, the ideal sought by the men of the age of which we have spoken was too selfish, not broad and human enough. Goethe might save himself, but he could not teach us the road. Secondly, men did not strive long and earnestly enough. Surely, if the problems of human conduct are to be solved, if life is to be made full of emotion, strong, heroic, and yet not cold, we must all unite, men, women, and children, in the com-

mon cause of living ourselves as best we can, and of helping others, by spoken and by written word, to do the same. We lack perseverance and leaders. Thirdly, the splendid successes of certain modern investigations have led away men's minds from the study of the conduct of life to a study of the evolution of life. I respect the latter study, but I do not believe it fills the place of the former. I wish there were time in our hurried modern life for both. I know there must be found time, and that right quickly, for the study of the old problems of the Faust of Goethe.

With this conclusion, the present study arrives at the goal set at the beginning. How we are to renew these old discussions, what solution of them we are to hope for, whether we shall ever finally solve them, what the true ideal of life is—of all such matters I would not presume to write further at this present. But let us not forget that if our Evolution text-books contain much of solid—yes, of inspiring—truth, they do not contain all the knowledge that is essential to a perfect life or to the needs of hu-

manity. A philosophy made possible by the deliberate neglect of that thought-movement, whose literary expression was the poetry of our century, cannot itself be broad enough and deep enough finally to do away with the needs embodied in that thought-movement. Let one, knowing this fact, be therefore earnest in the search for whatever may make human life more truly worth living. Let him read again, if he has read before, or begin to read, if he has never read, our Emerson, our Carlyle, our Tennyson, or the men of years ago, who so aroused the ardent souls of the best among our fathers. Let him study Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Wordsworth, anything and everything that can arouse in him a sense of our true spiritual needs. And having read, let him work in the search after the ideal—work not for praise, but for the good of his time.

And then, perhaps, some day a new and a mightier Transcendental Movement may begin—a great river, that shall not run to waste and be lost in the deserts of sentimental melancholy.

JOSIAH ROYCE.

A STRANGE CONFESSION.

CHAPTER X.

The plan adopted by Mrs. Howard with reference to the newspapers had due weight. It is impossible to refrain from remarking in this connection that, ordinarily, the power of a reporter is greatly underrated. He is looked upon as a machine, for which his salary—generally very small—is the fuel for raising steam, and the policy of his newspaper the length of his stroke. As the quantity of fuel is generally quite small, there is never a dangerous head of steam, thus dispensing with the necessity for a safety-valve. The machine runs steadily on for years and years, and it is not long that a vestige of the original varnish, and polish, and finishing blue remains. It runs on and on, until the parts are worn, and the joints are loose, and the flues are choked with cinders and ashes. When it is worn out at last, it becomes a politician.

But the reporter, although his policy is controlled—or who, rather, has no policy of his own—is nevertheless a quiet and dangerous power. Sometimes he is human—more the pity. In fact, if the fraud must be exposed, he is generally human. Perhaps his peculiar train-

ing renders him comparatively free from prejudices, for his judgment must always be open, while his heart must always be closed. He is paid for his brain, and not for his sentiment. As he is human—a disgraceful admission—he is capable of feeling, which enters unconsciously and conscientiously into all his work. His policy having been outlined for him, dependence is, to a certain extent, placed in him. His judgment is supposed by his employer to be his guide, and confidence is reposed in his judgment; and it is never knowingly betrayed. Though he may have sentiments of his own that clash with the work in hand, he tears them to shreds with perfect cheerfulness. He takes a grim delight in trampling on them, and showing to others how unnecessary and how wrong they are. A man insults him, and yet he lauds that man a hero. But the insult goes down into his heart, and rankles there, to crop out when least expected. He is a nomadic insect—if such an expression be allowable—and what he has no opportunity of writing for this paper, he may for the next that employs him. The reporter is a whole encyclopædia of kindnesses to be remembered and wrongs to be redressed. There is no other man in society who is so

much flattered, and so often wounded, as he. His mind is an arsenal of facts, and his heart a magazine of memories. He has a thousand ways of doing a thing, and he soon learns them intuitively. This chapter is entirely too short to give an adequate exposition of his tricks. He is not feared as much as he might be, or he would always, even for policy, be treated with consideration. He is very much like a camel.

Mrs. Howard grasped this idea at once, as many women in the world have done. She did not avoid interviews; but while granting them, and withholding all information, she threw herself into her natural surrounding circumstances, and raised up an impassable barrier of her woman's rights—rights that men do not have to the same extent, and that are sacred and inviolable. In the whole category of human opinions, creeds, beliefs, and sentiments, there is one thing sacred with a reporter—a woman's wish. In the entire array of things animate and inanimate, things created, things destroyed, things beautiful, things repulsive, there is one always sacred with the reporter—a woman. But she must be a woman, and nothing else, in order to lay claim to this great privilege. She must not be a man, nor a devil, nor a simpleton, nor a child, nor an animal; but a woman. She may, if she can, practice cunning and dissembling deeper than the cool and close scrutiny of a sharp-witted man—a man who believes few things, and places not always implicit confidence in the evidence of his own senses. But it is dangerous; for the man who listens, silent, and does not question nor contradict, may expose the ruse in the morning, and make her wish she had never been born.

Thus it had come about that Mrs. Howard was not again branded as an accessory to the murder. She was guarding her son's life, and not the honor of her family. Under the influence of newspaper reports, and the better feeling that followed the riot, her efforts were appreciated, and her mother's heart respected.

The remarkable manner in which she had rescued him from the mob, outwitting it and Casserly, had reached the ears of the public. Great excitement had followed this disclosure. The Crane had disappeared with Howard, and the butcher's cart was found that evening on the road to Monterey. Doubtless the two men had struck across the country to the Santa Cruz Mountains, and lost themselves in the wilds of that country.

The great mistake that Casserly made was that he kept separate the three persons who alone could have had any direct knowledge of the tragedy. This was a natural error, and one

frequently fallen into by detectives. In by far the majority of cases it is the better plan, as it prevents a coincidence of manufactured testimony; but it also frequently happens that there is a misunderstanding, and consequently a desire to shield by saying nothing.

The funeral of the dead girl had taken place before Casserly tracked Emily Randolph to Santa Cruz. It was a strange affair. Kind hands had placed the body tenderly in a coffin, which was covered with flowers the rarest and sweetest. Mrs. Howard, from her cell in the third floor of the jail, had directed all the preparations. As soon as it became known that she was a member of the Presbyterian Church, ladies of that society proffered their services. There was little to be done, yet much was done. At the request of Mrs. Howard, the minister of the church readily concurring, the coffin was taken into the church building, and the funeral exercises held there. Such a crowd of people had never before thronged a church in San José.

After the coffin had been placed at the foot of the altar, Mrs. Howard entered, walking between Casserly and Judge Simon—for she was a prisoner. She was dressed in plain black, with no profusion of mourning apparel. It was quite firmly that she walked up the aisle, with her veil raised, that all might see her face. Every eye was turned upon her. Many hearts went out to her. This, then, was the woman of such daring and cunning. This woman, with soft step, with calm face, with eyes full of womanly tenderness, with grace and beauty of form and face, was she who held the secret of the crime, and who braved death to give her recreant son his liberty; they could hardly believe it.

A front pew had been reserved for them, and in it the three seated themselves. But in all that vast assemblage there was not a single hand extended toward her; not a single word uttered of condolence or sympathy. She felt a great distance from them. They saw between them and her a wide river of blood. There was blood upon her name, and mayhap upon her hands. The two bright hectic spots upon her usually pale cheeks were smeared thereon with blood. She was surrounded with an atmosphere teeming with the odor of blood. If she had not herself committed the deed, she had looked upon it; had seen death enter a young breast, boring a ghastly hole, and letting the blood flow; carried that crime in her heart, the red blood of it mingling with that which coursed through her veins. Among all the people in that house, there could not have been a lack of that sympathy that would lead to an avowal of it under more favorable conditions.

There was much of it—there always is under such circumstances; but at that moment Mrs. Howard was extremely unfashionable, and to have taken her hand would have been desperately irregular.

Withal, it was a touching funeral service. The sermon was short, but affecting. There was nothing, said the minister, upon which a discourse could be built. There was an entire lack of opportunity to draw a moral, for the girl's history was unknown. Had she traveled the darker ways of life, and found only selfishness—sordid, miserable selfishness—that sacrificed her without a pang?—that gave her over to the tomb when it had done with her, to be devoured by worms, as all corruption is?—and that did this foully, and with strong, murderous hands? If so, find this selfishness, Humanity. Find this thing that lies at the foundation of every evil, of every crime. Let not a stone remain unturned. Loose every bloodhound of divine justice, and let him scent this blood, and track this fleeing criminal, this revolting selfishness, to death. Hunt it down, Humanity. Pursue it to the ends of the earth. And when you find it, let your bloodhounds tear out its vitals, and feast upon them, like famished vampires. For it is Death, and Death must be killed. It is Crime, and Crime must be strangled.

She was dead. She lay there, he said, in all the calm beauty of death. Ah, the tenderness of death! Ah, the sadness of death! Ah, the desolation that it brings, the hearts that it leaves empty! It is something that steals, and does not repay the theft; that breaks, and tears, and lacerates; that comes unbidden, and snatches away the dearest and best, so ruthlessly, so cruelly! Is there a whisper of calumny? Let it be hushed. Is there a finger of scorn? Let it be pointed inward. For this is death, and death is awful; death is avenging; death is the judgment of God. Rather let it be a reminder, sad though it is, and bitter though it may be, of the cup that all must drink. But far better such a death as this than that other death, which leaves not a stamp of beauty; which lays up no tender memories, but which brings only ashes, and dust, and broken hearts; and that, all in gloom and darkness, threads in pain and anguish the dreary mazes of eternity forever and forever.

Thus did the minister speak. Some persons shed tears, and others admired his eloquence, but all were impressed; and when he concluded, a painful, empty silence remained. His words had died; she had died, and they would be buried with her.

There was more than one breast that yielded up its dead that day. There were shrouded forms that lay upon the benches, and in the

aisles, and in white rows behind the chancel-rail. On some of the pallid faces of those that memory resurrected were smiles of peace and undying faith; on other faces, lines of pain, and suffering, and cruelty, and desertion; on others, tears of shame and sorrow; and on many—very many—were hard and bitter looks of accusation and revenge unsatisfied.

As the bell tolled, they took life, and held a ghostly revelry, and increased in numbers so rapidly that they filled the house to overflowing, darting unexpected from unseen sources, and crowding to suffocation. They perched upon the organ, and flitted lightly over the altar, some making strange grimaces, and shaking the finger in solemn warning. Then all was bustle and confusion, and they chased one another madly out upon the street, singing, and praying, and exhorting, and sighing, and cursing—out into the bright June sunshine, where the heat changed them into vapor, and they ascended to heaven.

Then came the next scene in this painful drama. By common consent, the crowd upon the right moved forward to view the body, while those on the left passed out, and entered again at the right, those upon the right passing out at the left. Thus a continuous stream was formed, the crowd being greatly augmented by many in the street who had been unable to gain admittance.

As they pass, and gaze upon the beautiful, upturned face, there are varying expressions of countenance, and different emotions. Here is an old man, bowed with age, with his little granddaughter, whom he laboriously raises in his arms, that she may see the face.

“Oh, grandpapa, how beautiful she is! What is she lying there for? Is she asleep?”

“Yes, my child, asleep—sound asleep.”

“Asleep in church! Oh, grandpapa!”

“Yes, sound asleep—sound asleep.”

And they pass quickly on, for here come two fine ladies, and they look impatient.

“Why, she is pretty!”

“Yes—rather.”

“Give me those flowers.”

“Take them.”

“I'm sure they are the prettiest that will be brought here to-day. I will lay them at the head; they'll look better there.”

Pass on there, women! for here come two miserable wretches, with wild hair and hardened looks—outcasts, who have slept in the prison, and oftener in the gutter—fiends that were born to be women.

“Poor thing!”

“Hush! She was better than you.”

“What a pity! Oh, what a pity!”

"Hush! They are listening."

"I—I—don't like to put 'em there, 'longside them pretty ones."

"Hush! Put 'em there quick, so they won't see you."

Pass on, there, with your rags, and dirt, and uncleanliness! Pass on, and be quick about it, for you have no heart nor soul—degraded things! The flowers you left are withered and dead as the memory of your innocence.

And thus they go, passing on and on. There are persons of intellect and persons of culture, and persons with heart and persons without heart, and ignorant persons, and the good and the bad—all passing on and on.

The organist is playing an air in a minor strain. Painfully sweet it seems to-day, with light and life without, and death and darkness within. In some hearts it awakens chords that better had slumbered on forever; while into others it sinks deep and tenderly, going down into unused places, and finding beauty there, and bringing it up to life.

And still they come, and still they go, passing on and on—passing by hundreds, until the church is empty.

CHAPTER XI.

Garratt had done all in his power. He and Casserly worked together, to the same end, but with different motives. Casserly looked to the duty that devolved upon him to hunt down the criminal; and there was, besides, a considerable amount of pride in the feelings that actuated his conduct. With Garratt it was different. He recognized but one ultimatum—success. To accomplish this he would scruple at nothing that could be done by legal means. With him nothing was sacred that stood in the way of this purpose. And, strange to say, it was more his construction of duty than the gratification of heartless malice. Garratt was a useful member of a certain church; could offer a good, though not eloquent, prayer, and was not mean in matters of charity that involved simply an outlay of money. He was prosperous in business, and had many friends. His disposition was rather impatient than domineering, and he was entirely lacking in every trace of sentimentality—apart from religious matters. It would be unkind, and doubtless untrue, to assert that he became one of a religious sect for sordid and selfish reasons. He was eminently a practical man—who is defined by sentimentalists a cruel, cold-hearted, selfish, unscrupulous man—but these would have been, in Garratt's case, exaggerations. It had never been charged against

him that he was not a conscientious man, or that he could be corrupted in the exercise of his official duties, or that he ever neglected his duty in the least particular. On the contrary, if blame was attached to him at all, it was for over-zeal.

The coroner's office is a peculiar one, and much like the physician's. A coroner must combine tenderness of manner with honesty, discretion, and tact. He is a sworn officer, under strict obligations to the terms and spirit of his oath; and in this he differs from the physician, who, when he receives his diploma, is simply required solemnly to promise certain things, and is not an officer of the law nor responsible to bondsmen.

Not unfrequently is it the case that decency and common humanity require of a coroner that certain cases coming under his official notice should be handled with the utmost care, and that revolting disclosures, where no apparent good purpose can be subserved, should not unnecessarily be made. This is a fact so common that all reflecting persons are aware of it. It is often better to bury a crime than expose it. Coroners, as a rule, appreciate this unwritten law, and act upon it, with the full sanction and commendation of society. It is a part of their duty, and no coroner performs his whole duty who neglects this one. Still, this is a method of reasoning that the public does not trouble itself to follow out, and so it simply says of a man who violates this obligation that he is overzealous and too faithful; but no general bad opinion of him is thereby created. This is one of the anomalies of human nature.

Now, in order to carry out this rigorous idea of duty, a person must lack charity, that highest of human qualities. Charity and honesty may go together, but it is a curious fact that they are entirely independent of each other, and travel in different channels, and come from different sources. One may exist without the other. Charity is an impulse, and honesty is a principle. Impulses are always natural, while principles are frequently the result of cultivation. But, as a rule, principles are safer than impulses.

Garratt was not an uncommon type of men. He was utterly unable to appreciate the feelings that actuated Mrs. Howard. When he read to her the terrible newspaper report he had the hope that in the burst of anger he was sure would follow she would commit herself, or state the facts, whatever they might be. He was naturally a suspicious man, and he certainly was a hard man.

With great care he had seen that an autopsy was properly made. The course of the bullet

was traced by skillful hands, and the direction from which it came ascertained. Death must have followed quickly, and doubtless not a groan escaped the girl. Carrying out his idea persistently, he had ransacked the room for possible evidence. Without any scruples whatever, he read several letters and papers he found here and there, but had discovered nothing. One of the jurymen, however, made a strange discovery, in this manner: He accidentally saw in the grate the cinders of paper that had been recently burned.

"Doctor," he said, "come and look at this." Garratt hurried up, stooped over the grate, and examined them closely.

"Those were letters," he remarked.

Here was a discovery. Garratt touched the cinders, and they crumbled to ashes.

"They are all burned," he said.

In fact, not a single piece remained. After admitting as much light into the room as possible, he fell upon his knees and scrutinized the cinders closely, but he could decipher not a single word. During all this examination the body of the girl was lying on the bed.

"Now," said Garratt, as all the jurymen gathered around, "you see at once that there has been no other fire in this grate. There is not a trace of ashes. These letters were thrown into it and burned, for fear they would give evidence. Who threw them in? The policeman? No. Who, then? Mrs. Howard. We see her cunning everywhere. She is playing a desperate game. Now, let us think. As she is so determined that the truth shall not be discovered, it must be of a nature that would make somebody hang. There can be no doubt of that—at least, to my mind."

"But how are you going to find out?"

"Make her talk."

"How?"

"You shall see."

"Casserly says she told him that she would not testify before a coroner's jury."

"Very well; but wait and see."

"She is a deep woman, Doctor."

"Is she?" asked Garratt, as he laughed.

"She fooled Casserly and the mob, both."

"Very good."

"Can you make her talk?"

"I promise nothing; but Casserly has positive information of the girl's whereabouts, and when he brings her here we shall see. He has gone to bring her."

"But she may tell Casserly all about it."

"I think not," said Garratt. "Casserly means well, but—"

"But what?"

"Nothing."

"She may speak of her own accord."

"She may."

He searched everywhere. The discovery of the burnt paper inspired Garratt more than ever with the importance of the case, and convinced him that Mrs. Howard must have had the strongest motives for the many extraordinary things which she had done, all tending to one end—the concealment of the facts. Garratt cannot be censured for entertaining this opinion, for the case presented many remarkable features. The inquest was postponed until further developments should be made, and in the meantime the dead girl was buried.

Casserly had seen that it was useless for him to make any further attempt at extorting a confession from Mrs. Howard; but Judge Simon felt a singular interest in the affair. Casserly depended upon him greatly in many things, and particularly in the matter of sounding the motives of the mother and son. Judge Simon was greatly disappointed that he had failed to see the young man, but would make amends by talking with the mother. This was not done until after the funeral, and before Casserly returned with Emily Randolph.

The rules governing the jail were not overstrict. It is true that ordinarily dangerous criminals were not permitted to hold conversation with visitors unless it was in the presence of a jail officer, but there were occasional violations of this important rule. When Judge Simon called Tuesday morning to see Mrs. Howard he was permitted not only to see her alone, but to enter her cell upon her invitation. The strongest woman needs a friend in time of great trouble. Mrs. Howard had from the first seen that in Judge Simon's face which strongly attracted her toward him. Not only honor did she there see, but tenderness also, and profound regard for her in her affliction.

It was generally understood that the old Judge had taken a lively interest in the case, and that he was extending valuable aid to Casserly. His high integrity raised him above all suspicion of sympathy for the unfortunate prisoner, or of any intention to assist her. Casserly looked upon him as his most valuable ally, and it was agreed between them that the old Judge should undertake the interview with Mrs. Howard. But Casserly did not have a very extensive knowledge of human nature, and was taking a risk that he knew not of. Judge Simon was nothing if not a kind-hearted man. So was Casserly; but Casserly had much at stake in this matter, and kept a strict guard over his kindly feelings. He was in utter ignorance of the fact—and so, also, was Judge Simon himself, for that matter—that the old man's

sympathy was antagonistic to Casserly's plans. Although Judge Simon doubted the truth of Howard's confession, and was ready to believe that either the mother or Emily Randolph committed the act of crime, he could not bring himself to believe, after he had seen the mother, that she was the guilty party. So he secretly agreed with himself that he would conceal from Casserly his suspicions, which, as a matter of fact, were merely suspicions, and might prove wrong. But if the mother had confessed that she was the criminal, Judge Simon would have received a terrible shock; a fact the possible existence of which he could not bring his mind to entertain.

She exhibited no surprise when the wicket-door of her cell was opened, and the face of Judge Simon appeared.

"Judge Simon! I am glad to see you."

He returned the salutation, and a moment of awkward silence followed.

"I would like to talk with you, sir. Will they let me out for a short while, or—or admit you?"

This instantly relieved him of his embarrassment. He turned to speak to some one she could not see, and then the door was opened, and Judge Simon entered.

The cell occupied the south-east corner of the jail proper; was large and airy, having two grated windows. It was furnished with a cheap bedstead, a small table, upon which stood a pitcher and wash-basin, a piece of looking-glass held against the wall by tacks at various angles in the fragment of glass, and a few flower-pots in the east window, containing geraniums that were suffering for water. There were marks upon the wall, showing that bunks had recently been removed from the cell, the indications consisting principally of discolorations produced by not over-clean occupants of the bunks as they rolled against the wall in their sleep. In addition to the names, dates, scraps of poetry, and other inscriptions on the walls, there was, on the west wall, a picture that was calculated to test the strength of the strongest nerves, and engender harrowing nightmares. It was a life-size portrait done in lead-pencil. The face was as black as frequent wettings of the pencil-point could make it, and the eyes were intensely white, and of the shape of a strung bow, with the elliptical part uppermost. In the center of each was a spot, very small and very black, representing the pupil. The remaining parts of the eyes were vast wildernesses of white. The nose also was white, and was very like the letter A with the cross taken out. The mouth was the most hideous feature, being constructed on the principle of mouths in heads made from

pumpkins. The teeth, which were each an inch long, had, in order to relieve the monotony of color, been made a violent red. Credulous visitors to the jail were told, in quite a solemn manner, that it was the correct portrait of a noted criminal of those parts.

This remarkable art production gave rise to an unexpected incident. Judge Simon was in the act of seating himself on one of the two stool-bottom chairs, when his vision was suddenly greeted with this spectacle. He involuntarily started, for he was a nervous old man, and the thing stood out upon the wall in a bold and aggressive manner. Mrs. Howard noticed his movement, and allowed her gaze also to fall upon the picture.

"It is not very artistic, sir," she said.

"Artistic! It's hideous."

"I suppose it was done by a prisoner."

"By some one held for insanity, madam. No healthy brain could have conceived such a monstrosity. But—but doesn't it frighten you?"

"Oh, no. It annoyed me a little at first."

"Why, if I should sleep in such a presence, I could not help thinking that Dante had failed to pursue his investigations to any satisfactory extent. Why, my dear madam, it is an outrage. Let me see," he said, looking around; "it stares you to sleep when you retire, and then leaves the wall and conspires with other monsters to invade your slumbers. The first thing it does in the morning is to greet you, on waking, with that horrible grin."

She smiled faintly at this conceit. It greatly flattered him.

"It is a shame, madam—a perfect shame. I'll arrange it so that its insults will not reach you."

He drew out his handkerchief, and fitted it to the wall, concealing the picture.

"What are you going to do, Judge?"

"Hide it; blindfold it; gag it; clip its claws."

He glanced around, as if looking for something, and discovered a small shelf attached to the wall beneath the piece of broken mirror. On this shelf was a comb and a brush, and a small pin-cushion. He went to the shelf, took two pins, and again stood in front of the portrait. He stuck a pin through one corner of the handkerchief into the brick wall, while he held the other pin in his mouth, and was proceeding to secure another corner, so that the handkerchief would conceal the picture, when he was interrupted by Mrs. Howard:

"You will need your handkerchief, Judge Simon."

"Oh, no; I assure you I will not. See, I have another."

"But a newspaper would do just as well."

"No; really, the handkerchief is much better. Paper would tear, and fall down, you see."

He said this in a manner of such droll wisdom that she smiled again, and this time much more perceptibly than the other.

His quick eyes soon caught another glaring defect.

"Madam," he said, "it is a great pity."

"What, sir?"

"Those flowers are dying for water."

"Oh!"

He hustled to the little table, and was gratified to find the pitcher full of water. She watched him quietly while he watered the plants.

"I like flowers," he said, suddenly.

"Yes?"

"I do, certainly. So do you."

There was a slight reproach in these words.

"I didn't think of them," she said, quite sadly.

These two trifling incidents removed the constraint that naturally existed between them, and gave her an insight into his nature; for she knew well enough that he covered the picture that its ugliness might not be an effrontery to her, and that he watered the flowers that their freshness might throw some gleam of cheerfulness into her desolate abode—both showing very slight consideration, but much delicacy, for all that.

Then he became grave, and, placing his chair near her, sat down. By an impulse, that surprised him almost as much as it would Casserly, if that official had heard him, he said:

"Madam, you need a friend—a friend you can depend upon, who can give you advice. May I be of any assistance to you?"

This took her completely by surprise. She saw at once that he was perfectly sincere, and would be glad to help her. Nevertheless, she could not so suddenly impart her great secret to any one, especially to a stranger, and when her own judgment told her that no good could come of it.

Having said what he did, the old Judge felt very much like a criminal, for he was about to betray Casserly; but at that moment he was constrained to put a higher estimate on the laws of humanity than on the laws of codes. It had often been urged, he reflected, that they were synonymous terms, and so this sustained his conscience.

She was confused. After some hesitation, she said:

"I deeply appreciate your kind proffer of friendship, sir, but I am not deserving of it."

"Tut, tut, madam!"

"And, then, a friend could do nothing for me in this case."

"A friend can always be of assistance, madam."

She smiled faintly at his persistence, but there was, nevertheless, a bright tear in her eye.

"There is nothing to be done, sir."

"Now, my dear madam, let us talk over this matter as sensible persons should. You are ignorant of legal matters. There is a strange persistency in these officers of the law that makes them hunt such things down, and resort to all kinds of ruses that you know nothing about. Mark my words: this thing will be ferreted to the bottom."

Instantly she turned to stone. He saw it, and continued:

"If it were only you from whom the facts were to be learned, the world might go down to the grave in ignorance. But there are others, and one of them has been found."

She looked up, startled.

"Casserly has found Emily Randolph, and will return with her to-night."

A shade of intense anxiety passed over her face.

"They will resort to every means, fair or foul, to wring from her the facts. Do you think they will permit you to speak to her? Certainly not."

She was so bewildered by the information that Emily had been found that she could only gasp:

"Is it quite true that they have found her?"

"There is no doubt of it. Here is a telegram from Casserly."

She hastily read it, and became convinced.

"They will misrepresent facts to her," Judge Simon continued, "and employ every means to make her tell the truth, whether by threats or any other method. You have a determined opponent in Casserly, and he has everything in his favor. Besides, he has an unscrupulous ally in Garratt, the Coroner, who will have no mercy on you."

This speech almost crushed her. Occasionally a grave suspicion would cross her mind that this ingenuous old man was practicing subtle cunning to secure a statement from her, but the thought would die before his earnest, anxious look.

"Madam, disabuse your mind of the idea that you alone can bring yourself and the others safe through this trouble. It is almost impossible. Do not be over-confident of yourself and the plans you have laid. That mistake has been the ruin of so many—so many. Again, even if the ordeal of the inquest is passed, the

examination before a magistrate will follow. By the way, an important clue has been found."

"What is it?"

"Almost a convincing one. A great many others, also, will be found, and they will warrant the magistrate, perhaps, in committing you all, without bonds. You may have to lie in jail for months yet."

"What is the clue?"

Should he divulge it? He reflected a moment, and decided.

"They have found where the pistol was bought, and when."

"And by whom?"

"Yes; your son, two days before the killing."

She sank under this terrible blow. Deathly pale, and trembling violently, she tried to utter a denial, but failed. She was speechless with grief and terror. At length, recovering her voice, she said, almost gasping:

"That is not proof against him."

"But it is a strong circumstance, and persons have been hanged on less convincing evidence. It would not be enough to convince me, but a jury is different."

She sat so helpless and pitiful that the profoundest feeling of the old man's good heart was touched. He almost regretted that he had filled her with so much alarm, but consoled himself with the reflection that it was a binding duty.

"Madam," he said, "it has been thirty years since I practiced law, and fifteen years since I left the bench. But I will forget my age, and be a young man again. I am almost old enough to be your grandfather. Listen attentively to what I am about to say. I will be your attorney. You must have one—you cannot be without one. I will take this case in hand, and do what I can for you. I will take no refusal."

There were bright tears in his eyes as he said this, for Mrs. Howard was crying bitterly—weeping as if she had not a friend in the world, but was desolate, desolate.

He stood beside her, and took her hand with great tenderness.

"My dear friend," he said, softly, "it may come out all right. I will do all that a man can do. Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Casserly thinks I am assisting him to hunt you down. Do not let him know any better. He depends very much upon me, for he knows that I have a better knowledge of such things than he. Casserly would feel desperate and undone if he knew that I am against him. You and I will work together against him. We will meet cunning with cunning. I don't ask you for any confidences now. There is time

enough for that. Compose yourself when I am gone, and think calmly over it. But for all you do, don't deceive me or mislead me; don't betray me and my friendship for you. Will you promise that?"

"Yes," she answered, in a whisper.

"Then I will put implicit confidence in you."

He went to the door, and rapped with his pocket-knife upon the wicket-door. She arose hastily, and approached him, and took his hand.

"I want to thank you," she said, brokenly, between her sobs.

"Tut, tut! It is nothing."

"If—" she continued, "if they find my son—or Emily—says anything—I'll tell you—the truth."

The footsteps of the jailer were heard, and she went to the window. The door was opened, and Judge Simon passed out, his old head trembling somewhat with agitation.

Long did Mrs. Howard stand at the window, gazing at the court-house, examining minutely the arabesque carving of the brackets beneath the coping; gazing at the trees in St. James Square; gazing far beyond them at the foot-hills, which soon became tinged with the soft glow of the setting sun; gazing far, far beyond them at the reddish-blue sky, and vaguely wondering how far it was away; gazing, gazing, till night came on and wrapped the city in gloom.

It must have been about nine o'clock when her meditation was interrupted by the sound of carriage-wheels in the passage-way. The carriage halted at the gate. Soon afterward she heard the faint tinkle of the jail bell. It seemed an age before the jailer appeared in the yard below, bearing a lantern and a bunch of keys. He cautiously opened the small wicket near the door, and the gruff voice of a man asked him to open the door. He evidently recognized the man, for he instantly obeyed.

Casserly entered. Clinging to his arm was the fragile, timid, hesitating form of a girl. The light from the lantern fell upon her face, which was pale and frightened. The two burning eyes in the window above recognized Emily Randolph.

A shrill cry startled Casserly. It came from above. It was a despairing cry:

"Emily, my child!"

The girl looked wistfully around, not knowing whence the voice came, but recognizing it instantly. She had halted. Casserly uttered an imprecation, seized her in his strong arm, and dragged her hurriedly to the jail door.

"Emily, remember!" came the cry again, as the door slammed noisily and shut them in.

Oh, John, how could you, how could you!

CHAPTER XII.

Dust. Great clouds of it. Immense billows of it, rolling one upon the other, chasing one another, wrangling and contending, grim, silent, and aggressive; angry dust—dust that had been trodden upon and ground under the heel until it rebelled. Now it leaps madly up as a tormenting gust of wind sweeps down the mountain-side and stirs its ire; then, expending its venom, it lies, snarling, down again, only to spring up with renewed vigor and fasten its fangs upon the feet and legs of two pedestrians toiling wearily through it and maddening it to desperation. It had been patient for so long—for ages; had slept peacefully while men came into the world and passed away, and generation followed generation to the tomb. Dust whose empire had been usurped, whose domain had been invaded. Dust which had lain contented through ages, and rose up in arms against intrusion. Fierce and determined, it sent detachments to settle upon the leaves and hide their beauty; others to choke the thrush, and hush his song; others to scamper wildly down the mountain, and up the mountain, and raise the devil everywhere.

The two pedestrians trudged wearily through it, covered and begrimed with it. One was a young man; the other was older, and would have been quite tall if the crooked places in him had been straightened out. The younger man was silent and gloomy, and the other watched him furtively, as if wondering what he would next do or say.

"A many a time," said the older, "I've hed sech work to do. Onct I cleaned out a poker sharp in Ferginny City, an' then he got on his ear an' said ez how he'd chaw me up. Well, I don't like to blow, but they've got to git up early in the mornin' to chaw *me*, fer I'm purty good on the chaw myself. Samson's riddle warn't a circumstance to the chawin' that was done that day."

"Did you eat him?"

"No; oh, no; I chawed him."

"Simply chawed him!"

"That's it—simply chawed. Chawed him up so fine that his friends couldn't tell whether he had swallowed a load o' giant powder, an' it hed gone off in him, or was a bear-skin, tanned by the chemical pro-cess. Then I lit out. They traileed me up into the Sierry Nevaidy—"

"What for?"

"To kill me, I reckin. Thet was about the size of the tune they wanted to play on my fiddle. But when they ketched up with me, I was thar, too."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; thar, small but nat'ral; thar, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot; six long foot of me thar; a hull infantry battalion of me."

"What then?"

"I drawed up a set of resolutions ez how I was a harrycane an'—"

"A what?"

"Harrycane—tornado—water-spout."

"Oh!"

"Then we went at it." Saying which the man looked around with an air of indifference, and of disclaiming modesty.

"What did you do?"

"Modesty ferbids me, Mr. Howard. Ye're a brave man, an' kin respec' silence. All I'm pertickler 'bout addin' is thet I'm here—six long foot of me, an' a few inches to spar', hevin' growed some sence then."

They plodded along through the dust, that lay three or four inches deep in the road, and maintained a silence for some time.

"These are lovely mountains, Sam."

"Yes, very good. Plenty o' b'ar in these here Santi Cruz Mountains. I'd like to tackle one, jist fer a change. It's a-gittin' lonesome."

The road wound along the side of the mountain, and on either side was abundant growth. Far below them was Los Gatos—an unpretentious stream at that point—and they could catch glimpses of it at rare intervals, sparkling in the sunlight.

As they were thus trudging along, the Crane inadvertently stepped into a hidden rut that had been cut by the heavy lumber wagons, and, as it was filled with dust, he did not observe it, but tumbled sprawling to the ground. He uttered a horrible oath, and regained his feet, swearing vengeance on everything.

The Crane had a vast respect for the young man. It was inspired by the following incident, which occurred soon after they had abandoned the cart: Howard insisted on their separating, but the Crane begged so earnestly, and with such positive indications of fright at being abandoned, that the young man consented to retain him. The Crane knew that he himself was a criminal, for having conspired in the escape of the prisoner. Their community of interests brought about a kind of familiarity. So, after they had walked a few hours together, the Crane asked, in a confidential manner:

"We're kind o' in the same boat now, an' yer'd better tell me why yer killed her, hadn't yer? 'Twould ease yer mind, like."

Howard turned angrily upon him, seized the lapels of his greasy coat, and, glaring at him like a tiger, in a quiet but angry tone said:

"If you ever mention that subject again, I'll cut your throat from ear to ear."

This frightened the harmless Crane nearly out of his wits, and he hastily promised that he never would advert to it again.

Thus the Crane knew he was a brave man, and so mentioned that fact while they were plowing through the thick dust of the mountain road.

For four days they skulked in the mountains, buying food at isolated farm-houses, and sleeping in the fields or in the woods. Howard was attired in a suit of rough clothes that the Crane had purchased for him, his own having been taken by his mother to dress the effigy; and, with black whiskers that were cropping out, and in the dirt and dust that covered him, was not recognizable as the young man of the crime. There never was a question by those who saw them but that they were tramps; and, in order to carry out this illusion, they sometimes begged for food. Besides, their supply of money was limited. The Crane bore the proud distinction of being the treasurer, Mrs. Howard having given him all the money she had about her, which, as bad fortune would have it, was only twenty-five dollars. It is true that she had given the Crane her watch, which, with the chain, was valuable, but they dared not offer it for sale; and Howard had in his pocket a diamond ring that she had forced upon him, but it would have been a fool-hardy step to endeavor to sell it.

The Crane had another reason for keeping Howard in sight, and it was no other than the fear of losing the five hundred dollars that Mrs. Howard promised him if he succeeded in keeping her son from arrest. As the payment of the money was contingent on this, the Crane dared not lose sight of him, fearing that the young man would again surrender himself.

As the two men had avoided the thoroughfares, they were ignorant of everything that had transpired since the riot. In escaping and remaining concealed, Howard was simply obeying a strong appeal by his mother, and not following an inclination of his own. The possibility had never occurred to his mind that his mother and Emily Randolph would be apprehended and thrown into prison. Rather than have even this indignity put on either of them, he would have persisted in his confession of the murder.

A desire to learn something of the way in which his escape was regarded became so great that it could no longer be denied; and Howard trusted to his disguise to shield him from identification. They were, therefore, finding their way to a staging station, to see the newspapers,

and were walking through the dust to reach it. As they neared the station, a strange dread seized them, and they instinctively practiced greater caution, darting from the road into the brush whenever they heard an approaching team.

At length the station was sighted. It was upon a plateau that formed the top of one of the lower mountains. The level ground was planted in fruit-trees, while the slopes were covered with vineyards. The station consisted of two buildings. One was the dwelling of the proprietor, and the other contained a store, saloon, and post-office combined.

Howard left the Crane in the brush, knowing that with persons of any powers of observation the Crane would be recognized at a glance; his appearance was too remarkable not to attract attention. Howard found a few loungers at the store, as it was about noon, when some laborers dropped in for a drink and a chat. He walked boldly into the store, the animated conversation that was going on being interrupted by his entrance. There was a rough-looking clerk in the store, who simply stared at the intruder, without rising from his seat.

"Who has charge here?" asked Howard.

"I have."

"Will you be so kind as to get up, and walk behind that counter?"

"Maybe, if you want something."

"I want something, then."

The clerk slowly came to the perpendicular, his joints snapping with the effort. It is a strange physiological fact that the joints of lazy men snap more willingly and more heartily than do those of other men. This is particularly noticeable with those who indulge in the dissipation of snapping their finger-joints. The clerk laboriously walked behind the counter, and then collapsed, falling upon the counter, and supporting his weight thereon with his elbows.

"What d'yer want?"

"A drink."

The man of unstrung energies then painfully straightened himself again, and handed out a bottle and a tumbler.

"Will you take something?" asked Howard.

"Don't keer if I do," replied the man, yawning as if dissolution were imminent.

After drinking the vile liquor and paying for it, Howard seated himself on an empty box, and picked up a newspaper. It was with a degree of anxiety and pallor that he sought for news. At last he found it.

He found it and read, and it nearly unnerved him; his breast heaved with anger and indignation. So absorbed was he that he forgot his

surroundings, until one of the men startled him with the remark :

"Must be kind o' interestin' news yer're readin', stranger."

Instantly he was calm again.

"It was the whisky that made me sick," he replied, quickly.

The clerk took this as a personal affront.

"It's as good whisky as yer kin git in these mountains," he replied, indignantly.

Howard did not argue the point. The news that he had read was a recapitulation of all that had occurred since the riot; and it was further stated that Emily Randolph, it was believed, had made a full statement under Casserly's ruse (which was Howard's pretended implication of her), and that there was no longer a reasonable doubt that justice demanded the immediate capture of Howard, for whose apprehension a heavy reward had been offered by the Governor. It was noted, however, that such statement by Emily Randolph was more a surmise than anything else, which was based on corroborative circumstances tending to fasten the crime on Howard, and on the strenuous efforts that the authorities were making for his arrest. Casserly, it was said, was very reticent, but admitted frankly that the case was as strong as he could wish—against whom he would not say.

Howard rose to his feet with the old spirit of reckless desperation. That his mother and the girl should be in prison, and under suspicion, was more than he could bear.

The conversation of the men turned on this subject. They wondered if Howard was still hiding in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Some thought not, but that he was making his way to the south. During this conversation the eyes of the clerk were fastened steadily on Howard, who finally rose, and, bidding them good day, sought the Crane. He found the latter gentleman where he had left him.

"Sam, I'm going back to San José. You may stay, if you prefer."

The Crane was greatly surprised, and eagerly demanded an explanation. Howard doggedly refused to give it, and turned to walk away and carry out his purpose. An unusual and dan-

gerous glitter came into the eyes of the Crane. He sprang before Howard with surprising agility, and said, fiercely :

"You shan't go."

"Eh?" demanded Howard, halting, and staring at him, bewildered.

"You're a-goin' to stay right here," said the Crane, as he whipped out the famous sheath-knife, and assumed the half cowering posture of a timid man who knows that his adversary is unarmed and helpless.

The two men glared silently at each other a moment. Then Howard began to step slowly backward. The Crane, mistaking this movement for fear, approached. Howard halted, and the Crane did likewise, holding the long knife in readiness to strike. A coward is a dangerous foe under such circumstances, and Howard knew it. He would take no desperate chances now, for his life was precious. Howard saw the uselessness of an attempt at parleying. He suddenly turned and fled rapidly, putting considerable distance between himself and the Crane, who sprang after him. But Howard had all his wits about him. At the first opportunity, after they had run nearly a quarter of a mile, he picked up a heavy stave, and turned upon the Crane. The latter halted so suddenly that he nearly fell. It was Howard's turn now to advance. He did so, and the Crane fled precipitately—ran like a deer, bounded over logs and bushes until he disappeared in the distance. Howard abandoned the chase, and turned his steps toward San José, soon forgetting the incident in the great cares that bowed him down. He thought of all manner of impossible things that ought to be done, and the determination commenced to take root in his mind that he would murder this villain called Casserly, for the wrong he had done the defenseless girl.

But there was a danger lurking in his road that he knew not of. The Crane followed him stealthily, with the knife in his hand, and only biding his time. If Howard were dead, and his body concealed in some mountain gorge, the Crane could claim his bribe with impunity; for Howard would then be far beyond the reach of earthly justice.

W. C. MORROW.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

LOVE'S KNIGHTLINESS.

So brave is Love, and rosy, sunny sweet,
 The darkness breaks to day before his feet—
 So knightly that his bright, unworldly words
 Soar through the ethers like ecstatic birds :
 His golden paens at the rise of suns,
 What time the stars do pass like quiet nuns,
 Soar to the fire of dawn through crimson cloud
 And sing as larks their victories aloud ;
 Low whispers in the blushing ear of Joy
 Are purple doves, whose days are one employ
 Of bridal worship, where the zephyr weaves
 Its liquid music in the sunny leaves ;
 And all his elfin lyrics of delights,
 Writ in his ritual of bridal rites,
 Are joyous throstles for eternal days
 On stilly wings down rapture's rosy ways ;
 And lo ! at twilight all the starry skies
 Harken to hear Love's orisons arise,
 For all his sweet adorings that confess,
 When kneeling to the Bridal Holiness,
 Take flight as nightingales that love the lily,
 And dwell in starry woodlands dim and stilly.

CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

UP THE MOSELLE AND AROUND METZ.

I had passed two delightful days at Boppard among the vineyards on the left banks of the Rhine, and rather reluctantly took the afternoon boat to go on down the river, because I doubted whether in my future rambling in the border lands between France and Germany I should come upon any spot which would be so thoroughly satisfying in its picturesqueness and peacefulness as this one I was leaving. Coblenz is only an hour distant, and I was there before night, of which I was very glad, as I had time to walk across the bridge of boats and enjoy the rich coloring of the fading sunset upon the bold crags and massive fortification of Ehrenbreitstein.

Coblenz stands at the confluence of the Moselle with the Rhine. In order to be not far from the former river, and my point of departure the next day for its upper waters, I drove across the city to the old-fashioned Hôtel de Liege. I told the distinguished looking waiter who escorted me to my room that I wished to take the steamboat which left the next morning

at six o'clock for Treves. He bowed most affably in response to my request, assured me I should be called in ample time, and then disappeared. The careless fellow forgot his promise, and if I had not awakened in time to dress hastily and hurry down to the boat, I should have been obliged to remain over two days.

The little boat was lying at the bank of the river, just ready to start. It was not certainly as cheerful a commencement of a pleasure tour as one might wish. Though it was in the latter days of August, the morning was chilly enough for an overcoat. This, however, largely came from a heavy mist which curtained river and town. The solid old mediaeval bridge, though only a little way below us, seemed a series of spectral arches connecting two distant cloud-banks. The boat was small and low, and her deck, at the best not ample, was crowded with piles of freight. Two or three sleepy passengers were standing about. Presently a little band of eight girls and boys came aboard with a young man. The uniformity of their

plain dresses indicated that they were from some public institution, and it proved, upon inquiry, that they were poor half-orphans returning to their native village for the vacation. The only enlivening feature in the prevailing depression was the shrill notes of a fife playing the Boccaccio march at the head of a company of soldiers crossing the bridge.

The little boat pushed off into the stream, and commenced its two days' journey in a wheezy, melancholy sort of a way. However, a cup of hot coffee made the world seem a little more cheerful, and in a couple of hours the mist rolled away, the sun shone warmly along the steep hill-sides, and the puffing, tugging little steamer began to look more endurable. As midday approached it became very warm.

The Rhine between Mayence and Coblenz is grand and picturesque. In the traveling season the tourist on one of the passenger boats, which are constantly passing each other on the way up or down, discovers very soon that the hurried landings and departures, the constant bustle, the perpetual eating and drinking going on, bring a succession of disturbing elements which take off the edge of true enjoyment, and make him rather glad when the trip is over. He is on the Continent; it is a solemn duty to do the Rhine, and he feels relieved when it is over. To extract all that is enjoyable from this noble river one must, as it were, taste it bit by bit—must linger along its banks, going from point to point deliberately. Even under these circumstances he will meet crowds and more or less of the bustle prevailing where tourists congregate. If he wishes a few days of charming picturesqueness, let him turn aside, as I did, at Coblenz, and sail up the valley of the Moselle. If, however, the traveler does not care to pass two days on the little boat, he can, on his way down the Rhine, leave the steamer at Bingen, go across country by rail to Treves, and sail down the Moselle with the current, in eleven hours.

As I said, the mist rolled away and the sun shone out warmly. We were already among the vineyards. The river, in the lower half of its way to the Rhine, twists and turns among the hills in a most irregular course, and wherever these hills present a proper exposure they are covered with vineyards. I was constantly and everywhere struck with the enormous labor and expense which these vineyards must have cost. The most of them lie upon hill-sides which are so steep that the earth is terraced, and these terraces are supported most generally by solid walls of masonry. Frequently a little spot sustaining not above two dozen vines will be kept in place by a larger surface of stone wall.

These odds and ends of cultivation very often lie around in the high angles and corners away up in apparently inaccessible places. Sometimes there will be broad, sloping surfaces planted up to the summit and stretching for a mile along the river, and these, on the line of the roadway which follows the shore, are flanked by walls of smooth, solid stone masonry. The wines produced along the Moselle are known all over the world, but vary in excellence at different points on the river. The best are made about midway between Coblenz and Treves. On the second day, while we were still in this middle section, a passenger came on board, with whom I fell into conversation. He was a wine-buyer for dealers in Cologne and Coblenz, and appeared to be familiar with all the specialties of the region. He said that vineyard land is not sold by the acre, but for so much per vine; that the best brings about a dollar and a half per vine; not quite so good, a dollar; and the inferior sorts, seventy cents per vine. The vines are usually planted a little more than a yard apart each way, so that an acre of the best is worth between seven and eight thousand dollars. These hills appear to be masses of slatey rock. At Marienberg I walked down the hill through a large vineyard, which, as far as I could see, had no soil at all; the vigorous vines were growing up from a surface of bits of loose slate. The vines were trained up five and six feet high; on the Rhine the custom is to train them somewhat lower. Most of the Moselle wine is consumed in Germany, and my wine-buying friend said that on the declaration of war by France against Germany, in 1870, the people of this valley were in great tribulation, fearing the success of France, and, as a result, the extension of her boundaries to the Rhine, which would take them in. They feared a loss of their German market for their wines would follow, through restrictive tariffs.

The river varies in width, but is not usually above three to four hundred yards across. The turns are so abrupt and frequent that a constantly changing series of pictures is presented. Alongside the bank there is a roadway, dotted with whitewashed stones on the outer edge, and lined with small trees. Now and then there will be the solitary mansion of the well to do vineyard proprietor, very likely standing at the mouth of a ravine, opening out to the water. The building is square, two stories high, white stuccoed, with steep, slated roof and little dormer windows, and most usually a tall poplar rises by the gate of the small garden. Generally, however, the people are collected in the little villages which lie along the river at

frequent intervals. When one of these stands at a bend in the river, as is often the case, it presents a perfect little scene, such as one often sees on the stage, admires, but yet looks upon as a bit of pardonable fantasy. In the warm sunlight there is the same vivid contrasts of color; in the foreground the glassy stretch of the smooth-flowing river; on one side the steep slope of the vineyard, its vines in serried rows, on the other a wooded hill-side; in the near distance the irregular, quaint, white-plastered, huddled-together houses of the village, with their black slated roofs, and the church steeple rising from their midst. This confused mass of structures stands against the dark green background of a steep, conical hill, which is crowned with a gray ruin—all that is left of the halls of the old robber knights, who lorded it over the village, and perhaps a small section of the surrounding territory, and who came down and robbed the traveler on the river. We come up closer to the village, and discover that, though it is highly picturesque, it cannot be very comfortable. Narrow streets run up from the water's edge between houses which appear to be jammed together and pressed down until the windows are left in all sorts of queer shapes. There are no open spaces or cheerful little gardens. There will be low stone break-waters running out into the river, to break the force of the freshets, which often come down with devastating force in the spring. You will be apt to see barefooted women out on these stone projections dipping up water in shiny metal pails or industriously washing clothes. A little red flag is, perhaps, displayed on the beach. This is the sign that a passenger wishes to come aboard; so the boat slows up, and a canoe-like skiff pushes off with the new-comer, who steps on board.

The most picturesque point on the river is at Cochem, which is reached about noon of the first day. The village—or, rather, town, for it aspires to that dignity—stands at a sharp turn of the stream, and is piled and crowded along and up the sides of the steep bank. Up above, on the crest of the craggy hill, is the castle. It was occupied by the Archbishops of Treves in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was, in large part, destroyed by the French in 1688, but within the past ten years has been carefully and elaborately restored, so that now it looks, no doubt, as it did in its days of splendor. As the boat moved away around the turn until town and castle stood across the background, there was a picture which seemed like a glimpse into the middle ages.

Late in the afternoon we came to Alf. Here the river makes a sweep around a long hill,

and comes back to a point only a few minutes' walk from the opposite side of the ridge. Most of the passengers left the boat here, and walked over. On the top of the ridge we found a restaurant, and, as is always the case in Germany where there is an opportunity to sit outdoors and eat and drink, there were people busily engaged. The view back from Marienberg, as the ruin on the top is called, is very striking, especially of the bold and graceful span of the railway bridge across the river at the foot of the hill. Descending to the other side, I found a short cut through a large vineyard which extended over the steep hill-side to the road on the river bank. The steamboat was an hour and a half getting around, and I had plenty of leisure to sit on the bank and watch the ferry which connects this side with the little village of Pünderich, on the opposite bank. It was of the primitive sort—a flat-bottomed boat, whose propelling force was the current, and was guided by a rope from one bank to the other.

Frequent trips were made while I was there. A wagon would come, drawn by a couple of cows, loaded with dried pea-vines or straw. Girls and women, with baskets strapped to their backs filled with grass, old women with bundles of faggots, laborers, and children, went on to the little craft, paid a coin to the shock-headed Charon, glided across, and disappeared up the narrow village street. The evening twilight was settling down, and I was rather disappointed to leave this quiet scene, which made still another picture to add to the many I had already enjoyed. The puffing little steamer came along, and I was obliged to go aboard or be left behind.

Toward nine o'clock, just as the moon was coming up over the dark hill-tops, the boat came alongside of the little landing at Frarbach, and I went ashore to pass the night at the Bellevue Hotel. The little orphan children were from this place, and there was a great crowd of children at the landing to greet them as they came ashore.

The next day, early, we were under way again. In a few hours we were passing between long stretches of vineyards, where the best of the Moselle wine is made. The villages are closer together, larger, and evidently more prosperous, than farther down stream. About noon the country began to be more open. The hills lie back farther and farther from the river, and the intervening land is gently rolling and cultivated with the ordinary farm crops. As you approach Treves the land on the right rises in bold red sandstone cliffs, rimmed with trees; on the left the plain stretches away to the dis-

tant vine-clad hills. It was Sunday afternoon, and numerous pleasure parties were sailing on the glassy river, or crossing it in small boats to the restaurants and *cafés* at the foot of and on the cliffs. We came to the landing, close by the massive old stone bridge, about four in the afternoon, and I rather regretfully left the boat.

Above Treves the Moselle is not navigable except by very small boats drawing a few inches of water. The valley of the Moselle is exceptionally rich in historical associations, commencing with the overthrow of the Treveri, a tribe of Belgic Gauls, by Julius Caesar, B. C. 56, and running down through mediæval times, through the devastations of the Thirty Years' War, and in this century in connection with the Napoleonic occupation. In and about Treves are enduring traces of the Romans, and all along the river to the Rhine are gray ruins, mementoes of the feudal days and the later stormy times of the seventeenth century. These ruins, however, are not as frequent or as imposing as those of the Rhine, but, as along the larger river, these of the Moselle have each its legend.

Treves is the oldest of the German cities. It is supposed to have been established as a Roman colony in the first century of our era, during the reign of the Emperor Claudius. It subsequently became the capital of the Occident, and the center of Roman domination in Gaul, Spain, and Great Britain. Many of the Emperors, among others Constantius, Constantine the Great, Valentinius, Gratianus, and Maximus, had residences there. Christianity obtained a foothold there at a very early date, and was definitely established by an edict of Constantine in 313. Later it was joined to the Frankish monarchy. In 843 it was incorporated with Lorraine, but not long after was ceded to Germany, to which it has always since then appertained, except during the French occupation at the time of the revolution.

During the middle ages it was governed by Archbishops, subsequently by Electors. In 1634 the city was taken by the Spaniards, then by the French under Turenne in 1645. In 1794 it was occupied by France, and by the Treaty of Lunéville in 1801 was ceded to that country. This domination, however, only lasted until 1814, when Prussia took possession, which possession was made definitive by the Treaty of Vienna of 1816. It will thus be seen that the city has had a long and checkered history. At present it contains about 22,000 inhabitants, of whom perhaps one-tenth only are Protestants.

Early in the morning following my arrival I walked out through the narrow streets, toward

the north-east quarter of the city, and thence out, perhaps a fifteen-minutes' walk into the country, to the ruins of the Roman Amphitheater. The roadway is lined with trees, and leads past a pretentious villa surrounded with pretty grounds. To the right the outlook between the trees is over rolling fields, which just then were covered with the yellow shocks of the newly cut grain; in the distance were pretty bits of wood. I turned to the left into the broad entrance of the Amphitheatre. Nothing is left but the lower parts of the solid brick walls. The arena is clearly defined; along up the circling sides, where the multitude sat, are trees and bushes, and up on the adjoining hill-side stands a cosy dwelling, supported on one side by a fragment of the upper wall. I walked across the arena and turned up the bank on the opposite side, and sat down where I could overlook the entire city, which lies upon lower ground, and also the ruins about me. I might easily have fancied myself in Italy. There was the soft, warm haze of August over the charming scene. In the background were those bluffs on the left bank of the river, the red sandstone gleaming out through the fringing and lacing of green, and contrasting with the white houses along their base. In the middle ground the brown, slated roofs of the city, out of which arose the massive towers of the old Cathedral; to the left the modern-looking brick Basilica, which it is true is partly renewed, but which in the main is fifteen centuries old; alongside it the Stadt-house, which, though less than two centuries old, looks in its degraded, fantastic style, tawdry, aged, and wrinkled. Away on the opposite side of the city are the massive gray remains of the Porta Nigra. Back of where I sat rise slopes covered with vineyards. Presently a soft chime of bells came across the housetops from the old dome. The deception was complete; it must really be a section of Italy, accidentally out of place. I heard the laughter of children and looked down into the grassy arena, from whence it came, and saw a half dozen youngsters pursuing butterflies. Two or three obvious reflections were suggested. One was the contrast between the sports of these boys and girls and those of the earlier days on this spot, where men had killed each other, or had fought wild beasts in order to gain the applause of the populace. Another was, how ineradicable is this disposition to capture and destroy; and, after all, is the difference between human nature to-day and two thousand years ago appreciable in its essence? However, the boys captured the butterflies, stuck pins through them, and amused themselves with the fluttering of the impaled insects, and I turned to again

enjoy the quiet beauty of the picture of city and vineyard.

The arena of this amphitheatre is oval-shaped, two hundred and ten feet long and one hundred and sixty feet wide. The entrances to the dens for the wild beasts and to the chambers for the gladiators are still plainly traceable, leading into the arena. Thirty thousand spectators could be accommodated on its benches, which is about one-third of the number which the Coliseum at Rome could hold. The Treveans of those early days were regaled with frequent and striking spectacles in the arena. It is recorded that thousands of captive Franks and Bructori were torn to pieces by wild beasts or sacrificed to amuse the people.

Not far distant at the corner of the city are the ruins of a Roman palace, showing remains of halls and chambers, heating-rooms, and even water-pipes and hot-air pipes. The best preserved, however, of these Roman remains, is the Porta Nigra, a two-story massive gateway on the west side of the city; the huge blocks of granite, now blackened with age, are clearly fitted and clamped together with iron, and the broad surface and great elevation are relieved with graceful arches of gateway and window-like openings above, with solid pillars and cornices along the front.

There are also recently uncovered remains of an extensive bath. The Basilica is a massive brick structure, now restored and used for a church; formerly it was the Roman Court of Justice and Exchange.

The Cathedral is a noble monument of a later era. It is one of the oldest churches in Germany, its beginnings even going back into Roman times; and its different stages of growth and restoration, after partial destruction and decay though these many centuries, are plainly traceable in its huge irregular exterior. Within, the glare of day is softened by the oldest of painted windows, through which a soft light falls upon dozens of tombs and monuments of Electors and Archbishops, who at various times were mighty in the land. A little side door, not far from the altar, leads into remarkably beautiful and well preserved cloisters, which are supposed to have been built in the thirteenth century. In the center is a pretty garden, overshadowed on the south and west by the lofty, irregularly built side of the Dome, and by the adjoining graceful, gothic Liebfrauenkirche.

I rambled about the narrow, winding streets of the old city, watching the quiet life of the people, and then out on to the massive old Roman bridge, and had a glance up and down the Moselle; below, the red sandstone heights to the left, and the city to the right; above, the glassy

surface of the quiet river, making a graceful, sweeping bend toward the city, here and there boats moored to its banks, and in the distance the vine-covered hill-sides looking like distant cornfields.

I was loth to leave; but the traveler, like the tramp, must keep moving on; and so, after a couple of days in this quaint old city of Treves, I was flying along south, in the afternoon train, towards Metz, which is also on the Moselle. The country very soon opens out into broad, rolling fields on each side of the ever narrowing river. Metz is three hours by rail from Treves, and before one is two-thirds of the way the French speech begins to be heard about the railway stations and from passengers who come on the train. In other words, we come into the province of Lorraine, taken from the French ten years ago. The Germans now designate their conquest by the general name of Elsass-Lothringen. The railroad station at Metz is just outside the walls, and as I drove through the massive gateway, flanked on each side with cannon, and through the narrow streets, where every other passer was a soldier, I became vividly conscious that I was in a conquered fortification on the border of a nation with whom war is possible, and not really improbable, at any moment. Germany and France are under a constant military strain—the one is ready, and seeks to maintain herself alertly and effectively so; the other is quietly and persistently making herself ready.

Metz is really a German advanced post in an enemy's territory. The resident population is about 49,000, of whom perhaps one-quarter are Germans who have come in since the conquest; the remainder are French. It is said that the city has lost since 1870 about 17,000 of its old population, who have voluntarily abandoned it, rather than remain under German rule. The garrison consists of from sixteen to eighteen thousand men, and consequently officers and soldiers abound in every direction, and at all times there is the tramp of companies and regiments in the streets. The German officers and privates are much more soldierly in appearance, and, as far as one can judge casually, are, man for man, heavier and capable of greater physical endurance than the French. It is apparent on the surface that the discipline of the former is very much more rigid.

The fate of the war of '70-'71 was really settled in and about Metz. The subsequent capture of Sedan, the advance on Paris, and the siege and final capitulation, were but the finale of a drama whose veritable climax was reached when Bazaine, after the bloody day of Gravelotte retreated into Metz.

It will be recollected that MacMahon was badly defeated by the Crown Prince of Prussia on the 6th of August, 1870, in a decisive battle at Worth, and retreated rapidly toward Chalons. There was then a large French force in and about Metz. Napoleon III. was in command of the whole army of the Rhine. The disaster at Worth spread dismay among the French, and Napoleon hastened to relieve himself from personal responsibility for further operations by delivering over to Marshal Bazaine the chief command, and retired toward the center of France. MacMahon's army was badly shattered. Part of it fled toward Strasbourg, but the larger number withdrew to Chalons, on the road to Paris, and there the effort was made to form a new army. The effect of this movement was to separate the French forces into two parts—one about Metz, the other at Chalons, over one hundred miles distant—and naturally the Germans hastened to concentrate themselves in between these two wings, in order to fight each separately rather than both together. On the other hand, the obvious policy of the French was to withdraw from Metz, which now, by the force of events, had become, as it were, only a side station on the line of the advancing enemy, and to concentrate at some available point in his front. A glance at the map will show that Metz lies a very little north of east from Chalons. Bazaine's army lay just east of Metz, and slowly commenced to move through the city and across the Moselle westward in the direction of Chalons. This slowness and delay proved fatal. The Germans pushed forward some corps under Steinmetz to hold Bazaine in check until they could advance and concentrate across the road to his destination. As, therefore, Bazaine's advance guard was crossing the Moselle on the west side of Metz, his rear guard, and, in fact, his main force, was attacked by Steinmetz on the east side. The French kept the enemy at bay, and the next day continued their march westward. But the Germans had gained their point, which was to delay the French movements at least one day, to give time to their other troops to move in advance.

The high road from Metz to Verdun, and thence to Chalons, runs westerly about five miles to the little village of Gravelotte; there it deflects a little to the south-west, and passes through the hamlets of Rezonville, Vionville, and the little town of Mars la Tour. In the center of Gravelotte a road turns at right angles to the north, then in a mile or so turns again toward the north-west to Sedan. On the morning of the combat east of Metz, August 14th, Napoleon and his son left Metz, slept at

Gravelotte, and the next morning early rode along this road to Sedan.

Bazaine's army moved slowly westward past Gravelotte as far as Rezonville in the direction of Verdun and Chalons. Here, on the 16th of August, they found the greater part, but not the whole, of the German army across their path. The French lines extended obliquely across the main road, with the center at Rezonville; the Germans were in front of them, with their left also across the road. The proposition on the French side was to get on to Chalons; on the German, to at least hold Bazaine where he was until there could be a further concentration of their forces, and more crushing blows could be given. Here, about Rezonville, a most obstinate and bloody battle was fought. The loss on each side was seventeen thousand men. When darkness closed the combat, little ground had been gained on either side. The Germans expected a renewal of the fight the next day, but in the night Bazaine gave the order to retire toward Metz, alleging the failure of provisions and munitions. On the 17th, new positions were taken by the French. Their left wing retired between two and three miles, while the main line was swung round at right angles to the old position.

On the morning of the 18th, the French lines were extended north and south, instead of east and west, as on the 16th, with the right and left wings retired somewhat toward the east. The German lines were parallel, with the strongest bodies of troops in front of the village of Gravelotte. In the interim, large additions were made to the German forces, so that they brought into the decisive struggle 230,000 men against 180,000 French. The line of battle extended over about ten miles. The fighting in front of Gravelotte was terrific, where the attempt at first was to cut through the French left wing; but finally, toward evening, the Saxons came up on the extreme right wing of the French, and rolled it back in confusion on the center and left, which had held their ground. Bazaine was defeated, and the next day retired into Metz. The German loss was about 20,000 men, much heavier than that of the French, which numbered between 12,000 and 13,000. The operations of the Germans between the 14th and 18th of August had been in a general way to swing the French army completely round upon its left wing, as a pivot, into Metz. The city and the inclosed army were then invested, and they finally surrendered on the 29th of October. This most extraordinary capitulation delivered into the hands of the victors 173,000 men, including 71 generals, 6,000 other officers, and over 1,400 pieces of cannon. The history

of warfare does not furnish anything approaching it in magnitude.

On a warm August day I rode out over the battle-field of the 18th. The dusty road leads out through the suburbs, crosses the Moselle at Devant les Ponts, and gradually ascends to the plateau along which the French army lay, through what were then woods, but are now, for military reasons, cut away. Riding through the little village of Amanvillers, we came to the village of St. Privat, and, a little farther on, to the hamlet of Carriers de Jaumont. Around St. Privat and this last named hamlet was the right wing of the French, and where they were finally driven back by the Saxons. Naturally the fighting was hot, and the houses and walls still bear evidence of the rough storm of iron and lead that played around them. It must be recollected that a French village is not at all like one of ours. It is a collection of stone houses with tile roofs, crowded together, side by side, along one or two narrow streets, and the walls which surround the little gardens and inclosures around it are compact stone structures, laid in mortar and covered with a coat of plaster.

These walls are usually about five feet in height, so that a village is like a little fortification to the troops in possession of it. The French troops had their lines for miles along the plateau, the center and left along and in front of the woods already mentioned. In front the open country falls away in a slight declination. One can look for miles across fields, which just now were being harvested, and were coated with the yellow stubble. Here and there are the huddled-together villages and hamlets, with their red-tiled roofs.

I then turned, and rode along a narrow road which ran along the rear of the German line, to Gravelotte, where I stopped for lunch at the little inn with the magniloquent name of the Horse of Gold.

Scattered all over this stretch of miles over which the armies fought are monuments erected to the fallen, the more pretentious by the different German regiments to their perished members. Here and there are mounds with a simple cross, where perhaps a hundred or two bodies were collected and hastily buried. After lunch, I took a walk about the village of Gravelotte, and, seeing a collection of persons in a graveyard, walked in. In this little inclosure, I was told, about two thousand men had been buried. There were a few head-stones and monuments, but the mass were left without memorials. One little head-stone attracted my attention from the little wreath of oak leaves which had evidently been recently placed on

the grave. The inscription neatly traced upon it ran thus:

"Here repose in God, fallen for King and Fatherland, in the battle of Gravelotte, my dearly beloved and never to be forgotten husband, FRITZ DENBARD, Captain Twenty-ninth Infantry Regiment. We shall see each other again."

I found the people were watching a laborer digging up bones, skulls, and bits of shoes and clothing, and throwing them pell-mell into a long wooden box. The box was already nearly full, and yet he had not gone more than a foot below the surface. I was told that hundreds had been thrown into a pit here, and they were transferring the remains to another point. The spectacle was not a very pleasant one, and I soon turned away.

A little way out of Gravelotte toward Metz, about where was the center of the French left, I rode over a piece of road, bounded on one side by a ravine and on the other by a bluff bank, up which four hundred German cavalry charged to take a battery of *mitrailleuse* on the plateau on the top, and every man and horse was killed or wounded. All about this point the fighting was terrific, and all around are the monuments and crosses over the burial places of the fallen. My way back into Metz led through Ronzevilles, where the extreme left of the French was posted. It is not difficult on the ground for even an unmilitary person to see that the French had the advantage of position, and that the Germans, in order to attack all along the line with vigor, had to have many more men than their opponents, and in order to turn the right wing had to march a long distance over an open country, where there was no cover from the sweeping fire of batteries and infantry with long-range arms. One can, therefore, understand why the Germans lost so many men, and also can appreciate the obstinate nature of their onslaught.

My driver was an intelligent man, a native of Metz, and was there during the battles and siege. He expressed what the French universally assert, that Bazaine was grossly incompetent in the management of the campaign, and a traitor in surrendering his army. I inquired of him as to the feelings of the people toward their conquerors, and he did not hesitate to tell me, probably because I was a foreigner, that they were much embittered, and that their preferences were all for France. One great ground of complaint is the steady increase of the taxes, which seem, as he said, to be always mounting higher and will shortly become unbearable, and also the rigidity of the German conscription.

W. W. CRANE, JR.

THE BEST USE OF WEALTH.*

If a man has a great fortune, what is the best use he can make of it? Or, as one perhaps likes best to put the question, "If I had a great fortune, what would I do with it!"

Of course many different answers might be given, according to the place and time, the surrounding opportunities, the personal possibilities of the possessor, the claims of private duties, and so on. But an answer may be suggested which will at least mark out some general principles involved in any satisfactory reply. And, to make the inquiry as definite as possible, let us suppose it put by a man of our own time, in California (for example), who has by honest means accumulated a large fortune, through energy and prudence; and whose life has not been so narrow as to make him love money for its own sake, but has given him a genuine desire to see his wealth become the greatest possible power for good to his fellow-men. Such a man, looking about him, finds plenty of ways to give passing pleasure with his money, and perhaps would have little difficulty in making some part of it a means of happiness, so far as happiness depends on external circumstances, to this or that individual. But how to use the whole of it wisely for permanent good to the community and to mankind? For certainly nothing less than this aspiration will content a man of sufficient breadth and reach of mind to have gathered and successfully managed a vast property. He will not make the mistake of leaving that which might have been a blessing to the community to be a curse to his own children; if daughters, to make them the shining mark for designing villainy; and if sons, to ruin their careers and characters by an unlimited income unaccompanied by the energy and self-command that in his own case were gained by its very acquisition. History, or indeed any man's life-experience, is too full of examples that point the paralyzing and corrupting effect of the gift to a young man of unearned wealth. Plainly, a great fortune must either be wasted, or worse than wasted, or go to serve some high public purpose. But where, and how?

To begin with, two wholly different general plans at once suggest themselves: either to dis-

tribute the entire sum in small portions to various scattered benevolent uses, or to concentrate it on some single object. It is, no doubt, a certain advantage in the former method, that in this way one can easily direct the details of every expenditure, suiting it to a given need, and avoiding all risk of misappropriation. But, on the other hand, all such scattered use of wealth is in one sense itself a misappropriation, since it wholly loses that peculiar power residing in any great sum of money employed as a unit. The successful business man, of all others, knows the almost magical increase of force that belongs to the very magnitude of large total sums. To throw away this enormous power of the aggregate amount is to make a single vast fortune of no more avail than ten insignificant ones.

If, then, a fortune is to be used as a single sum, there are again two possible plans: either to add it as a contribution to some already existing enterprise or institution, or to found with it a wholly new one. Let us first consider the former plan, of contribution to some enterprise already existing.

Looking about over the world of manifold activities, we discover, after all, but few lines of deliberate effort for the generous service of humanity. These may be in the main divided into three groups, according to their proximate object: those which aim to increase men's comfort (as, most of what goes under the name of public charity), those which aim to increase men's morality (as, the churches), and those which aim to increase men's intelligence (as, the high schools, colleges and universities; these, rather than the lower schools in general, since the latter are largely the outgrowth of the aim to bring youth up to the average intelligence, only, in order to enable them to "get on in the world"). In other words, looking at the matter from the obverse side, the three groups of benevolent activities are those aiming to decrease human suffering, those aiming to decrease human wickedness, and those aiming to decrease human ignorance. The question then arises, which of these three groups of enterprises is it most necessary to society to foster: the charitable institutions so-called, the churches, or the higher educational institutions? Or, granting the importance of all of them, is there either one of them, which at the present moment, and

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in our particular stage of civilization, is the most urgent need of society? Or, again, is there either one of them which is inclusive of the others, and by its attainment would accomplish their ultimate aim also?

One must admit, in the first place, that it would be a good use for wealth if in any way it could be employed to make the generality of men more comfortable. Whatever opinion one may hold as to the ill effects of too luxuriously or easy a life, he cannot but see that a certain degree of even merely physical comfort is a necessary condition of progress in civilization. Only a superstitious asceticism could fail to desire that the mass of men might be relieved of some part of their benumbing miseries. The world of ordinary human beings is a hard, hostile world. So that there is no question that if man is to "live upward, working out the brute," he must escape from brutish misery. For this end, however, the first need is that we should understand the fundamental causes of his troubles. Mere short-sighted charity is useless. To feed the pauper is to produce the pauper. It is of little use to treat the symptom; we must try to cure the disease. But how?

Many persons, especially those who are themselves engaged in church work, would answer, "The cause of human suffering is human sin." They would say, "Decrease vice, and you decrease misery. Moral amelioration is the great want of the race. Let the money be given to that great organization which has all these centuries been fighting against human wickedness—the church."

No doubt there is a truth in this answer, but not the whole truth. No doubt the church has done much good, and will continue to do good. Wickedness is, no doubt, the cause of much human misery, but we have come in these modern times to see that ignorance is the cause of more. It is human ignorance that has kept man down and kept civilization back. It is progress in intelligence that has lifted him up, and that will urge civilization onward. Besides, to go to the bottom of it, what is the cause of wickedness itself? In the deepest and broadest sense, ignorance. "We needs must love the highest when we see it." It is truer sight that is needed, and the truer choice must follow. Who can doubt that to make men wiser is to make them better?

Moreover, the greatest service of the church itself has been in those times and countries where it has been most conspicuously an educating force. There was a time in history when the church was the center of intellectual, as well as of religious life. And this depended on two causes: first, its perfect organization inherited

from Rome, and the sole relic of the Roman organism in an epoch of utter disorganization and decay; and secondly, the accident of having in its clergy the only profession or occupation that necessitated the mastery of literature. The church, as the sole repository of organization and of letters, did nobly a two-fold service, religious and intellectual. But the time came when there was other organized intellectual activity and other literature than that of the church. The universities established secular learning: the old literature of classic paganism was rediscovered, and the new literature of modern thought appeared. And from that time the church, as an organization, took up its permanent position in two camps; the one as an ally, more or less hearty, of intellectual progress, the other absolutely against it. When Wiclif put the English Bible in every English household, he builded better than he knew, for the English mind learned to read and to think, each mind as a separate individual force, and the era of intellectual liberty commenced—commenced, as it has gone on increasing, through literature; that is to say, through the free appropriation by the individual mind of free human thought, feeling, aspiration, and every spiritual power. So far as the church has increased human intelligence, it has done a great service for humanity. But so far as it leaves out of view the need of higher intelligence, it ignores the chief source of human misery, for that is mental degradation, brutish stupidity, ignorance.

If, therefore, one great need of society is to be relieved from its miseries, the only sure path to that relief is through higher intelligence. If one of its great needs is to be converted from its wickedness, the only way is through higher intelligence. If, in fine, the urgent need of all humanity is for every reason just this higher intelligence, for better living as to material comfort, for higher living as to morality, and for its own sake, that men may be thinking men instead of mere dumb animals, then can any one doubt that the best use of a princely fortune is to provide with it for the education of the race?

But if the whole world is too wide to be considered easily, let us but look at any small segment of it immediately about us. In California, for instance, what is the great, pressing need of our time? Material prosperity, no doubt, for one thing, and greater public and private virtue, for another; but most pressing of all, partly because its attainment would surely bring these others in its train, is the need of higher intelligence in the mass of the people. The process of evolution in society is precisely a progress in intelligence; not the mere "smartness" or sharpness of mind, which is but little more than the

keen sense of the brute applied to slightly more complex surroundings, but that broad power of sight and insight into both material and spiritual things, such as education alone can bring. There is the brute stage and the human stage of development, with all grades between; and the human is higher than the brute by nothing else than higher intelligence. In our society, as elsewhere in the world, there are types of every grade. What it needs is to have the highest carried higher, and the lowest brought up to the grade already reached by the highest. At least, the average must be lifted higher, or our civilization must come to a standstill or go backward.

The great danger to California is that her new population, her own native-born youth (for on them, after all, must depend her future), will fail to keep abreast of the times. All the wisdom that is in the world at any given epoch is needed to save society, or any segment of it, at that epoch. The resources of the eighteenth century are not sufficient for the nineteenth; for with its enlightenment—not the results of it, but the results of the same myriad causes—have come dangers. With the taste of divine liberty has come the craving for devilish license. With the sense of personal freedom has come the impatience of all restraint, even of that of one's own reason and will. With the gain of personal power has come the claim of equal right to power by the brutish mob. The nineteenth century must save itself, if at all, by the full possession of all the resources of the past not only, but of all its own resources, and by their possession by all men. And these resources can be given to the ordinary mind only by the best and most liberal education.

Are there, then, any existing organizations among us ready to receive from wealth the contribution of its accumulated power, that are devoted to this most needed service of society? The world over, the institutions that most nearly approach this character are the colleges and universities. It is now some four hundred years since they began their work among English-speaking people, and it is not too much to say that whatever is valuable in modern civilization is owing to them more than to all other organized efforts put together. They have alternately furnished the radical element when radicalism was needed, and the conservative element when conservatism was needed. They have been the rallying point for all the forces of enlightenment and progress. From them has come, directly or indirectly, nearly all that the world counts precious in thought and investigation. It is through them, and almost through them alone, that each successive generation has

been made possessor of the intellectual accumulations of all preceding generations. There have been in all times, no doubt, an exceptional few who, by dint of remarkable natural endowment, have risen to the full stature of intellectual men without their aid. But civilization never could have been preserved, much less kept on its upward career, by those few anomalous exceptions. The great service of the colleges has been that they have enabled the many ordinary minds to attain what otherwise could have been attained only by the few extraordinary minds. Leaving out of account the scattered prodigies, the self-made men whose enormous vigor of mind and character has enabled them to make the world their college, it is plain enough that it is the colleges that have bred the men who have guided civilization forward through the latter centuries.

And the reason, too, is plain. It is because in the complex modern life, in the midst of the rush and swirl of its forces, no untrained, half-developed man is anything—no trained and developed man, even, by himself, is anything. The only mind that can cope with modern life is the one that has taken advantage of whatever has yet been learned as to means of high development, and that stands not by the feeble strength of what one life-time can teach a single individual, but by the whole force of whatever wisdom has been gained through all the ages, a heritage whose possession it is the untiring effort of the colleges to bestow.

Plainly enough, then, he who would do the greatest possible service to society, if he is to do it through any existing institution, can do nothing better than to bestow his fortune on a college or university. And the same principle which dictates that he should use his wealth as a total sum, instead of wasting its force by scattering it, dictates also that he should choose for his endowment an institution that is already a power, and that has already received, and is likely to receive in future, other such endowments. In this way will his means, reinforced by that of others, continually gain in power of service. The force which would keep in motion or accelerate a body already moving, might be utterly powerless to initiate its motion. Many a handsome sum has been thrown away on some small and helpless institution, which would have been of immense value if joined with the momentum of a vigorous university. In any such university, where there is a solid foundation and active energy of growth, one may find abundant opportunities for rich investments. There are new buildings that need to be erected for the service of science or art. When men build granite monuments on which to inscribe their names,

why do they not build them in such wise as this, that so their memories, instead of being left to the forgotten solitudes of the graveyard, may be treasured by successive generations of grateful students and scholars? There are costly laboratories to be founded; there are libraries to be collected, bringing to our young men and women, isolated in our remote regions, the intellectual harvest of the whole world; there are scholarships and fellowships to be established, giving to poor and talented youth the opportunities for which they hunger and thirst. Every county in the State has wealth that might easily maintain at the University a score of its brightest youth. And every county has private fortunes that might endow a free academy or high school within its borders, so that its youth should go to college finely prepared. Above all, there are chairs in the University to be endowed—a hundred fields of science and art and philosophy that should be filled by the foremost men in the world, and that now are silent and empty.

But, one may ask, would it not be better to build up a new college altogether? Are there not grave defects in all those existing at present—defects which we can see well enough, but which can hardly be corrected except by leaving them behind and beginning anew? This, indeed, is a serious question. Great as is the power for good in our best colleges, it is visible to some of us that they are far from being the ideal. Some of them are too closely bound to the past, by tradition, by precedent, by inherited tendency, for the needs of this present time. They seem, indeed, to move, as the waves of modern forces go by them, but they are anchored in the past, and only rock upon the waves. Others, on the contrary, are adrift at the mercy of the unstable gusts of politics, and the shifting notions of the time. They are afloat, it is true, but they are all afloat, having no bold policy, no settled plan, no steady onward progress. Some, in their courses of study, are slow to recognize that there is anything more to be learned in this present century than there was three hundred years ago. They would still make Latin, Greek, and mathematics (the college "three R's") almost the sole mental furnishing of the youth preparing for modern life. Others, carried away by the reaction from this extreme, would count hardly anything as valuable knowledge except what the present generation has discovered. "Science" is to them like a new toy, engrossing and delighting the child's every waking moment; or, like the dyspeptic's latest medicine, certain to prove the universal panacea. Again, the church is partly right in its complaint that moral teaching is neglected in some of the existing colleges. Whatever diffi-

culties may be involved in the connection of morals with creeds, it is certainly deplorable that any great institution should go on from year to year sending out men to be leaders in modern thought and society without offering to them instruction from commanding intellects on the great subjects of ethics, of rights and wrongs and duties, of the history of the human intellect in its wrestlings with the great underlying problems of existence. Certainly a grander college could be conceived than has ever yet been builded. The best possible use of a vast fortune, if vast enough, would be to build such a one, or even, perhaps, to lay fitly its prophetic corner-stones.

But, practically, the chances are enormously against the attainment of any such perfect institution as might be conceived or dreamed of, if it were attempted. Unless a man were at the same time the wealthiest and the wisest man in the world, and should begin to build his college in his own middle life, at furthest, so that he himself might attend to every detail of its establishment, the chances of success would be doubtful. If the money were left to a single individual to control, we should probably have a tottering edifice built on the back of his particular educational or religious hobby. If it were put into the hands of a body of many-minded trustees, their dissensions might easily frustrate any judicious plan. After all, is it not true that valuable organisms must be the result of gradual growth rather than of sudden construction? Is there not more hope in helping on toward perfection a well established organization, the slow product of countless converging forces, by needed additions and by gradual modifications, than in trying to replace it by some brand-new experiment?

And if, finally, one is to select some existing institution on which to bestow his wealth, where could it better be found than here in our own community? At first thought it might seem more profitable to cast in one's help with the great universities of the Old World—of Germany or England—or, short of that, of the Atlantic border. But that is the old civilization, with growth in it, doubtless, but not the unfettered, vigorous growth of the new. The branching vine of civilization has gone spreading from its ancient roots in Asia, on through Greece and Rome and England and the New England, and now the first green shoots are budding into leaf, if not yet into blossom and fruitage, on our farther shore. It is here that the latest hopes of men are centered, and reaching forward toward a possible fulfillment. But, be it remembered, we are far from the root-sources of growth and power. It would be easy for this budding

promise to be destroyed, and for the new civilization to be retarded for a century or forever. Just now, while the air seems full of the electric tension of free thoughts and brave impulses, seems the time to insure the happy result. And to one who believes in his age, who sees that here, and soon, there might be clearer inspirations than ever before, the question comes with all the deeper significance: Shall our people be a people of high intelligence, in a more and more prosperous country, or a crude, ignorant, mob-ridden population, in an out of the way, neglected corner of civilization, visited, like some barbarous island, for its natural scenery, and fled from as soon as possible?

If there be any way to determine this question, except by insuring beyond a peradventure the broadest opportunities for education, it must be by some new way undiscovered as yet by any nation. Not that there is any mystic virtue in towering buildings, or apparatus, or imposing forms; but there is a virtue in the gathering together of trained and vigorous intellects, together with the written representatives of such in every age, in all the world's literature, and bringing within the charmed circle of their influence a multitude of youth, drawing them by the gentle persuasions of science and culture into the good old compact of high service to humanity.

There never was a time when a fortune might do so much for society. Nor is it any visionary dream that points out its possibilities. The fu-

ture years are surely coming, and their days will be as plain, common-sense, practical facts as the Mondays and Tuesdays of the present. Their suns will rise and set, and the air will still sweep back and forth in its rhythmical tides the breath of the mountains and the answering breath of the sea; and the earth will bear the footprints of multitudes of men. What shall those multitudes be? A sordid, half-barbarous horde, wrangling over the contemptible prizes of their animal existence? A scattered handful of clean-lived and thinking men, dragging a vexed lifetime in a population they cannot help? Or a prosperous, vigorous, intelligent community, such as already the globe has borne on a few of its most favored garden spots of civilization? One seems to see the question trembling in the balance of the fates, and, poised above the scale that bears all our hopes, the golden weight of some splendid fortune ready to decide the issue.

But, if we are to judge by the past, it is hardly reasonable to expect that wise public use will be made of our great fortunes in this country. It is rather the mere dust of the balance, the slow accumulations of small influences, mote by mote and grain by grain, that turns the scale of the fates. And, after all, the best things of the future will probably come, as the best things of the past have come, through the sturdy and patient work, little by little, of many coöperating brains and hands, each quietly adding to the common store whatever small help it can.

E. R. SILL.

TO ETHEL.

Who has not seen the scarlet columbine,
That flashes like a flame among the ferns,
Whose drooping bell with rich, warm color burns,
Until its very dew-drops seem like wine?
In thy dark eyes the blossom's soul doth shine,
On thy bright cheek doth live its splendid hue;
Of all the wild-wood flowers that ever grew,
Thou'rt like but one—the dainty columbine.
So, when the welcome wild-flowers come again
Among the gold, and white, and blue, there'll be
One blossom with a ruby glow, and then,
Gath'ring its brightness, will I think of thee,
For, looking on the treasure that I hold,
I'll see it hides, like thee, a heart of gold.

S. E. ANDERSON.

OLD CALIFORNIANS.

"In those days there were giants in the land: mighty men of power and renown."—BIBLE.

The cowards did not start to the Pacific Coast in the old days; all the weak died on the way. And so it was that we had then not only a race of giants, but of gods.

It is to be allowed that they were not at all careful of the laws, either ancient or modern, ecclesiastical or lay. They would curse. They would fight like dogs—aye, like Christians in battle. But there was more solid honor among those men than the world will ever see again in any body of men, I fear, till it approaches the millennium. Is it dying out with them? I hear that the *new* Californians are rather common cattle.

Do you know where the real *old* Californian is?—the giant, the world-builder?

He is sitting by the trail high up on the mountain. His eyes are dim, and his head is white. His sleeves are lowered. His pick and shovel are at his side. His feet are weary and sore. He is still prospecting. Pretty soon he will sink his last prospect-hole in the Sierra.

Some younger men will come along, and lengthen it out a little, and lay him in his grave. The old miner will have passed on to prospect the outcroppings that star the floors of heaven.

He is not numerous now; but I saw him last summer high up on the head-waters of the Sacramento. His face is set forever away from that civilization which has passed him by. He is called a tramp now. And the new, nice people who have slid over the plains in a palace car, and settled down there, set dogs on him sometimes when he comes that way.

I charge you treat the old Californian well wherever you find him. He has seen more, suffered more, practiced more self-denial, than can now fall to the lot of any man.

I never see one of these old prospectors without thinking of Ulysses, and wondering if any Penelope still weaves and unweaves, and waits the end of his wanderings. Will any old blind dog stagger forth at the sound of his voice, lick his hand, and fall down at his feet?

Nothing of the sort. He has not heard from home for twenty years. He would not find even the hearthstone of his cabin by the Ohio, should he return. Perhaps his own son, a merchant prince or the president of a railroad,

is one of the distinguished party in the palace car that smokes along the plain far below.

And though he may die there in the pines on the mighty mountain, while still feebly searching for the golden fleece, do not forget that his life is an epic, noble as any handed down from out the dusty old. I implore you treat him kindly. Some day a fitting poet will come, and then he will take his place among the heroes and the gods.

But there is another old Californian, a wearier man, the successful one. He, too, is getting gray. But he is a power in the land. He is a prince in fact and in act. What strange fate was it that threw dust in the eyes of that old Californian, sitting by the trail high up on the mountain, and blinded him so that he could not see the gold just within his grasp a quarter of a century ago? And what good fairy was it that led this other old Californian, now the banker, the railroad king, or senator, to where the mountain gnomes had hidden their gold of old?

What accidental beggars and princes we have in the world to-day? But whether beggar or prince, the old Californian stands a head and shoulder taller than his fellows wherever you may find him. This is a solid, granite truth.

A few years ago a steamer drew into the Bay of Naples with a lot of passengers, among whom were a small party of Americans. The night had been rough and the ship was behind time. It was ten o'clock already, and no breakfast. The stingy Captain had resolved to economize.

A stout, quiet man, with a stout hickory stick, went to the Captain and begged for a little coffee, at least, for his ladies. The Captain turned his back, fluttered his coat-tails in the face of the stout, quiet man, and walked up his deck. The stout, quiet man followed, and still respectfully begged for something for the ladies, who were faint with hunger. Then the Captain turned and threatened to put him in irons, at the same time calling his officers around him.

The stout man with the stout stick very quietly proceeded to thrash the Captain. He thrashed him till he could not stand; and then thrashed every officer that dared to show his

face, as well as half the crew. Then he went down and made the cook get breakfast.

This was an old Californian, "Dave Colton," as we used to call him up at Yreka.

Of course, an act like that was punishable with death almost. "Piracy on the high seas," and all that sort of offense was charged; and I know not how much gold it cost to heal the wounded head and dignity of the Captain of the ship. But this California neither knew the law nor cared for the law. He had a little party of ladies with him, and he would not see them go hungry. He would have that coffee if it cost him his head.

Dear Dave Colton! I hear he is dead now. We first got acquainted one night in Yreka while shooting at each other.

And what a fearful shooting affair that was! Many a grizzled old miner of the north still remembers it all vividly, although it took place more than a quarter of a century ago. It would make the most thrilling chapter of a romance, or the final act of a tragedy.

To crowd a whole book briefly into a few words, the Yreka miners insisted on using all the water in Greenhorn Creek by leading it through a great ditch from Greenhorn over to Yreka Flats. The Greenhorn miners, about five hundred strong, held a meeting and remonstrated with the miners of Yreka, who numbered about five thousand. But they were only laughed at.

So, on the 23d day of February, 1855, they threw themselves into a body, and marching down, to a man, they tore out the dam and sent the water on in its natural channel. I say to a man, and, I might add, to a boy. For I, the only boy on Greenhorn, although quietly officiating as cook in the cabin of a party of miners from Oregon, was ordered to shoulder a pick-handle by the red-headed leader, Bill Fox, and fall in line. I ought to admit, perhaps, that I gladly obeyed—for it flattered me to be treated as if I were a man, even by this red-headed Irish bully and desperado.

I remember that on the march to the dam the quiet, peace-loving men of Quaker proclivities were found still at work. On their declining to join us, Fox ordered his men to seize them and bear them along in front; so that they should be the first exposed to the bullets of Yreka.

Had the mob dispersed after destroying the dam, no blood would have been shed. But, unfortunately, the Wheeler brothers rolled out a barrel of whisky, and, knocking in the head, hung the barrel with tin cups and told the boys to "pitch in." A fool could have foreseen the result.

Some worthless fellows got drunk and went to Yreka, boasting of their work of destruction. They were arrested by Dave Colton, then Sheriff of Siskiyou County, and thrown into prison. The news of the arrests reached us at Greenhorn about dark, and in half an hour we were on our way to the county-seat to take the men out of jail. Some of our own men were half drunk, others wholly so, and all were wild with excitement. Nearly all were armed with six-shooters. We ran forward as we approached the jail, pistols in hand. Being nimble-footed and having no better sense, I was among the first.

Sheriff Colton, who had heard of our coming, and taken up position in the jail, promptly refused to give up his prisoners without process of law; and we opened fire. The Sheriff and his *posse* answered back—and what a scatterment! Our men literally broke down and swept away board cabins and fences in their flight! I know of nothing so cowardly as a mob.

But there were some that did not fly. One, Dr. Stone, the best man of our whole five hundred I think, lay dying in the jail-yard along with a few others; and there were men of our party who would not desert them. The fight lasted in a loose sort of fashion for hours. We would fight a while and then parley a while. We were finally, by some kind of compromise not found in law books, allowed to go back with our prisoners and our dead and wounded. This was known as the "Greenhorn War."

We threw up earthworks on Greenhorn, and waited for the Sheriff, who had been slightly wounded, to come out and attempt to make arrests. But he never came. And I never met him any more till his trouble in Naples. I wonder how many of us are alive to-day! I saw the old earthworks only last year. They are almost leveled now. The brown grass and weeds covered them. As I climbed the hill to hunt for our old fortress, a squirrel scampered into his hole under the wall, while on the highest rock a little black lizard basked and blinked in the sun and kept unchallenged sentinel.

I remember when we came to bury the dead. The men were mighty sober now. We could not go to town for a preacher, and so one of our party had to officiate. That was the saddest burial I ever saw. The man broke down who first began to read. His voice trembled so he could not get on. Then another man took the Bible and tried to finish the chapter; but his voice trembled too, and pretty soon he choked up and hid his face. Then every man there cried, I think. They loved Dr. Stone so. He was a mere boy, yet a graduate, and beautiful and brave as a Greek of old.

Ah, these, the dead, are the mighty majority of old Californians! No one would guess how numerous they are. California was one vast battle-field. The knights of the nineteenth century lie buried in her bosom; while here and there, over the mountain-tops, totters a lone survivor, still prospecting,

"And I sit here, at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine."

There is an older Californian still—"the oldest inhabitant," indeed. I knew him, a lusty native, a quarter of a century ago in the impenetrable forests and lava beds around the base of Mount Shasta. He, too, is dead; dead in spirit at least, if not altogether in fact.

If valor is a virtue, let us at least concede that to the red man of the California mountains. There were battles fought here between the miners and red men before General Canby was ever heard of. They were bloody battles, too. But they never got to the ears of the world. If Captain Jack with his handful of braves held the United States army at bay for half a year, you may well understand that we miners met no boy's play there when these Indians were numerous and united.

But this "old Californian," as I knew him there, is utterly extinct. About the fisheries of the McCloud, and along the stage road on the head-waters of the Sacramento River, you see little houses now and then not unlike our miners' cabins of old. There are the homes of the few remaining Indians of Northern California. There is a little garden and straggling patches of corn about the door; two or three miserable ponies nibble about the barren hills hard by, and a withered, wrinkled old squaw or two grunts under a load of wood or water as she steps sullen and silent out of the path to let you pass. And that is about all. Her husband, her sons, are dead or dying of disease in the dark, smoky cabin yonder. He accepted the inevitable, and is trying to be civilized. Alas! long before that point is reached, he will have joined his fathers on the other side of darkness.

I spent a few weeks at Lower Soda Springs, near Mount Shasta, last summer, in sight of our old battle-ground in Castle Rocks, or *Castillo del Diablo*, as it was then called. I tried to find some of the men who had fought in that little battle. But one white man remained, Squire Gibson. At the time of this fight, which took place on the 15th day of June, 1855, he was married to the daughter of a friendly chief, and, as he was the only *alcalde* in all that country, was a sort of military as well as civil leader, and in the battle was conspicuous both for

courage and good sense. He tried to keep me back and out of danger. He told me that I was of no account in the fight, and only in the way. But when I was shot down at his side in a charge through the chaparral, he took me in his arms and carried me safely aside. He cared for me afterward, too, till I got well. How glad I was to find him still alive! When you go up to Soda Springs, jump out of the stage at Sweetbrier Ranch, only a few miles this side of Soda, and look him up. Do you think him an illiterate boor? He is of one of the best families in New York, a gentleman, and a scholar.

A few years ago, one of his wealthy sisters came out to visit the old man from the Eastern States. From San Francisco she telegraphed her approach and the probable day of her arrival at his mansion.

She came; but she did not find him. Squire Gibson had long contemplated prospecting the rugged summit of an almost inaccessible mountain. He felt that the time had come for this work, as his venerable maiden sister, with all her high ideas of "family," approached. He called his spouse and his tawny children about him, bade them take up their baskets and go high, very high up into the mountains, for acorns. And the gray old Californian sinched his little mule till she grunted, tied a pick, pan, and shovel to the saddle, and so pointed her nose up the peak, and climbed as if he was climbing for the morning star.

Squire Gibson, I beg your pardon for dragging your name and your deeds before the heartless world. Believe me, old friend and comrade, it is not to trade upon it or fatten my own vanity. But do you know I have been waiting for ten years for you to die, so that I might write you up and do you a turn for your kindness to a hair-brained boy more than twenty-five years ago? It is a fact. But it begins to look now as if you are going to outlive me; you there in the high, pure air, and I here in the pent-up city. And so I venture to put you in this sketch, and name you as one of the uncrowned Californian kings!

I count it rather odd that I should have found even one man in this region still, after so long a time, for of all wanderers the Californian is the veriest nomad upon the face of the earth. Perhaps it is a bit of that same daring and endurance which took him to California that still leads him on and on and on, through all the lands and over all the seas; for I have found him in every quarter of the globe.

And wherever I have found the Californian, I have found him a leader; not an obtrusive one, but a man who, when a man is needed, quietly

steps forward, takes hold the helm, and guides the ship to safety.

Once on the Rhine, between the armies of France and Germany, I got into great trouble with the authorities. The military police, who were arresting everybody they could lay hands on, had got me into their clutches and were trying to read a whole lot of mixed-up manuscript which constituted the main part of my luggage, in order to find out what sort of a man I was; for I could not talk a word of either French or German. I think they must have been poorly educated, for they could hardly read it. But they tried and tried with all their might. And the harder they tried the madder they got; and they laid the blame all on to me.

They were about to iron me and march me off for a spy, when an American stepped up and laid down the law in a way that made them open their eyes. He was a Californian, and my trouble was over. He could not talk a word to them—no more than I; but they soon saw that although he could not talk in any of their six or seven tongues, he could at least fight in any language under the sun.

I am reminded here of two Californians, who, short of money and determined to see the Holy Land, went with Cook, the tourist. They were the horror of all the staid old orthodox parties, but in less than a week they were the leaders of the company.

They wanted to pump out Jacob's Well, and get down to the bed-rock. They were perfectly certain it was only a prospect-hole. And when they came to Mount Sinai they found quartz indications, and declared that all that side of the mountain from which the tables for the Ten Commandments were supposed to have been taken, would pay ten per cent. They pretended to find plenty of gold in the rock one morning, and made the whole party believe that they intended to set up a forty-stamp mill, and have it thundering down that same *cañon* Moses is supposed to have descended with the Laws!

There are many of the wandering children of the dear old Pacific Coast in art, and at work, all over the world. I have known as many as five of the eight or ten theaters in the city of New York to have either Californian actors or Californian plays on their boards all at the same time. And in the army and the navy! Consider the deeds of the old Californians there. When one speaks of California, her northern sister, Oregon, is of course included.

But perhaps it is in the financial world that the old Californian takes first rank. Your elevated railroad, that stretches down the streets of New York, was built and is owned by an ex-mayor of San Francisco. Down yonder, at the

end of the Island of Manhattan, where the "bulls" and "bears" guide the finance of the world, there is one little Californian who stands next to the head of the class. And if ever Jay Gould misses a word, this man will spell it, and turn him down, and take his place.

When Chicago was howling as if it would go mad at this man for buying the wheat which she wanted to sell, and paying for it, too, in good Californian gold, I, who had never seen him, thought him some six-foot monster who had stumbled on to a mine and was making a very bad use of his money. On the contrary, he is not strong, physically, and his face is as refined and sympathetic as a girl's.

Why, there is a whole bookful of good deeds marked to the credit of this modest little Californian away up and above the stars, although he is angry if any one tells of them on earth. I had rather have his record, notwithstanding the wrath of Chicago, than that of any published philanthropist whose skinny statue stands in the parks of the world.

Two little facts let me mention. More than fifty years ago the very brightest of all the young men of the city of New York married the daughter of the then wealthiest and most distinguished of her great merchants. Fifty years bring changes. This bright young man was no longer the head of the city. He was no longer a banker. He was poor, and all his idols lay broken and behind him. He was still a gentleman. But, says the Spaniard, "who is there so poor as a poor gentleman?"

Well, fifty thousand dollars were handed this good and worthy old gentleman by this old Californian, who is not willing to ever let his own name be published in connection with the gift.

The other circumstance is of less import to any one but myself. A new and unskilled dealer in stocks, an utter stranger, found himself one morning routed, "horse, foot, and dragoons." Half desperate, he rushed down to the old Californian, and asked his advice.

Advice? He gave his advice to this stranger in the shape of three hundred shares of Western Union. These shares in a few days turned out a profit of nearly three thousand dollars. And still he will not permit his name to be mentioned in this connection. Very well; I will not give you the name of this "old Californian." Neither will I give you that of the venerable banker who received the fifty thousand dollars. But I see no reason why you may not have the name of the embarrassed speculator who received the three thousand dollars' worth of "advice." You will find it subscribed at the end of this rambling sketch.

Who was ever so generous as is the Old Californian?

In conclusion, while writing of wealth for a city where gold has been and is almost a god in the eyes of many, let me implore you do not much care for it. Nor would I have you very much respect those who possess it.

In the first place, the foundations of nearly all the great fortunes of the Far West have been almost purely accidental. After that it became merely a question of holding on to all you could get. Of course, many threw away their opportunities there. But remember that many others gave away all they had to help others, and are now gray and forgotten in the mountains, while they might have been to-day at the head of their fellows in the city.

I know it is hard to teach and to preach against the traditions and the practices of all recorded time. But while money may remain to the end "the root of all evil," I think one may grow, if not to despise it, certainly not to worship it. And so it is that I wish to sandwich and wedge in this fact right here. I implore you do not too much admire the rich men of this rich land, where wealth may be had by any man who is mean enough to clutch and hold on tight to it.

I tell you that, in nine cases out of ten, great acquired wealth lifts up in monumental testimony the meanness of its possessor.

I knew two neighbors, old Californians, who had about equal fortunes. They were both old settlers, both rich, and both much respected. In that fearful year, 1852, when the dying and destitute immigrants literally crawled on hands and knees over the Sierra trying to reach the settlements, one of these men drove all his cattle up to the mountains, butchered them, and fed the starving. He had his Mexicans pack

all the mules with flour, which at that time cost almost its weight in gold, and push on night day over the mountains to meet the strangers there and feed them, so that they might have strength to reach his house, where they could have shelter and rest.

The other man, cold and cautious, saw his opportunity and embraced it. He sat at home and sold all his wheat and mules and meat, and with the vast opportunities for turning money to account in that new country soon became almost a prince in fortune.

But his generous neighbor died a beggar in Idaho, where he had gone to try to make another fortune. He literally had not money enough to buy a shroud; and as he died among strangers, by the roadside, he was buried without even so much as a pine board coffin.

I saw his grave there only last year. Some one had set up a rough granite stone at the head. And that is all. No name—not even a letter or a date. Nothing. But that bowlder was fashioned by the hand of Almighty God, and in the little seams and dots and mossy scars that cover it He can read the rubric that chronicles the secret virtues of this lone dead man on the snowy mountains of Idaho.

The children of the "Prince" are in Paris. Upheld by his colossal wealth their lives seem to embrace the universal world. He is my friend. He buys all my books, and reads every line I write. When he comes to this sketch he will understand it. And he ought to understand, too, that all the respect, admiration, and love which the new land once gave these two men gathers around and is buried beneath that moss-grown granite stone; and that I know, even with all his show of splendor, that his heart is as cold and as empty as that dead man's hand.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

A HOMELY HEROINE.

The early Spanish designation of the southeastern part of San Francisco, Potrero, meaning pasture-ground, still clings to that portion of the city—no longer fitly. The pick-ax has laid bare the bowels of its rolling hills, and blasting powder has bitten into them, leaving unsightly scars. Knoll after knoll has been beaten into fine, ashen dust, and scattered along the highway now called Potrero Avenue. This fine, ashen dust rides on the high winds in desolate gray clouds, seen through which the sky is no longer blue nor the sunshine golden.

On the high winds ride, also, insupportable odors ravished from drying pelts, from heaps of offal, from stagnant ponds, from exposed rills of sewerage. These the wind catches up to bear away; but, like a scavenger's cart, leaks putrescence as it rolls.

More than a quarter of a century ago, the earliest preëmptors there found one settler occupying before them: an old man—his air so wonted to his surroundings that he might have been accepted as a veritable Potrero autochthon.

Dry winds and beating sun had made his complexion as brown as the redwood shanty he tenanted, or the arid slope upon which it perched. This, his shriveled cheek, his shrewd eye, and his lonely life, surrounded him with mystery, and encouraged speculation. He had never been known to seek human society. Though neither gruff nor surly, when addressed, he was uncommunicative. The following is a transcript of an attempted conversation. Time, 1852; place, near old Tom's cabin:

"Hallo, Hardman! Fine weather, this." Such was the neighbor's cautious beginning.

With unexpected cordiality: "Mighty han'-some."

"You are a very old resident here, eh?"—more boldly.

Tom had just illumined his evening pipe, and, as it obstinately refused to draw, it required his absorbed attention.

"At least"—the silence becoming discouraging—"people say as much."

"So?"—with a passing gleam of interest.

"Yes," more briskly, "you've a fine piece of property."

Puff, puff, puff; pipe drawing; facial expression profoundly serious.

"Hope your title is sound. You derive it from a Mexican grant, the Michelorena, I believe? At any rate, you've held undisputed possession ever since '43, or was it '45?"

Puff, puff, puff.

"I say," very loudly, with sudden suspicion that the man might be hard of hearing, "I hope your title is sound," etc.

Without removing his pipe: "Fraudulous (puff) titles (puff) is a plenty."

"By the way, how many varas are there on this slope?"

As yet, Hardman had built no fences. He might own the whole hill-side, or a very small portion of it; the question was designed to clear up this hidden matter.

"Well, I—" Hardman began slowly; but the sentence ended in smoke.

The neighbor made another effort: "I'd like to own from the creek to the brow of the hill."

"How?"

Impatient repetition of the sentence.

"Accordin' to the lay of the land, them's the natural bound'ries."

"East and west"—sarcastically—"I suppose you'll grab all you can?"

"Pottery (puff) property'll be worth (puff) suffin' one of these days."

The interviewer retired discomfited, and Tom Hardman's private affairs were left to conjecture. Feminine gossip, however, made sure of one thing: he was an old bachelor.

Wrong again. When a farther slope began to boast of three or four redwood cabins, Tom Hardman's was suddenly enlivened by the presence of a woman and two buxom children.

This change in his mode of life was the forerunner of other changes. The shanty was immediately enlarged and whitewashed; some additions, of rude, home contrivance, were made to the scanty furniture; fences were built, and a stately goose and gander began daily journeys to and from that charming estuary, Mission Creek.

Then, just as one would naturally suppose that old Tom Hardman had planned to live after some domestic, if not social sort, he disappeared.

By this time the settlement of an indefinite region over the hill had been accomplished by half-dozen families, whose common prejudices resulted in a strong local sentiment condemnatory of Mrs. Hardman.

She was by them dubbed "Old Mother Dutchy," a *sobriquet* which derived its appropriateness from her mongrel speech. Of sturdy build, and indomitable activity, she was a scourge to all prowlers, in whom she saw possible squatters. But the popular fancy pictured her, armed with any available weapon, perpetually lying in wait for whoever might set foot on her land, on whatever errand.

According to Larry Cronin's story, she could be guilty of gratuitous outrage.

Sent one morning in search of a stray goat, this promising youth did not return until after nightfall, and he did straightway depose (trembling before the paternal rod) that for daring to peep through "Ould Mother Dutchy's" gate, he had been by her seized, beaten with many stripes, and incarcerated in a chicken-house. Reliable witnesses, however, were found to testify to his pugilistic presence in the Mission on that very day; but such was the prevailing cast of thought that his figment was often quoted as fact. Had Mrs. Hardman used him as he said, she might have considered herself justified.

In lieu of more refined diversions, the juveniles of those rude slopes—the dauntless Larry at their head—were wont to indulge in impish tantalism. What bliss to haunt Thady Finnegan's dog kennels, and to lash the chained and savage brutes up to impotent fury by their antics! Or to troop over the hill, and, climbing Mrs. Hardman's fence, to dance and gibber there in thrilling expectation of provoking her to a raid, which their lively young legs were sure to render fruitless! Sometimes they went so far as to throw stones at her.

On a foggy evening in October, 1853, a Mrs. O'Dennis, as well known in those parts as Mrs.

Hardman herself, was entertaining a few neighbors with gossip and whisky punch—the latter served in a battered tin pan.

A rude sign-board, nailed crookedly across the outer surface of her door, proclaimed her the pioneer trader of the Potrero. It read:

"GROSS. RIS.
& LIQR' KEP BY MISES. TIMTHY
O DENNIS ON DRAF."

The store and dwelling were in one room. Of this, fully a third was taken up by the bar. A rough carpenter's bench served as a counter, and was raised to a practicable height by divers contrivances not unsuggestive of reckless ingenuity. Three bricks propped one leg, a candle-box another, a cobble-stone the third, and a cracked iron pot, reeking with grease and soot, the fourth. A counter by day, by night the bench was turned upside down, and converted into a legless four-poster, wherein did repose Mrs. O'Dennis's niece, Miss Hannah McArdle. The rest of the family, numbering six souls, occupied two dirty straw mattresses, spread on the bare floor.

To return to that foggy, convivial evening: The four O'Dennis children had been unceremoniously huddled into bed. The guests sat around a rickety table, dipping by turns into the steaming lake of whisky and water. To eke out a limited supply of heterogeneous drinking vessels, Tim O'Dennis had possessed himself of a tin funnel used in doling out molasses. By closing the nozzle with his thumb, and a leak in the seam with his forefinger, he did such bibulous execution as to excite envy.

"Shure, ye'd better shtop the hole wid yer mout', Timmy," exclaimed Patsey Cronin, father of the mendacious Larry, "an' let some wan pour a shtidy shtrame down yer troat. Begorra, the rest of us shstand no show alongside yez."

But to this Mrs. O'Dennis, busily plying a broken shaving-mug, loudly and profanely objected. To speak mildly, this woman was neither an honor to her adopted country nor an ornament to her sex. Her bloated and burning cheeks told of ceaseless alcoholic fires within and blear eyes, constantly running over, suggested vents for the steam thereby engendered.

"Hould yer devil iv a clathther," she ejaculated, in tones of husky pleasantry. "Is there e'er a wan iv yez has heard anny worrd yit iv that ould nut, Tommy Harrdman?"

"Wirra, wirra!" moaned a voice of introspective melancholy; "an' he wint away a week before me poor Ellen (God rest her soul), an' she all holly wid her insides shpit up."

The speaker was Larry Cronin's grandmother, a little, wizened octogenarian. Her palsied head, and the frill of an "ould bordhery cap" adorning it, shook as if in incessant negation. "Sure, it's small comfort Ellen was to me this manny a day," retorted Patsey Cronin. "Begorra, where's the since iv shpilin' a festive occasion by the talk iv her?"

And he leered at Hannah McArdle, as if expecting her approval.

"D-d-devil a worrd has anny wan heard iv ould Tommy," cried Tim O'Dennis, in his hurried and stuttering brogue. "An' shure, I'm b-beginnin' to think we'll lay no eye till him be-tune now an' Joodgmint Day. If Tommy was alioive, forty yoke iv oxen cudn't keep him off the Potrery so long, an' do yez moind that? A-an' is it a-an ould n-nut yez call him, Biddy? Och, thin, 'twould t-take the d-devil to crack his shell, for a tough one it is, I'm thinkin'."

"An', begorra," Mrs. O'Dennis burst out, with a hoarse laugh, "if the ould nut is cracked, as Timmy says, it's that murtherin' haythen wumman has done it, or may I choke wid the lie. Not one shtep has he gone away. She's cut him intil six quarthers an' drowndid him in the wather down below. O-och-hone! poor Tommy—an' he not shtook up above buyin' his piece of 'baccy iv daacent folks."

Mrs. O'Dennis bore Mrs. Hardman a particular grudge for not encouraging local enterprise. The latter had thus far avoided the store.

"May I dhrink ditch-wather the rinnant iv me days," said Mr. Thady Finnegan, jocosely, "but I'd enj'y takin' 'Thady Finnegan' over the hill; for a little shport." A tall, cross-eyed man, with a wiry red goatee, his business in life was the breeding of savage dogs for the pit. Of these, "Thady Finnegan" was at once his namesake and his pride.

Ticked by this humorous suggestion, Mrs. O'Dennis fell into a paroxysm of laughter. Husky chuckles, beginning in her fat throat, rapidly descended until lost in unfathomable recesses of her rotundity.

"D-don't yez think," exclaimed Tim, alarmed by her suspended breath and starting eye-balls, "as how I'd b-better fetch her out iv that wid a shwot iv m-me fish? Shure, she m-moight have a fit."

Mrs. McNamara suggested a sprinkling with cold water as a specific "ag'in fits," but Patsey Cronin pinned his faith by the strongest of oaths to a "soop o' whisky."

In the conflict of opinions, no active measures were taken. As soon as Mrs. O'Dennis could recover her voice, she used it to ask Tim, angrily, why he was making such a "shtokin' fool" of himself.

Mrs. McNamara hastily interposed in the interests of connubial peace.

"Poor Tommy Harrdman! Some man ought to go an' ax Mother Dutchy is he dead or alive."

"Begorra, who's betther to be shpared for that same expedition than yez, Granny?" exclaimed her son-in-law, with a brutal laugh, and again ogling Hannah. "That ould, shakin' shkull iv yours might's well be cracked be Mother Dutchy as another, an' betther airy than late. When yez are provided for, there'll be the full iv the mug for me an' some wan I have in me eye."

"Musha, will yez list till that for a haythin'," cried Hannah, blushing. "An' Ellen not dead three weeks!"

"Begorra," added Tim, "it's a shmall sup any wan gits iv any mug whin yez are by, P-patsey. Much less the likes iv Mrs. McNamara, wid her shkin shtickin' all in wrinkles till her b-bones."

There was a general laugh, at Cronin's expense, which Mrs. O'Dennis interrupted.

"If I should go over the hill mesilf, as don't care that," snapping her fingers viciously, "for ould Mother Dutchy's clubs an' cracks, do yez think sh'd be afther tellin' me the trewt fore-nint hersilf?"

"D-devil a-a-a-bit," said Tim, promptly.

"Be the howly Moses," shouted Finnegan, "Thady wud discuss the matter—"

"Och, if wanst I lay a good grip till her troat, I'll be betther nor a bull-dog mesilf," exclaimed Mrs. O'Dennis, falling into another fit of laughter, which was cut short by a loud, distinct rapping at the door.

There was something ominous in the sound. No visitors were expected. No customers were likely to come at so late an hour.

Two children, who had been awake enjoying the conversation, took instant fright. In a quaking voice, Mrs. O'Dennis bade Tim not to answer the summons.

"Arrah, what's on yez, Biddy?" he replied, assuming a manly superiority to fear. "Some poor ghost is afther shmellin' the hot shtuff, passin' by, an' shtops to beg a dhrop."

He marched to the door and threw it open. He instantly recoiled in undisguised alarm. Awaiting no invitation, a woman stepped heavily over the threshold.

Conny and Katy O'Dennis redoubled their terrified screams. Their recognition of those heavy shoulders, that vigilant gray head—nay, the purple of a cheap print gown—was instantaneous.

Having been over the hill on diversion bent that very day, they conceived Mrs. Hardman's errand one of vengeance dire.

"Bad cess to thim devil's brats," gasped Mrs. O'Dennis, quite beside herself with terror and the screams, to which were now added those of a young babe. "Go to thim, Tim, man, and crack their heads ag'in the flure."

The unwelcome intruder stood soberly near the door, glancing first toward the mattress and then toward the table. If she realized that she was the cause of the shrill outcries on the one hand, or the electrified silence on the other, she gave no sign.

"I was gome," she said, composedly, in a voice of somewhat heavy quality, "fer dot ret bepper."

"Red pepper is it!" ejaculated Mrs. O'Dennis, showing vast relief. "I'm afther thinkin'—sticke your fish down Katy's troat, will yez, Tim?—that I have wan bottle iv the shtuff."

She rolled out of her chair, and, keeping an uneasy eye on her customer, picked up the infant and silenced him at her breast. Holding him carelessly on one arm she hastily rummaged among some fly-specked bottles and paspers spread across a dirty shelf. In vain.

Mr. Hardman quietly turned to leave.

"Sure, mum," Mrs. O'Dennis called out, unwilling to let so rare an opportunity slip, "how is it we niver see no more iv the ould man what owns yez?"

Mrs. Hardman paused in the doorway to look back. There was nothing forbidding in her manner. Still, a certain steadiness of eye, coupled with a laconic gravity of tongue, duly impressed her observers.

There was a moment's silence, through which the babe was heard drawing vigorous sustenance from the maternal fount of ignorance and vice. Then Mrs. Hardman said, deliberately:

"Dom he is down to Podro Wolley."

"To where?"

"To Pod-ro Wol-ley."

Mrs. O'Dennis became instantly apologetic.

"No offense intinded. Shure I take it a pity iv me not to have the pepper for yez. The firsh time yez have been in the shtore, too! Was yez afther wantin' the shtuff for anything spcial?"

"Fer Zzag."

"Is it the b'y, Jack, yez mane? What's on him! I seen him pass the day."

"Pains," returned Mrs. Hardman, with a profoundly speculative air, and putting a hand to her throat to indicate their locality. "It's dot neulchly."

Before another question could be asked, she was gone. Her brief and incomprehensible replies had aroused fresh dislike. Mrs. O'Dennis complained bitterly that she "twisted her tongue" so that no "dacent Christin" could un-

derstand her. Tim suggested that "P-podro Wolley," for all he knew to the contrary, might be Dutch for "P-purgathory;" while Mr. Finnegan, excitedly invoking the author of the Penteateuch, implored him to "shpake the word or give the wink" and he and "Thady" would take a "thrip over the hill."

Mrs. O'Dennis's malicious assertion in regard to old Tom and the "wather down below," bore fruit. Startled by the mere suspicion of a crime having been committed, the neighborhood speedily settled into an enjoyable conviction that the supposition must be true. A sinister light was thus thrown upon Mrs. Hardman's errand to the store. Had either of her children made sudden departure from the world, no one would have doubted that red pepper played an important part in the tragedy.

Instead of such news, however, other news came—in a letter from a Mr. Penniford to his wife. The latter, who held herself superior to the "low, drunken Irish" around her, did, nevertheless, deal at the store. Immediately after reading that Tom Hardman was alive and well, she discovered that she was out of vinegar.

"My husband seen him himself," she explained volubly, as Mrs. O'Dennis was filling her pint measure, "down in Pajaro Valley, a-squat-tin' onto a powerful mossel of land as still as a spinx!"

One evening, soon after, Larry Cronin rushed excitedly into the shop, which was the best market for any rumor, however idle. He had been hunting ducks by the creek, and on his way home had seen such and such things, breathlessly recounted.

Other listeners dropping in, the story was repeated with still more zest. Calls were made for instant and organized effort to solve the mystery. But no joint action was taken: secret disintegrating motives were at work. If old Hardman was in the habit of visiting the Potrero furtively for the hiding of treasure, let him unearth the spoils whose wit was keenest.

The belief that their recluse neighbor had struck rich diggings in Pajaro gained fascinating ascendancy over some minds, and a deal of independent prowling was indulged in. After a month's patient watching, two men simultaneously discovered the stealthy light which Larry Cronin had described. As in his graphic recital, it wandered here and there across the Hardman place, and then kept close along the fence. When it settled into a dull, steady glow, the watchers (utterly unconscious of each other) crawled toward it from different directions. By the beam of the same lantern, which illuminated Tom Hardman's diligent spade, they stared into one another's blank faces.

Mr. Finnegan put finger to lip, and Patsey Cronin shut an eye—by these signs silently agreeing to divide the spoils.

There were no spoils to divide. The two would-be thieves crouched and listened and watched. By all they heard and saw, the old man was guiltless of any wealth save the brown clods of earth to which he clung so tenaciously. His journeys hither were merely to make sure that all was going well with his family and his property. His wandering lantern meant thorough inspection of the fences; his digging, the setting up of a few posts blown awry by the wind.

The year wore on toward its close. In December—and a bitter cold December it was for California!—old Hardman came home in his usual unexpected fashion, toward nightfall, on a way-worn mustang; but not on his usual errand.

After a long frustration of the neighborhood's desperate craving for excitement, he had relented. It was characteristic of the man's stubborn resolution that he had abandoned his distant post only when convinced that a long, lingering illness was about to terminate fatally; and that he had endured the rough travel in his suffering condition.

He went from saddle to bed. Inflammation set in and did its work expeditiously. In twenty-four hours, he breathed his last. Patsey Cronin had been to the Mission that day. Coming back, he met Jack Hardman near the little bridge. The lad's eyes were swollen with weeping.

"What's on yez?" asked Patsey, who made sure that his mother had beaten him and that he was running away from home.

"Daddy's dead," said Jack with a fresh outburst of grief, "an' I'm a-goin' for the undertaker."

This intelligence being hastily carried to Patsey's neighbors, the women got together and held consultation, the result of which was that they crossed the dividing ridge of land and of sentiment in a body, and walked slowly down hill toward the widow's cabin. There were Mrs. Penniford, Mrs. Cronin (formerly Hannah McArdle), Mrs. McNamara, her negatory caprill busier than ever, and last, but far from least, Mrs. O'Dennis.

In view of a death, there is an awe-struck state of mind which can only be appeased by full particulars. Patsey had been able to give none. Wondering and speculating, the visitors solemnly entered Mrs. Hardman's gate, and proceeded toward her door. They shuddered as they knocked there, in half enjoyable anticipation of entering upon a dramatic scene of

woe. Patsey Cronin's elaborate description of Jack Hardman's grief prepared them for something really sensational. Disappointment instantly flashed upon them in a rosy, cheerful face—Jack's face. With the elasticity of youth and superb health, the boy had recovered from his first horror and sorrow. Julia Hardman, a girl of twelve, was smiling too. It was enough to scandalize anybody, Mrs. Penniford afterward declared; and Biddy O'Dennis, who was a very demon for temper, said she never "lay eyes till such harrd-hearted hayth'in."

Mrs. Hardman soon showed herself. There was an air of settled, almost dogged, composure on her strong-featured face. Whatever the nature of those feelings that had held her so long apart from her neighbors, she accepted their visit at such a time calmly.

"You wout like to see Dom?" she asked.

A murmured assent arose. She led the way to a small bed-room. Old Hardman lay on the little cot where he had died. She reverently uncovered his dark, wrinkled face, the shrewdness gone out of it forever. After the wont of her kind, Mrs. O'Dennis blubbered; and Mrs. McNamara, in memory of her own affliction, raised a long, soulless quaver—the Irish cry. Mrs. Hardman placed chairs for her visitors, and took one herself. She had made no attempt at mourning attire. Her purple print gown had been newly washed and ironed; her scant gray hair was neatly brushed. Mrs. Penniford asked of the dead man's disease, and she answered as best she could.

"My Dom," she began, wiping a slow, large hand across her nose and lips while dividing a mournful, sidelong gaze between Mrs. Penniford and the stark face beside her, "my Dom he wasn't he's self when he wend away dot last time to Podro. No, he wasn't he's self. Zhule he remembers dot he's fader wasn't not all right."

"Zhule he" referred to her daughter, Julia. One of the most marked peculiarities of Mrs. Hardman's diction was the use of superfluous pronouns, always of the masculine gender.

"But he never gomblained, dough I zayt to Zhag, 'I kin zee you fader's got anodder turn of dot neurolchy.'"

Be it said that, with Mrs. Hardman, "dot neurolchy" was an active and malignant agent in all bodily distresses not caused by visible wounds; nay, after the latter, "dot neurolchy" was almost sure to set in.

"My Dom he coot fight zigness, but dot neurolchy fedged him at last." She ended with a tear on her cheek, and, sighing deeply, drooped forward in her favorite posture, with a heavy hand resting on either knee.

Mrs. Penniford's thin head-voice became slightly didactic:

"You say he died of neurology: what was the seat of the disease?"

Mrs. Hardman lifted her pale countenance, the tear yet on her cheek, to meet her questioner's eye.

"Dot neurolchy," she replied, carefully weighing her words, "was inside him."

No physician ever expressed, in any language, profounder belief in his own diagnosis.

"Ochone!" broke in Mrs. O'Dennis, with a wild disregard of truth, "it's a bee-utiful corpse he makes, mim."

"Arrah, how much he must have suffered wid that—neurolchy," said Mrs. McNamara, very softly.

"He dit zuffer," Mrs. Hardman answered, as softly, turning toward the old woman. "Fer two days I t'ought he di'n't know me. But zhooz before he died he wake up und zayt: 'Dot landt, Mart'a. Keep holt him. Don'da give up dot landt, Mart'a.'"

This sudden revelation of what had been the ruling passion of Tom Hardman's life caused a deal of after comment. Belief was that Mrs. Hardman had forgotten her habitual reserve in a moment of retrospection.

Her husband put in quiet possession of a last modest square of mother earth, the widow prepared herself to battle, if need be, for her rights.

Never had her like been seen in the dull chambers of the Probate Court. Without expressing aggressiveness, she stood out before men's eyes a stern, vigilant, stubborn fact, arrayed in scant, though decent, black, her square throat innocent of any collar, and her feet thrust into heavy masculine boots, that added weight, if not dignity, to her step.

No callow underlings or busy lawyers hustled her, as they are wont to hustle the poor Irish widow with her apologetic manners and countenance corrugated by anxiety. An opinion prevailed that she carried an expositulator of formidable caliber in the leg of her right boot.

As somebody laughingly remarked afterward, she eyed the clerk mumbling the oath before her much as a self-conscious rooster eyes a strange bug sprawling helplessly under his scratching claw.

Her shrewd, "What's dot you zay?" startled that limp functionary into decent explanatory English.

The Judge, asking the ordinary routine questions touching the property left by the deceased, was struck by her clear and explicit replies. For a woman—and one who could not write her name—her command of dates and dimensions was remarkable.

Before joining her husband upon the Potrero, it seems that she had held possession of a piece of property at North Beach. This was now leased to a relative, who had pledged himself to defend it from lawless encroachment. According to the high hopes then cherished of the future of real estate in San Francisco, this land alone would make Mrs. Hardman rich. The dreariest pessimist only, if such existed in California's golden days, foresaw that the collapse in rents and values, which began late in '53, was to be in a measure final.

Mrs. Hardman's attorney rather plumed himself upon having so singular a client.

"She is apprehensive of but one creature on the face of the earth," he said, laughingly discussing her with his brother lawyers—"a squatter. I pity a bird of that feather who lights on her land. There'll be no red tape about her writ of ejection, but there will be considerable cold lead."

"Zhoost to dinks, Zhag," lamented this hard and blood-thirsty creature, sitting dejectedly at home after her first day in court, "dot I should live to hear you fader galled Dhomas Hartman, diseased!"

The ice having been broken between Mrs. Hardman and her neighbors, the women, at least, took occasion to visit her now and again. Never inhospitable, she did not enter into the spirit of their voluble gossip, but would sit a little apart, watching and listening with an air of speculation, putting in a sober word at times.

Jack invariably took his overpowering blushes into the corner remotest from the guests, and there gaped or grinned in dumb enjoyment of the noise and company. One evening, however, he forgot himself in a loud laugh over some vulgar witticism of Mrs. O'Dennis, and drew upon himself the lavish compliments of that huge dame.

"Och, it's a foine b'y ye have there, Mrs. Harrdman," cried she, with her blear eyes fixed upon Jack, and her throat full of husky chuckles. "There ain't his match betune here an' the Plazy. Begorra, if I wasn't tied to Timmy, I'd be asther havin' Jack mesilf, or may I choke wid the lie."

At fifteen, the lad was, indeed, a splendid young giant, and his mother was proud of him. But Mrs. O'Dennis's language offended her, the more because she noted how eagerly Jack was swallowing it. So she came to the rescue, administering the following curt sentences as a corrective to nauseous flattery:

"Dere's boys," she said, dividing a sidelong glance between her son and Mrs. O'Dennis, "und dere's men. Und dere's dem ain't neider boys nor men. I galls 'em fools!"

But one inference was possible. Still, Jack did not take it to heart. What with Mrs. O'Dennis's praises and his mother's severity, he fairly perspired with delight.

Later, when the visitors were going, Mrs. Hardman became so far confidential as to announce her proposed departure for that long-time mysterious region, "Podro Wolley," her object being to see to her property there.

"You'll be asther lavin' Jack to take care iv this place, I suppose?" inquired Mrs. O'Dennis.

That was his mother's intention.

"An' a tough wan he'll be, begorra, for the squatters, if they thry to handle him!" she exclaimed, gazing upon him admiringly, as he lingered in the background.

"There's enough of them squatters—wolves, I call 'em—around," said Mrs. Penniford, who always encouraged exciting topics of conversation. "Pap says there was three men killed to-day on Third Street, defendin' their land."

Mrs. Hardman was moved by this story. It was Third Street to-day; it might be the Potrero to-morrow. Whoever owned a bit of ground in those times must face the possibility of being called upon to surrender it.

Mother and son left alone (Julia had been sent to North Beach immediately after the funeral), the former sat pondering. Jack dutifully waited, knowing that she had something on her mind. Presently the woman lifted her pale, determined countenance upon him, and delivered the following quaint homily:

"Zhag, we must all die once in a while. We zherenally goes by degrees."

She meant one by one.

"Zome he gids a zigness. Zome he goes an-oder ways. Dot neurolchy fedges a plenty. It fedges your fader. If we live long enough, it will fedge me und you. When it's a quezition of proberby, Zhag," shaking a solemn finger and head at him, "when it's a quezition of proberby, why zhoost dinks dot bistol palls don'd hurt no worzer dan dot neurolchy, nohow. You fader he zayt, 'Don'da give up dot landt!'"

The next day, the widow set forth on her lonely journey. The winter had been one of unusual bitterness. The March heavens had poured forth a flood of waters upon the melting snow. Dry gulches became the beds of brawling rivers. Stage roads were impassable.

Often through driving rain, always through mud and slime, sometimes in a rough country cart, oftener afoot, and once up to her neck wading a treacherously swollen creek, Mrs. Hardman went on her determined way.

An odor of the grave clung to the shanty which her husband had left to go to his death-bed. The roof leaked like a sieve; she mended

it as best she could. The rude brush fences were blown flat in some places; she set them up again. This done, and a sheep-herder found who would hold possession for her in return for pasturage, she set out on her homeward journey.

By the time she reached San José, the storm had blown over, and the stage was about to start for San Francisco.

This rude conveyance set her down not far distant from the little bridge at the foot of Center Street, now Sixteenth.

Rolling softly to right and left, their dusty hopelessness passed utterly away and forgotten in an ecstasy of living green, the Potrero hills rose before her joyful vision. The outcropping rocks were thickly mossed. Little rills trickled down in the rejoicing hollows.

Ten days of incredible toil had told upon the woman's tough strength. She looked on longingly toward the four walls so dear to her. The smoke curling upward in faint, peaceful plumes, suggested that Jack was preparing the evening meal. She thought of her purple gown, well starched and clean, awaiting her, and could scarce endure for another moment the clinging of her wet, bedraggled skirts. Plodding on sturdily, she reached the western fence. A dark, bulky figure was crouching in a hollow there. It started up hurriedly.

"Zhag!" she said, sharply. Her son burst into tears of boyish rage and grief. She gazed at him, and then turned her face toward the four peaceful walls and curling smoke blankly.

"Three men are there!" gasped Jack answering her dumb query. "That — — over the hill is at the bottom of it."

"Mrs. O'Dennis?"

He nodded as he went on passionately.

"She came two nights after you left. To see how I was gettin' on, she said. When she was startin' home she axed would I go along of her. I went into the shop. She gave me suthin' to drink. An' that was all I knowed."

He paused, choked by a great, helpless sob. His mother listened without any comment. Sturdy determination was resuming its wonted control of her wearied limbs. Her head was alert, her eye clear. A weather-beaten end of ribbon fluttering from her bonnet, caught up by a sudden chill air, snapped sharply against her cheek. She neither heard nor felt it.

"When I come to, I was layin' out in the rain. I suspicioned suthin'. I got up an' ran home. There was a light in the winder—I hadn't left any, an' I heard men talkin'. My gun was standin' at the head of my bed. I couldn't do nothin'."

Mrs. Hardman's eyes traveled involuntarily in the direction of her home once more. A

white, long line of geese—she had raised them herself and loved them—was winding slowly up-hill from the creek. She murmured, softly, "Dem pretty goozes!" as if grieved that they did not seem to miss her. It was her sole sign of weakness. Her next words were harsh:

"Do dem people dinks I will give up dot landt?"

Within the half hour, she was talking to a carpenter on Mission street. All night long, there issued from this man's shop sounds of saw and hammer, busily creaking, busily beating. Mrs. Hardman and Jack worked side by side.

The light of early morning revealed the floor of a new cabin ready laid, and its walls went up bravely. By midday, the roof was on; by three o'clock in the afternoon, it stood completed; at four, it was going along Center street on wheels.

The carpenter and two teamsters where chivalrously pledged to set it on the widow's land.

So rough and broken was the road that at times the shanty rattled and reeled, and once had nearly fallen. A few additional planks being laid at the bridge, the precious burden was gotten safely over the creek. On the hill slopes progress was necessarily slow; but, at length, the desecrated home came into view. As if in mockery of Mrs. Hardman's trouble, the smoke still peacefully curled over the roof.

Reaching the western fence (through which a way must be broken), without any sign that the occupants of the cabin had observed them, brief council was held. It was believed that the unavoidable noise would bring the robbers out of doors. All stood on the alert, Jack took the ax and his mother gave the signal. At the stout blows, rails went crashing down; but their fears were not justified. Only a window in the distant shanty was hastily raised, and Dodd, the carpenter, was struck by a spent ball.

One of the teamsters—a violent fellow—abused the squatters roundly and dared them to come out. Mrs. Hardman ordered him to drive on.

It was pitch dark before a foundation had been hastily leveled in the hillside and the new shanty set there in a position to command the old. This done, the woman sturdily bade her helpers to go back quietly to their homes, and leave her to defend her own.

She listened as long as she could hear the retreating voices of her friends. Satisfied that they had retired without any warlike demonstration, she shut the door of her little fort. Jack sat on the floor with his back against it. Her station was at the one small window.

They had neither light nor fire. A raw, blustering wind beat itself frantically about the

shanty, as if enraged at the new obstruction to its free sweep across the slope. In spite of the coarse blankets provided by their sympathizers, it was bitterly cold. The darkness was ominous and appalling. Out of it the woman would whisper at intervals, "Zhag?" and the boy would answer, "I'm awake, mother."

The hours dragged so heavily that it may have been no later than midnight, when a sharp exclamation roused Jack from an uneasy doze.

"What do you hear, mother?"

"Listen."

He heard, too. A sound so faint it might have been the crowing of a distant cock expectant of morning; but, gradually drawing nearer and nearer, there were human tones.

"Mother," he whispered, excitedly, "good reason the squatters ain't attackted us; they wasn't to home."

"Dere was one man in dot house," she answered, slowly. "He coot killed us all if we wend near. Dem odders are goming back from dot zoolon crazy drunk."

Oaths, quarrelsome shouts, and snatches of ribald song went to confirm the truth of this guess. And by these the breathless listeners were enabled to follow their enemies' unsteady way along the fence and into the cabin.

Jack now anticipated an immediate attack; but, after watching and waiting a patient while, Mrs. Hardman said:

"Lie down und sleep, Zhag. Dey will gome in the morning."

The boy's heavy breathings soon filled the cabin. Meanwhile his mother sat at her post, alert and vigilant, watching a candle that flickered in the window of her old home. How busy her thoughts were, dipping into the past of honest and frugal toil, into the present of discomfort and danger, into the future of uncertainty! While she had a drop of wholesome courage in her veins, she would not give up one foot of the land. Upon that she was sternly resolved. She and Jack would fight and die for it, if need be. There was no redress in the tedious processes of the law.

The candle still flickered down below, and she gazed at it, or seemed to gaze at it, steadily. It may be that her heavy eye-lids fell in an instant of unconsciousness, for the feeble candle-flicker had suddenly become a broad flame, lighting up the hill-side and angrily reddening the lowering sky.

What had happened, what was happening, was clear to her in a flash.

"Zhag," she cried, in a strong, wakening voice, "dem drunken men has zet demzelvess afire."

The sleeper neither woke nor stirred. She shook him roughly, but he was heavy with

slumber and could not understand. The moments were precious. She pulled him back from the door, opened it, and ran down hill. No human voice broke the stillness. The eager flames leaped and crackled. The cabin was a mere shell, and as dry as tinder.

Jack awoke shuddering with cold. An unmistakable draft of out-door air was blowing on his face. He held up a startled hand, and felt the wind upon that.

"Mother!" he whispered, in shaken tones.

The silence was ominous. Strange visions of disaster had troubled his later sleep—he now thought them realities. The squatters had attacked them, and he was lying wounded, he knew not where.

"Mother!"

He fancied he heard a smothered groan. He rose, and half stumbled, half fell, through the open door.

Little shoots of flame, and quick, fiery sparks, rose up from a mysterious hollow, he could not tell in what direction. The air was full of smoke. He was utterly bewildered. Something seemed, in some blind way, to direct his steps. He ran forward, and struck against a prostrate human body.

Great and virtuous indignation blazed forth against "Old Mother Dutchy" over the hill. Those who had sympathized with her in her land troubles now bitterly denounced her. Had she shot the squatters, the popular verdict might have acquitted her; but to fire a roof over the heads of drunken and sleeping men was the work of a fiend.

In the small hours of morning, Mrs. O'Dennis had been awakened by a vigorous pounding on her door, and, demanding who was there, the answer came:

"It's us, Finnegan and Cronin. We're after fetchin' Tim. We're badly hurted, an' he's nigh-hand dead."

The rescued men told conflicting stories. With unexpected chivalry, they seemed bent upon disclaiming any praise, each in the other's favor. According to Finnegan, Cronin had roused him and carried Tim out; according to Cronin, these good deeds were Finnegan's. Tim's poor, miserable life trembled in the balance. He could not speak. But on one point the two friends were agreed: they had both seen "Old Mother Dutchy" performing witch-like antics around the burning building. They went down to the city together to swear out a warrant for her arrest, on a charge of incendiarism. The mere syllables had frightful meaning in those days of devastating fires.

As the woman was a well known desperate character, and was backed by her son, three officers were detailed to make the arrest. Mr. Finnegan accompanied them.

The little cabin that had made so sudden appearance stood closed and silent above the spot where blackened cinders told of sudden disappearance in flame and smoke.

The four men climbed the fence and marched resolutely forward. Finnegan gave unofficial advice to fire at the first sign of life, or "Mother Dutchy wud have the dhrop" on them. Not the least sign of life was given, however.

"Be the howly Moses!" was Finnegan's agitated whisper, "the ould hag has made thracks!"

They listened, crouching at the side of the house. There was no stir; no footstep within. But hark! Was that a muffled groan? Cocking his pistol, the officer in command opened the door and stepped, without any warning, over the threshold. The others crowded up behind him.

Something down in a corner, that seemed a huddle of old clothing, shook and stirred, and a face was lifted slowly toward them; a blind, blank face, horrible to see, with blackened forehead, shriveled eyelids, and raw, ragged burns. About this countenance, what may once have been neat, gray hair hung in a few crisped, hideous knots.

"You too ladé, Doctor," said a rough, wandering voice. "Where's Zhag?"

The lifted head fell back; the huddle of clothing writhed, groaning.

Even Finnegan, coarse brute that he was, uncovered silently.

"Zwalleyin' fire is bad, Zhag," came the rough, wandering voice again; "worzer dan dot neurolchy. But I got dem drunken men out."

There were hoarse, gasping sounds; then a long silence.

"Is she gone?" whispered Finnegan. An officer put up a warning hand. The woman stirred again; and an impatient quacking of unfed geese, down by the burned cabin, borne loudly through the open door, she murmured, "Dem brety goozes." The officer did not understand. "Water?" he asked, bending over her. Her answer came strong and clear, "Dot landt! Don'da give up dot landt, Mart'a?"

And Jack? His mother dead and buried, he went to Pajaro Valley, and got into a dispute with the sheep-herder. The latter claimed that Mrs. Hardman had deeded him one-half her property there in consideration of his services. He produced a paper; it was signed "Martha Hardman."

"The deed is a forgery!" cried poor Jack; "my mother could not write."

Whereupon, the sheep-herder leveled his gun, took deliberate aim, and fired. Jack fell, never to rise again. EVELYN M. LUDLUM.

THE FESTIVAL OF CHILDHOOD.

[Mr. Edward Champury, a resident of the *Familistère*, at Guise, France, gives, in *Le Devoir*, a graphic account of the late annual "Festival of Childhood" (*Fête de l'Enfance*) in that institution. The following is a careful translation:]

The first Sunday of September is a great day for the twelve hundred inhabitants of the *Familistère*. On that day, every year, is celebrated the Festival of Childhood; on that day the pupils of the schools of the association receive rewards for good conduct, for progress in study, and for assiduity.

This day, therefore, is the burden of every conversation for a long time before it arrives. The mammas and big sisters make their needles fly over the new costumes and fresh *toilettes* that must be ready for that day. Little wide-awake boys talk about the prizes they hope to win, and of the games in which they will take part; little girls, with silky hair bristling in curl-papers, describe to each other the new dresses

being made for them, and the color of the ribbons they will wear. Papas and big brothers, during the leisure hours afforded by their daily toil, discuss the decorations of the great central court, and study how to make it more splendid than it was the preceding year. In a word, everybody interests himself in the *fête* with as much enthusiasm, at least, as if it were a personal affair.

Sunday Morning.—The rain pours, but this does not prevent the people from busying themselves with the festival preparations as soon as the day breaks. The *Familistère*, indeed (thanks to its style of construction), is marvelously well adapted to the celebration of festi-

vals even in the worst weather. The great courts, covered with glass, afford perfect shelter and protection to everything. Therefore, during all the morning hours, you see ladders raised in the central court, and hear the sound of hammers—no one paying any attention to the rattle of the rain upon the great glazed roof. Great is the animation in the court. A whole army of joyous volunteers are decorating the galleries extending all around the court on three stories. Trophies of flags bearing the colors of France, garlands of evergreens or of brilliant paper, shields bearing various mottoes, masses of branches in full foliage, are fastened and festooned all along the three galleries, which extend around the four sides of the vast nave. At the eastern extremity of this court an immense escutcheon, three stories high, symbolizes the instruction and the protection of childhood.

Sunday Afternoon.—The distribution of prizes is announced for three o'clock, and from a quarter after two the pretty building devoted to the nursery and the kindergarten—the place appointed for the rendezvous of the children—is alive with a joyous throng. While without the thunder rolls and the rain pours like the best day of the Deluge, the spectacle inside is one of the most charming. This building, it must be noted, is connected with the palace of the Familistère by a covered gallery. Never was a hive of bees more full of life and joy. Every face is flushed with pleasure, every eye sparkles with keen expectancy. Those among the children who, the evening before, received decorations for good conduct or progress in learning, are the first to arrive. Ah! how happy they are! They are to carry a banner in the procession—a banner of brilliant colors, displaying in handsome golden letters the specialty in which they have obtained the first rank. Not without some difficulty do the principal and the assistant teachers succeed in classing, in the order of their merit, all the little boys and girls, so impatient and excited are they over their great yearly *réjouissance*.

While the children are forming for the procession in their building, the orchestra of the Familistère meet in the halls of the *casino*; the company of firemen and the archery company form their lines before the principal *façade* of the palace, and there receive their flags. The other divisions of the *cortège* assembled in the great glazed court of the left wing.

At half past two, the different groups march out and enter the great central court, already described, and there the *cortège* is formed. The firemen and archers take their place at the

end of the court, behind the ranks of children formed in a half-circle. In less than fifteen minutes every one is in his place, and the procession moves, the Familistère band of musicians filling the immense structure of the court with its grand harmonies.

By a fortunate coincidence the storm ceases at this moment. The clouds roll away, and the sun appears in all its glory, just as the procession passes out of the central door of the court and crosses the great place laid in cement, which extends from the palace to the theater, the schools, and the other dependent buildings. A crowd of people, mostly from the city of Guise, just across the River Oise, encumber this place, while from the two hundred and sixty-six windows of the front of the palace the inhabitants of the numerous apartments look down upon the imposing spectacle. According to custom, the sappers clear the way through the crowd; after them follow the drums and the clarions, all in their particular uniform; then come the Familistère firemen in their severe uniform, their helmets glistening in the sun, bearing their colors in advance. After these, in the place of honor, march the joyous heroes of the day, the pupils of the schools and of the kindergarten, two by two, or rather in two files—the girls at the left, and the boys at the right. The students of the first merit carry the banners; others wear medals, or ribbons of different colors, as insignia of distinction.

The second part of the *cortège* marches in the following order:

1.—The Familistère Musical Society (*l'Harmonie du Familistère*), in their elegant uniform, and bearing their magnificent banner of garnet velvet, crowned with a trophy of medals.

2.—The founder of the Familistère, M. Godin, attended by the two councils of the association, the presidents and secretaries of the Boards of Mutual Assurance, Medical Aid, and Pensions.

3.—The *employés* of the Familistère Iron Works, and a delegation of former workmen.

The Familistère Archery Company, bearing its flag, closes the procession. As the *cortège* reaches the entrance to the theater, the fire company form in lines on either side, between which the *cortège* passes, the band plays a piece from its *répertoire*, and quickly the theater is filled. The public occupy the three tiers of galleries. The parterre is devoted to the children—the boys at the right, the girls at the left, and on both sides the smallest in front. M. Godin and the councils take their places on the stage, the orchestra behind them.

Masses of fuchsias, Reine Marguerite, dahlias, and amaranths, growing in elegant vases,

are arranged on steps that rise from the floor of the parterre to the stage. The vases, and also their pedestals, are cast in the Familistère works. At the foot of the stairs leading to the stage is a very beautiful terrestrial globe and a *cosmographe à bougie*.* All around the first gallery are displayed drawings executed by the pupils, and in the lobby there is a fine exhibition of needle-work. The ladies belonging to committees have seats upon the stage.

It is a pleasure to see the pupils of the Familistère schools grouped in this way, the boys in their finest Sunday clothes, the girls in their daintiest and freshest *toilettes*. All are irreproachably clean. All are well, and some elegantly, dressed. Yet, with four or five exceptions, they are sons and daughters of ordinary laboring men. This fact is sufficient comment in itself.

The *Harmonie*, or orchestra of the Familistère, opens the ceremonies—if the word ceremony may be applied to this charming festival of childhood—by a fine selection from Ziegler, *l'Esperance*. A mixed chorus of children, with a soprano solo, sing *Les Abeilles* (the Bees), words by Henry Murger, music by Leon Delibes. The audience applauds with a good will, wondering, no doubt, how the pupils of the association can execute a piece of music like this, bristling with changes of measure.

The singing ended, a young pupil named Eugène Griviller takes his stand before the *cosmographe*, and, with perfect self-possession and in a good style, gives a lesson to his school-mates. From time to time, to assure himself that they are listening attentively, he questions one or another pupil, who rises and responds from his or her seat. For the most difficult parts, several pupils in turn are called before the *cosmographe*, to put questions themselves or to explain those put to them.

After this lesson, which we can say without exaggeration astonished the audience, a charming little girl, Palmyre Poulain, gives a recitation with great *aplomb* and perfect accentuation. The subject is, "The Origin of the Lazy and the Improvident." Two poems follow. The last, "My Grandmother's Spectacles," by Mademoiselle Héloïse Point, a little girl of nine years, is rendered with such art, and at the same time with such naturalness, that the entire audience, surprised and charmed, applaud her to the echo. It is an honor to the Familistère schools to have among its pupils those who can hold a large audience thus entranced.

At this point of the ceremonies, M. Godin delivered the remarkable address which we give below, and which will show that he takes issue very directly with the routines of instruction so generally prevailing in our schools. His discourse was warmly applauded.

ADDRESS OF M. GODIN.

"Dear pupils, another year has passed. For you a year of study—of progress in that knowledge which men and women must acquire in order to render themselves intelligently useful in whatever career they may be called to follow.

"Education, as we conceive it, should prepare the child for practical life. It should, in the first place, facilitate his finding a calling, and then enable him to seize the details of that calling and apply to them the knowledge of principles acquired at school.

"Unfortunately, this primary object of public education has not been recognized heretofore. Young people have been forced to devote their time to what is of little use to them, while receiving no instruction about those things they will most need on leaving school or college. Boards of education are now taking a determined stand against routine, and demanding that children be taught what is practical and useful. But how much time it takes to establish a rational theory of education—to construct a programme of rational instruction, and then to educate teachers for carrying it into practice!

"Such has been the folly of public school instruction up to this time, that reading, the fundamental basis of instruction, has been so neglected that before knowing how to read well pupils have been drilled in studies and problems of which they can never make any use. Their memory has been burdened with notions contrary, in nearly all instances, to the principles of modern society. Their judgment, therefore, has been atrophied, and they have been left in ignorance of that which is most important for them to know, namely: the progress of nations toward liberty and industrial emancipation.

"It is vitally important that public instruction should abandon its old methods and rise to the needs of the present day. To this end, the art of reading must be taught with care, with method, and with good text-books. Not only is it essential that the pupil know how to read in the commonly received sense of the word: he must be taught the full meaning of words, to digest each sentence, and to seize perfectly the sense of the author.

* The technical name of the apparatus for teaching cosmography: "The constitution of the whole system of worlds, or the figure, disposition, and relation of all its parts."

"Give to the child the art of reading, and you have given him the key to science. How many men have risen to distinction by their own efforts, after this simple accomplishment! It is safe to say that all that a child learns he will forget unless he learns how to read well. On the contrary, if he is a good reader he will not only retain what he learns, but he will constantly learn more because of his love of reading. Science to him will be easily accessible.

"Fathers and mothers, if you would know the amount of useful instruction which your children are receiving, measure it by the perfection of their reading; for if they read poorly, whatever they learn will be of little use to them. Let us, then, be careful that our children become good readers, since it is by reading that they become acquainted with what goes on in the world. Being good readers, their thoughts will acquire more precision, and the expression of them in writing more force and elegance. Arithmetic should be taught by constant exercise upon problems of common, practical use. Better far abandon the old method of making them study the solution of problems which have nothing to do with their after life. On the contrary, let them be well drilled upon the most ordinary, practical questions. Thus they will be developed into good workmen, foremen, engineers, and finally leaders of industry. Nothing which they have learned at school should be lost to them, and thus their entrance into a productive career will be easy.

"Such has been the principle that has guided us in the education of the children of the Familistère, and this principle should continue to inspire us if we would have all our children worthy successors of their fathers—successors who will continue to present, in the Familistère, the spectacle of a population of workers living in ease, harmony, and domestic happiness. But we must not forget that this result is too broad to be compassed by school instruction alone. Besides the knowledge necessary to the performance of daily functions, man must understand his social destiny, his rights and duties as a citizen; and with us a still further acquirement is essential: namely, the sentiment of fraternal love.

"We confess, with regret, that our Familistère schools are not yet free from the common faults of public schools. Good text-books are greatly needed—text-books meeting the demands of modern methods of instruction; and, also, habits contracted under the bad influences of the past are an obstacle that must be overcome.

"Our schools must rid themselves of all priestly interference, if they would become re-

ally progressive, and inaugurate a system of instruction worthy of a republican government, preparing for the nation noble citizens, who regard labor as the first and most sacred function of society—citizens rejecting all ideas of caste and class, and cherishing the sentiments of human dignity and of fraternity among men.

"This, dear pupils, is the *rôle* which belongs to you especially. In no part of the world has there been offered to any generation a mission so noble as that to which you are called. You are to be the continuers of the association established here. You are to succeed your fathers in the glorious task of practicing justice in the distribution of the products of labor. It is, therefore, indispensable that you raise yourselves through study and learning to the hight of the *rôle* which you have to fill. The association being established among us, you are to become its laborers, foremen, supervisors, accountants, engineers, directors, and its administrators. How can you accomplish this object if by your efforts you do not acquire sufficient education, and if, by trying to be good and true, you do not raise yourselves to the hight of those moral qualities necessary in the management of a fraternal association?

"And you, fathers and mothers, who are listening to my words, you who have long enjoyed the advantages of this association, labor to increase those advantages.

"The Society of the Familistère is now established. The institutions are founded here to give each of you security for the morrow, care and medical aid in sickness, a retreat for invalids, to widows and orphans the means of living, to every child education—all these institutions were placed in your hands at the same time that you became partners in the societary industries and in the instruments of labor which give you your means of living.

"But, despite the fact accomplished, many among you still refuse to believe in the reality of the association that I have founded here among you. Disposed to find in every act a personal interest, they refuse to see things as they are, and vainly ask themselves what motive the founder could have in establishing this association. To ask his workmen to share the profits of a great industry, when, as the owner, he could keep all for himself, is something that, according to them, no one would ever do; therefore, they will not believe in the association. The dividends distributed in the past, and the published articles of association, do not suffice to convince them. A longer experience of practical results is necessary. For such, nothing can be done but to wait. The day is not far off when they will come and eagerly demand to be

inscribed upon the roll of members. They will do this when they see their friends receiving their yearly dividends and the interest that will be due them.

"As to those among you whose hearts are with the association, but are too modest to ask admission, I would say: Be reassured. Have faith and confidence. Our society admits all those who will work for it with good hearts, and it exacts no sacrifice of them.

"Certain persons, I am told, pretend that no one can enter the association except by putting money into it. They have not read the articles of our constitution, or they are incapable of comprehending the full significance of those articles touching the future realization of prosperity for the laborer and the abolition of the wages system.

"May all doubt vanish from your hearts, and, in view of what has been already accomplished, may the most timid become inspired with courage to carry forward the great enterprise we have undertaken! Be vigilant from this time forward in maintaining the common prosperity. Give to the world the proof that the laborer himself is the largest factor in the problem of his own welfare, and that to solve that problem he needs only liberty and a field of action.

"And now, directors, administrators, and members of the councils, a noble task devolves upon you. You are the first to have openly accepted the moral responsibility of coöperating for the success of the association of capital and labor. Your efforts in the way of industrial work, as well as in the organization of measures best adapted to secure mutuality and fraternity in our association, will become known to posterity. History will record our success or our failure, and do full justice to each and all of us according to our merit; for the association of the *Familistère* is too important a fact in the history of labor to not be examined some day in all its details.

"The problem of the conciliation of interests between employers and laborers is the most pressing one before society at this hour. Let us endeavor to prove that this problem is not insoluble; that justice and equity may be established in the distribution of the fruits of production; that the worker of every degree, the common laborer as well as the employer, can receive a just share of what he has helped to produce.

"Our efforts here have demonstrated another and very important proposition, which is that associative labor has power to protect the weak, and to fully guarantee the family of the workman against poverty.

"We have, I repeat, practically demonstrated this already; but it is by the perpetuation of the

work that the world will become convinced. Our association must continue to prosper, in order that its principles may serve the solution of the social problems that disturb society today. To secure this result, our children must continue the work we have begun. This is why I have called your attention to the duty devolving upon us in the education of the young in the *Familistère* of Guise, and upon the importance of developing the love of labor, and, above all, the love of our association in the hearts of our children.

"Do not lose sight of this; for, from this time forward, it is not simply their own individual interests that these children will have to consider: they are to show the world that it is by the power of association that the emancipation of the working classes is to be effected.

"From all parts of the earth you hear the voices of the workers, demanding their rights; everywhere strikes and conflicts between capital and labor. Reflect upon the privations of the laborer, and the uncertainty of his condition, and remember that we are accomplishing a holy work in demonstrating to the world how by the association of capital and labor, we have destroyed among us that hideous leprosy which decimates humanity—Poverty!

"Such a result is, indeed, worthy of your highest courage, your warmest enthusiasm. Let us work then, brothers, for it is by labor, and by the love of doing good, that man must accomplish the salvation of the world."

Following the address of M. Godin, was a song by the children, the music by Rivetti, and the words appropriate to the occasion. Then came the distribution of the prizes.

The first two names called are the young Griviller—the same whom we have just seen demonstrating before the *cosmographe*—and Master Aristide Tétier. These two have won the prize of honor in the highest division of the *Familistère* schools. It should be mentioned that in each division it is the pupils themselves who decide who shall receive the prizes. They are chosen by ballot, and in every instance it has been found that those they elect are precisely those whom the teachers would have named, had the responsibility rested with them alone.

Every promotion in the association of the *Familistère* is gained through legitimate competition. Mr. Godin, wisely believing that the best way to guard the institution of the ballot from ever becoming corrupt or inefficient was to develop among the members, from their childhood, the habit of carefully appreciating merit, he introduced into the schools the custom

of balloting for the prizes of honor, and the result has proved a perfect success.

After the awarding of the prizes in the highest division, the distribution of the ordinary prizes commences. These are about the same as in preceding years.

As each name is called, the pupil advances and receives, from the hands of the Directress of Education, a prize and a crown. The pupil takes the crown to one of the occupants of the big arm chairs on the stage, and asks him or her to crown him. The prizes are beautiful books—finely bound, illustrated, and chosen with the greatest care from among the editions published by Hachette, of Paris. The recompenses destined for professional instruction consist of tools, cases of mathematical instruments, etc., for the boys; and for the girls, sewing and knitting implements. Toys are given to the very young children.

The pupils receiving the highest honors this year after Eugene Griviller and Aristide Tétier, already named, were Zéphyr Proix and Alphonse Sarrasin, of the highest division; and in the second division, with Héloïse Point and Palmyre Poulain, already named, Camille Delzard. May the publishing of their names in this journal be a reward for their past efforts, and an encouragement for the future!

La Tourangelle, a very beautiful piece of music by Bleger, with a remarkable part for the first cornet, closed the ceremonies, and the quitting of the theatre was effected in the same order as the entrance. They all reassembled in the court of the left wing, and after the singing of the *Chanson de Roland* by the children—words by Sedaine, music by Grétry—and the execution of the *Marseillaise*, the crowd disperse over the place, where the industrials have installed various amusements. At eight o'clock in the evening, the orchestra mount the platform raised for them in the great court, the ball opens and continues until midnight. It is a charming sight, this vast ball-room, over one hundred and forty-seven feet long, in which hundreds of couples move about with perfect ease, while thousands of spectators (most of

them from the city of Guise and from neighboring villages) form a living border in each of the galleries surrounding this immense hall.

Monday.—This day of the festival has special attractions for the children. It is devoted to games and plays. This year it is favored by uncommonly fine weather.

In the early morning the trumpet of the corps of firemen invites the curious to a parade and maneuver with the fire-engines, the Familière Theater being the focus of a fictitious conflagration.

At 2 P. M., the drums and trumpets sound the rappel. The games commence. The boys, with *balle à cheval*, *casse-pot*, and *calottes de couleur*, occupy the court of the central pavilion, the court of the left wing, and the great square before the *façade*; while the girls amuse themselves with blind-man's-buff, the game of rings and scissors, in the court of the right wing and of the central building.

Conclusion.—Rightly understood, festivals like these are a culture to the people, mentally and morally. Deprived of them, the laborer degenerates into a mere working machine. It is absolutely essential to him that he should not only witness, but take part in, grand festivals and ceremonies. They afford him diversion and rest. The Familière is admirably adapted to this end. Where will you find, except in a large association, grouped together in families, the conditions that enable simple laborers to give festivals so grand and well ordered as this which we have described?

Be not deceived. The success of the Familière *fêtes* depends upon two causes, which, operating heretofore, have made all their celebrations splendid, and will make them more magnificent in the future. The first of these causes is that the unitary habitation affords material conditions for grand celebrations that can be found nowhere else; the second is that association accustoms its members to seek their pleasure in the pleasure of all.

MARIE HOWLAND.

"OLD CHINA."

MANCHESTER, N. H., Nov. 17, 1880.

MY DEAR JOHN:—When you were here a month or so ago, and wandered about my sitting-room with your hands behind you, looking at my pictures with an air of connoisseurship, and inquiring into the history of my *bric-à-*

brac collection, do you remember that you particularly admired a small, blue china cup and saucer? It was so thin that you could hardly resist crushing it like an egg-shell in your great hand, and, in spite of your usual contempt of "gew-gaws," I think you really wanted that

cup—for it was all I could do to keep you from carrying it off with you to San Francisco. It is a sort of relic, a sacred one to me—for it has quite a history, which I am going to write about now.

I spent the summer on the unfashionable side of Mount Desert, at South-west Harbor. It is a small place and very unpretentious, its only pride being in its natural beauties. The toe of the village lies on a high bluff which runs out to see what the broad Atlantic is doing, while the heel rests under the shadow of the everlasting hills. Out on the point lives a family named King, but before I speak of them let me remind you how democratic I am. In accordance with my natural taste, I made friends of these rude, rough, warm-hearted villagers. I gave music lessons to a couple of girls who were ambitious to learn to play the "pianer," and thereby gained the approbation of the people, who are usually rather shy of city folks. I became so interested in the villagers, that I finally left the hotel and went to live with one Mrs. Haines, who was a sister to the Kings who live on the bluff. One day, hearing a loud talking and lamenting in the summer kitchen, I went out to see what was the matter. Mrs. Haines was crying, and one or two stout, weather-beaten men were looking as if they would like to cry, but didn't dare, so they put the energy of their grief into their jaws, and chewed their tobacco with more than usual zest.

"Oh, Miss H.," they all exclaimed when I entered, "what *shell* we do? David King is dead, and there's nary a girl to lead the singin' at the funeral. They's all gone over to Bar Harbor to wait on table. Priscilla Morton she's got the sore throat, and—poor David was *so* fond of that good old tune 'China' 'at it's a shame and a sin it can't be sang to him the last thing."

Before the harangue was half through the voices had diminished to one, that of Mrs. Haines, sister of the deceased.

"Well," I said, "if I can do anything to help you, you must be sure to let me know. Perhaps I can lead the singing if you can't get Priscilla to do so."

Mrs. Haines face brightened a bit, and she said, "Do," in her short, decisive way.

So, then and there, I made arrangements with "Sol" who kept store, dried fish, and performed the duty of undertaker to the whole village, to have the parson call on me that afternoon, to plan the rehearsal.

It was one of those lovely summer days peculiar to Mount Desert. The sunshine poured itself down in such rich abundance that it made even the shadows throb and thrill with yellow

glory. I sat on the door-step awaiting the parson's coming. There was a narrow road between me and the ocean, which at high tide came almost to the road's edge, as if, in return for the bluff's advances, it was curious to know what we, on the land, inside those homely cottages, *could* be about. I'm afraid I fell into one of my dreaming fits as I sat there watching the sunshine dance over the water. The glory of heaven seemed to shine upon the earth that day; and although I knew there was death and sorrow out on the cliff, I *could* not be unhappy, for it was one of those times, when the sun and flowers alone make glad the heart. I was awakened from my reverie by seeing the figure of the parson approaching. As he drew nearer I could hear him repeating slowly, in a deep monotone :

"As soon as thou scatterest them, they are even as asleep, and fade away suddenly like the grass. In the morning it is green and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered; for we consume away in thy displeasure, and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation. . . . For when thou art angry, all our days are gone; we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told."

Then seeing me, he said, "Sister in the Lord, this is a mournful occasion, truly."

"Not so," I replied. "When a good man dies ripe in years and full of good deeds, has he not won his rest, and does he not deserve the quiet that death only can give?"

And then followed a discussion which would have amused you, John. It ended amicably, however, and we then proceeded to arrange matters for the choir.

"Where are the rest?" I said, looking at the road, and seeing none appear.

"Rest?" he queried.

"Yes; the young people who are to sing to-day with me."

"No one is to sing with you. The boys and girls are all away."

"I haven't got to sing alone?" I gasped.

"Yes, sister," he answered; "the widder expects it."

Seeing there was no withdrawing gracefully, I humbly asked who played the organ, and if I might see that person.

"There isn't any organist."

"No one to play for me? Must I do my own accompaniments?"

"There isn't any organ," responded this doleful, mournful servant of Christ.

"No organ, no piano, no player, no singers, and yet you expect me to conduct the musical part of the service," I replied, fairly aghast with horror.

"Certainly. There are four hymns the wider selected: 'China,' 'Hark, from the tombs,' 'Broad is the road that leads to death,' and one other, which I've forgotten."

I was horror-stricken at the appalling list, but, seeing that I was in for it, and that the best way was to go ahead, I gave my consent, and we arranged a programme for a service, which it took us no less than two hours to perform.

When the preliminary arrangements were finished, the parson said:

"I suppose you know where the singers' seats are, for I think you've been to meeting in our house."

"No," I said.

"They're on a platform under the pulpit, facing the congregation," replied he.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I cannot sing unless there is some other place for me to sit. I really could not do it there."

"Well," he responded, "there's the old gallery. No one's been up there for ten years, so I reckon its rather dusty, and there's only a ladder leading to it."

And with that he made me a bow, and took his solemn way to the house of mourning, leaving me to my own devices.

It wanted only half an hour of service, so I walked to the meeting-house to look up the hymns and try my voice in the strange, empty place. The walls were white and bare, save where a few smoky kerosene lamps had specked the spaces between the windows. The pulpit was of white pine, painted in imitation of marble. The books were black and doleful looking; in fact, there was not one bit of color in the place.

I found my way up the ladder into the loft, closing the trap-door carefully after me, lest in the darkness I should lose my way and fall down the hole. One little round window, with a green cambric curtain, was all I had to light me through my task. Soon I found the books, and when I tried the first hymn, "Why should we mourn departed friends?" my voice fairly frightened me, the place seemed so uncanny and gruesome.

Presently the people began to come in. First of all, Polly Jones, with her ridiculous bonnet, unlike anything I ever saw or heard of. To my horror, she took a prominent seat, and, turn which way I would, that terrible woman, with her sad face and absurd bonnet, haunted me. When I sang, "Or shake at death's alarms," I fear I was inwardly shaking at that alarming woman. Polly was followed by a string of villagers, all clean and appropriately solemn looking, in their "best Sunday clo'es." Finally the

mourners filed in, one by one, to the front seats. Where the corpse was I could not imagine, and as I was to open the service with an introit (!) of some sort, I was a little anxious. We waited and waited, I for the corpse, the minister for me, the congregation for him. Although the minister was opposite me, at the other end of the church, he was so near-sighted that he could not see my interrogative gestures, so he remained in ignorance of my dilemma. Finally the trap-door of my ladder snapped open, and a little gray-bearded man popped his head up, looking, in his setting of darkness, like a Jack-in-the-box.

"We ain't goin' ter have no corpse!" he shouted across the gallery, in a stage whisper, to me. "It wouldn't keep; we's buried him down in his own seminary, in his garding;" and down he popped again, as suddenly as he had appeared, leaving me convulsed with laughter I dared not give utterance to.

Soon the parson, not knowing of the funny little man's performance on the ladder, arose and announced, with a loud "Ahem!" that "Miss H——, of Oakland, California, would favor them with a hymn."

Fancy it, John! It was almost too much for me; but with superhuman effort I mastered myself and began, "I heard a voice from Heaven," the congregation rising, and turning round to face me. After the prayer I sang

"Why should we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at Death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call us to His arms."

which sounded very strangely with only one part. When the service was over, I waited till the people had all gone, and then I descended from the loft and went out of the church. At the door I met Mrs. King, the widow, whom I supposed had gone home.

"Oh, my dear child," she sobbed, "how beautiful it was!" and, putting her arms about my neck, "I wish you'd a ben here when my Sammy died!"

Wasn't that pathetic, John? You can imagine how guilty I felt at having wanted to laugh so. I spent the rest of the day on the door-steps of Mrs. Haines's house, watching the sunset on the water, and thinking what a queer experience I had had, and how my Californian friends would have laughed at me, had they happened to go to that meeting-house at that hour, and heard the music and witnessed my predicament.

Presently a boat came rowing down from the bluffs; it stopped in front of the door, and a tall, gaunt man jumped ashore, carrying the

painter of the boat in one hand, and nervously tucking his hat under his arm with the other. He approached me, saying:

"Be you the—be you the young woman as sang to my father's funeral ter-day? 'Cause ef you be, here is a mackerel I kotched fur yer supper. I wish—I wish it was a whole boat-load I had, and you wanted every one of them, marm!" And, without waiting for a reply, his long legs carried him to his boat again, and his long arms soon pulled the craft out of sight.

Later, when the moon rose, and I was still sitting on the steps, I saw Mrs. King coming down the road. She was carrying a white package in her hand.

"I've heerd," she began, "that folks in cities gets paid for doin' what yer done this afternoon. I know yer don't want none, and I ain't agoin' to offer yer none; but ef you'd like to remember how you soothed a poor widder's grief, and let in a bit of God's sunshine to her heart, I tho't as how you might take this," handing me the blue cup and saucer you admired so, John. "T'was David's, that's dead and gone, and his

father, and his father afore him, drank out of it; but yer'll take it ter please me, now won't yer? And would you mind doin' it once more for me—it's *so sweet*."

So in the moonlight we sat, and, taking the poor woman's hand in mine, I softly sang the quaint minor strain,

"Why should we mourn departing friends?"

Heigh, ho! How near together lie the pathetic and the ludicrous! I never quite knew whether to laugh or cry at that day's experiences. But now you know why I value that cup, and, how by gratifying some one else's love of old "China," my own passion for "old china" was gratified also, for that cup is one hundred and fifty years old.

Your affectionate sister, M.

P. S.—You must not think I have embellished this story; for it actually occurred just as I have related it.

MELLIE A. HOPKINS.

IN TIME OF DROUGHT.

A brown and barren world! Ah, desolate
The land whose green of spring is ended,
Whose harvest-gold is all expended,
Whose ocean wind with dust is blended—

Ah, desolate!

Yet who shall call it cursed of Fate,
If, closely clasped by skies unclouded,
It lies with tender blue enshrouded,
Till barren Earth with Heaven is crowded?
Uncursed of Fate.

Ah, desolate the life—ah, desolate—
Where childhood's springing grass has faded,
Where love's ripe gold long since evaded
The feeble hands that clung unaided—

Ah, desolate!

Yet who shall dare to rue its fate,
If, resting in some faith unclouded,
With gladness infinite enshrouded,
Its grief with larger peace is crowded?
Most blessed of Fate!

MILICENT WASHBURN SHINN.

A NEW POET.

It is surprising to note how few men of the younger generation, here in America, are doing poetic work of the least originality or force. The old race are passing away, one by one; but when we ask who is to succeed them the question seems answerable only in one hopeless manner. A brilliant exception to this dearth of promise, however, has of late come to the notice of literary observers. There is a young poet in New York, Mr. Francis S. Saltus, whose claims to future distinction are growing stronger with every succeeding year. Mr. Saltus published a volume of poems in 1873, under the *imprimatur* of Messrs. Lippincott & Co., entitled *Honey and Gall*. It was a youthful affair in many respects, and, excepting about ten or twelve of the poems which it contained, gave little evidence of what striking achievements were to follow from the same hand. It called forth very severe criticism, and in some quarters it even roused a certain horrified dislike. The author was still in his early twenties. He had lived for years in France, and had completely drenched himself with the rather pagan spirit of modern French literature. The influence of Charles Baudelaire was strongly manifest in *Honey and Gall*; and Baudelaire, even for a man of trained capacity, must always be the most dangerous of models. Another marked fault of this book was the tendency shown by its author to employ obsolete words and weird, arbitrary neologisms. Every language has its hospital of disabled adjectives and invalidated verbs, and it would seem as if Mr. Saltus had been stimulated by a longing to send these unfortunate hobbling out again into the healthy daylight of popular usage. Still, it must be conceded that "The Landscape of Flesh" was a poem no less powerful than hideous; that "A Dream of Ice" had undoubted grandeur; that the verses on "Goya," that ghastly Spanish painter, were strong in several stanzas, and that a trifle called "Chinoiserie" had a unique ring, in spite of some affectation. The general culture, the familiarity with foreign literatures, and the poetic sense, now clear-seen and now struggling to find fit expression, were features of *Honey and Gall* that chiefly struck an unprejudiced reader. It was a remarkable book for a beginner, but it was evidently a beginner's book. Its recklessness was sometimes unparable; its artistic sins were often more than

peccadillos. But it gave great promise; and the object of this article is not to speak further of *Honey and Gall*, but to show, as we think can very conclusively be shown, that its author has redeemed that promise, in his later poems, with noteworthy fulfillment.

The Evolution, a New York journal of irregular excellence and of very bold social views, has thus far published Mr. Saltus's best verse. Not long ago the *International Review* took occasion to call him, in the course of a certain book notice, "our American Baudelaire," and it is doubtless almost solely on account of Mr. Saltus's work in *The Evolution* that this striking bit of eulogy was paid. *The Evolution* series has, on the whole, been a very important one. It began, if we mistake not, with a poem entitled "Ad Summum Deum," which contains not a particle of so-called atheism, but a great deal of revolt, discontent, and of that which orthodoxy must of necessity denounce as gross irreverence. Its first stanza at once strikes the key-note of all the rest:

"If, O God, thou art eternal,
Most omnipotent, supernal,
Spare us from life's pains diurnal."

The other lines bear one unvarying strain of arraignment, audacious caviling, and sardonic accusation. There is no doubt that few English-writing poets have ever presumed to cast aside all trammels of conventional thinking as the author of "Ad Summum Deum" has done. The poem may be hated by the majority, for whom the love of the Deity, vigilant though unexplained, existent though darkly mysterious, is a changeless religious tenet. A few will appreciate it alone for the fine technical management of its stanzas, and a very few more will value it because expressing just those moods of defiant bitterness which are harbored by certain souls after a crushing grief or a profound disappointment. The poem continues thus:

"How can I respect thy glory,
When, through years of myth and story,
Thou appearest stern and gory?

"Can the throngs of souls o'er taken
By thy wrath, by thee forsaken,
Love and faith in men awaken?

"Can we call thee just and blameless,
When by thy desertion shameless
We still groan here blind and aimless? * * *

"For thy Son's divine prediction
Must weak mortals in affliction
Wait another Crucifixion?

"Why, if he has died to spare us
From all torments, shouldst thou bear us
Hate implacable and dare us,

"In our wretchedest prostration
With thine anger's desolation?
Are we not of thy creation?

"If the sun and stars thou makest,
If supreme the stars thou shakest,
If from naught thou something takest,

"Prove it to us, though thou rend us
In divine ways and tremendous—
Thrill us with thy might stupendous!

We know of nothing in English that at all resembles this poem. It bears a certain vague similarity to the verses of Alfred de Musset, beginning:

"Pourquoi rêver et deviner un Dieu,"

though the resemblance is one neither of phrasing or general treatment, but merely of intellectual gloom and pessimism. Mr. Swinburne, it is true, touches something of the same chord in his "Féliise" and "The Triumph of Time," though between the poetry of Mr. Saltus and Mr. Swinburne there are very few points in common. The verse of each is structurally different. The younger poet has drawn nothing from the elder. Each is original in his way, but each has a separate voice of his own. We should say that Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, De Musset, and Théophile Gautier (as will be shown afterward) have all gone to the making of Mr. Saltus. He is essentially and individually French. Not always, though sometimes, in the way of careful polish; for occasionally, even in his later capable work, he deliberately refuses to hamper his daring, dusky, or grotesque thought with neat elaboration. But he is always French, on the other hand, in his disdain of boundary lines that seem impassable to the average Anglo-Saxon mind. In English we should say that he had of late chiefly studied, as regards the way of putting things, Mr. Tennyson and the succeeding poets of that school. Not, indeed, the Tennyson of "Godiva" and "The Miller's Daughter," but rather him who gave us such grim, florid, or sensuous work as "The Vision of Sin," "The Dream of Fair Women," and "The Palace of Art." He has a passion for the double rhyme, and sometimes uses it to the detriment of perfectly spontaneous expression in poems of a sustained narrative sort. But he is a rhymer of wonderful richness and almost unerring correctness.

The second poem of *The Evolution* series eclipsed its predecessor in boldness. It is a work of pure imagination, executed with a strong hand, and probably calculated to shock, by its acrid and merciless sarcasm, nine-tenths of the readers who have seen it. It is called "Extermination." "With prescient sight that pierced the future's distance," the poet is supposed to witness earth as it will exist in twice a million years from now. In a vision he sees

"Vast populous towns of contour Babylonian,
Temples and palaces imperially rare,
Mazes of marble grandiose and Neronian,
Towering everywhere."

Beauty, form, splendor, grace and magnificence meet him on all sides, and the race which inhabits these abodes of grandeur is described as creatures

"Who knew but one all-sacred duty,
One cult to which the vilest would adhere:
A perfect love of pure impeccable beauty,
Supreme, immense, sincere!

"The poesy of broad skies, the moaning ocean,
All Nature's glory spoke not to their souls;
For Art alone they held sublime devotion,
Despising other goals.

"No anthems filled the air, no psalms or psalters
Praised the Creator who had given them birth;
His name, unknown, was honored by no altars
On this strange perfect earth.

"No voices sang harmonious Te Deums,
No prayerful women bowed with pious plaints,
No roses sighed upon the mausoleums
Of long-loved martyr-saints.

"The woe of Christ to them was but a story,
A pleasing myth of legendary lore,
And in our God's unique stupendous glory
These men believed no more."

And now comes the strange, almost terrific *raison d'être* of this extraordinary poem—not justifying, many will say, the abundant beauties of language and delicacies of melody which prelude and accompany it, yet somehow clad with a sinister fascination, like that which makes the tales of Poe entice, while at the same time they repel us:

"Then, as I gazed upon them in my dreaming,
I saw a man with white majestic head
By frantic crowds from every by-way streaming,
Unto a grim cross led.

"Spat on and stoned in his severe affliction,
He calmly stood, nor did his glances quail;
Helpless I saw his odious crucifixion,
Felt every rugged nail

"That tore his feeble palms and feet asunder,
And yet he shrank not, in his pride august,

While the great hum of voices like a thunder
Exclaimed, 'His pain is just.'

"And all the throng, the haughty and the lowly,
Cried, 'Peerless Beauty, may thy will be done!
This wretch upon our faultless earth, all-holy,
Is now the only one.

"'No shame, no torture can be too unlawful
To free from his vile feet the ground he trod,
For he who writhes before us, pale and awful,
Dared to believe in God.'

We have said that this poem contains sarcasm, and when the reader's first surprise at its peculiar *dénouement* has worn off, the sarcasm, we think, becomes more biting in its sharpness. It is emphatically a poem of imagination, and not fancy. The whole picture rises before us with perhaps the hideousness of a nightmare, but with none of the inaccuracy and contradiction so common among dreams. Its colors have the baleful glory of a flower that has fed on rank dampness and noisome exhalations, and whose perfume bears a deadly keenness. It is a genuine *fleur du mal*; but, for all that, it is a flower, full of serpentine symmetry and morbid splendor.

"Misrepresentation" is the next of the series under discussion. This has even a bolder grasp and a wider range. But it is a poem positively soaked in the night-dews of thought, and seemingly the product of a spirit from which horror conceals none of her most appalling imageries. It is Mr. Saltus's first attempt in a new field, which he afterward worked with astonishing power. We mean the building of certain poetic structures upon the basis of a scriptural theme. Before we had frequent mention of the Deity and Christ, but as yet he had formed no poem upon any plan of recognized biblical legend. He now takes the legend of the Crucifixion, and daringly makes it serve his own artistic ends in a way that no reader who accepts the authenticity of Revelation can read without a shiver of repulsion. It is probably the most audacious poem that he has ever written, and at the same time it abounds in passages of dazzling beauty. We ask ourselves for the motives that could have stimulated so frightful a conception, and induced the commingling of so much radiant eloquence, so much vivid-hued picturesqueness, with a fantasy of such grisly and miasmatic origin. It is useless to seek an answer for this question. "Misrepresentation" has been written with neither moral nor immoral motives. Like many other of Mr. Saltus's poems, it is the product of a mind which believes that lyric originality and dramatic strength may seize their material from whatever source they choose, and that the one

success resultant from such effort is the vigor, freshness, and pervading harmony of the achievement. If it is ghastly and horrible, if it shocks rooted beliefs and strikes a blow in the very face of religious worship, its aim has not, for this reason, been marred, or its right to exist at all shaken. The critic may condemn any such theory if he desires, but he is always conscientiously bound, as in the present case, to show with what consistency it has been carried out. These are the opening stanzas of "Misrepresentation," and tell their own Dantesque story:

"In desolate dreams whose memory terrific
Will haunt me to my life's unhappy close,
The ghost of Christ, our Saviour beatific,
Disconsolately rose.

"Sad years have flown, but still to me are vivid
The angry fevers in his piercing eyes
As he before me stood, erect and livid,
But God-like in no wise.

"The bleeding palms and feet, the blonde beard tangled,
Were changed not since the dolorous day of death;
I saw the thorn-pressed brow, the lean side mangled,
And heard his hot quick breath;

"But marked with stupor that no sign of meekness
Dwelt in that face, still marvelously fair,
And that his lips were curled in scornful weakness,
While no prayer lingered there.

"And he whose pure imperishable glory
The fears of men for ages did assuage,
He, the unique, the sweet, the salutary,
Stood pallid in strong rage.

"And with vindictive voice upon me calling
This poor Redeemer, bartered, murdered, sold—
To me, mute, shivering mortal, an appalling
And hideous story told,

"Which, were it known, and could mankind conceive it,
This strange, weird vision, most sublimely sad,
Would fill with awe the minds that dared believe it,
And make whole nations mad.

"For in this tale of sacrifice and error,
Monstrous narration of bewildering things,
I understood at last Christ's pain and terror,
His unknown sufferings."

We have intentionally italicised the last few lines quoted, for by their aid the "horror, the soul of the plot," first dawns upon the soul of the reader. This haggard spectre then narrates how, as a child, he received, in a vision, God's charge to be holy, faithful, meek, and chaste, and afterward to preach the sacred Word among mankind. Knowledge and wisdom then grew within the mind of Christ. Having reached maturity, he went forth on his inspired mission. His experiences as teacher

and reformer are now told in the following stanzas, which, for felicity, warmth, tenderness, and exquisite melody, are rivaled by few passages among the loftiest singers of this century:

"Ah, now, while my poor spirit wanders sphereless,
Alone in incommensurable space,
I still remember those delicious peerless
Sweet dreamy days of grace!

"When throngs adoring, in that past existence,
Kissed with quick eager lips my passing hem,
While white before me in the sapphire distance
Rose towered Jerusalem!

"And I recall with tomb-touched memories tender,
The Mount of Olives, and each fruitful tree
That nursed blithe birds above the gem-like splendor
Of lakes like Galilee.

"By Him at that hour I was not forsaken,
For in the inner essence of my soul
Poesy's charm to me he did awaken
And gave me its control.

"Then I than earth's most noble bard was greater,
And on my lips inspired there ever hung
The unuttered canticles of my Creator,
Songs that no man has sung.

"And I remember those departed glories,
When Kedron's vales reechoed linnet's songs,
And how I charmed with texts and allegories
The vast attentive throngs;

"And when, with my disciples, friends, and leaders,
I roamed where Spring had made Gennesaret green,
And how amid fair Bethany's tall cedars
I preached my creed serene;

"With John beside me, Matthew, James, and Peter,
The upright Andrew, the confiding Jude,
Men whose allegiance and whose love made sweeter
The strange life I pursued.

"And I recall those nights when, charmed, I listened
To music of soft ugabs and shophars,
While the blue depths of calm Tiberias glistened
Beneath a world of stars!"

The phantom of Christ then records how he was perpetually buoyed up, amid all the trials which beset him, by divine encouragements; how, amid disgrace, derision, and curses, he ever heard that his Father rejoiced in his strength, and compassed him with sweet, invisible protection. Then at last came the hour when he was seized by the Jewish rabble and led before Pontius Pilate. But still he believed firmly in the helpful guardianship of Jehovah, never suspecting that his enemies would be permitted the fearful triumph which they afterward secured. "Surely," he thought, "I cannot perish," even when they had nailed him to the fatal cross. Enoch and Elijah were translated to Heaven. Why should he fear? How, indeed,

"Could he, this God superb and powerful,
Take life like mine, when He had said to me,
'More great than kings thou shalt be on the flowerful
Green slopes of Galilee!'"

Hanging on the cross between the two thieves, he waited for help, but no help came.

This weird and unearthly poem, so full of savage majesty and solemnity, ends with these lines, spoken by him who is supposed to have dreamed the doleful dream of which they form the substance:

"Then, the sad silence of my vision rending,
I heard a wail of terrible despair,
And saw a hundred spectral hands, descending,
Clutch at his gory hair. . . .

"Twas o'er. . . . The martyr's ghost far from me fluttered;
Sighing, I woke and, gaining thought's control,
Suddenly felt the truth of all he uttered,
And terror seized my soul."

The next poem deals with the Old Testament story of the Witch of Endor and Saul. Mr. Saltus's version of this legend is entirely his own. Shumma, an Israelitish harlot, passionately loves Saul, the King. She watches him march to battle, exults in his victories, dreams of him by night and day, yet never can win from him the lover-like heed for which her soul thirsts. Observe the splendid force and richness of this passage:

"And I in dreams saw battles raging frantic,
Swift-hurrying steeds and labyrinths of spears;
I heard the clash of tzinnahs and the cheers,
And, over all, I saw him tower gigantic.

"A diadem upon his brows, and weighted
With glistening greaves, a carnage-god most grand,
While in the supple terror of his hand
His massive, reeking chanith scintillated.

"Ah, sweet Jehovah blest, was he not glorious
The day the gross Amalekites he slew
And dragged Agag, their king, and retinue
Captive and gyved unto his towns victorious!

"Yes, and I loved his blind impetuous valor
The towering passion of his soul and eyes,
His brawny torso and his battle-cries,
And all that face that never knew fear's pallor.

"And when, war-worn, he feasted to restore him
From sullen thought, I, with his slaves, would
come,
And, to the sound of timbrel and of drum,
Would dance in stately palace-ways before him."

Note the marvelous picturesqueness of that final line, which is one of many similar touches that fill this stately, Hebraic-tinged poem. Shumma now tells of how the day at length arrived when the legions of the Midianites invaded Gilboa. Saul, fearful of coming disas-

ter, and with eyes where "gleamed the fires of madness," goes to consult the witch of En-dor in her dismal cave amid the wilderness. Shumma personates this witch, clad in rags, which conceal beneath their foulness a luxurious robe. "Fasting, pale, and by his God forsaken," the unhappy Saul comes to her, goaded with dark presentiments of calamity. Then the false sibyl burns strange mephitic drugs in a caldron, and causes her slaves to personate phantoms, which rise one by one in the misty gloom of the cave. At length Saul falls prone upon the earth in livid fear. Shumma then ends her sorceries, and prepares for him a refreshing feast, of which Saul presently partakes. When the subtle and powerful wines have warmed him into new life and vigor, the wily Shumma flings aside her disguise, and stands before the king in glowing, gem-adorned beauty. Fascinated and bewildered, Saul yields at last to the allurements of her charms. He hears the story of Shumma's subterfuge, and amorously pardons her. He tells her that she has "tossed to gloom all brooding superstitions," and that he will go on the morrow fearlessly with his sons, Jonathan and Abinadab, "to rend the mongrel hordes" that oppose him. But still, though desperately enamored of Shumma, and inspired by fresh courage and confidence, he questions her as to whether she saw *all* the phantoms that appeared in the cave. Haunted by an unconquerable doubt, he asks her:

"Didst thou behold or bring about the horrid
Dire shadow, draped in mysteries of white,
The accusing figure of a Midianite,
That hurled dull blood unto my burning forehead?
* * * * *

"Didst thou see all?" . . . 'Yea, yea,' again I told
him.
'This canst thou swear?' . . . 'Aye, have no fool-
ish dread.'
And, sighing, on his breast I drooped my head,
And with soft arms did languidly enfold him.

"Gone were the visions, terrible and hated,
Gone were the pains my kisses strove to heal,
While by his side, like a great ghost of steel,
His mighty massive chanith scintillated."

At dawn Saul goes forth from the cave, "to Gilboa and to death," leaving Shumma in ecstasy at her conquest, and undreaming of the immediate doom that awaits her new princely lover. Thus the poem ends. It is probably the longest that Mr. Saltus has yet published. Its faults are an over-luxuriance of expression—a tropical excess of expletives. But in a young poet this may scarcely be termed a fault, and in these days of cream-tinted mediocrity it is almost refreshing to find opulence and liber-

ality of phrase. Indeed, what shall we say of such a tendency, when, as in the early part of the poem, describing the despondence of Saul, it gives us a stanza so incomparably beautiful as this:

"For deadly dreams and fantasies would seize him,
His valorous veins would bound with unknown
fears,
While David, moved by his infuriate tears,
Would throb his moaning heart's soul forth to please
him."

Nothing could be finer than that last sinewy yet æolian line, and we have no hesitation in saying that only a man in whose soul dwelt the essential spirit of song could have written anything so faultlessly tender. But, after all, the poem abounds in many such lines and passages. Even those who would decry it as a whole for being uselessly unwholesome, must admit the shining literary merits of its composition. And if we give their niches to Heine, Baydelaire, and Poe, why refuse like honor to one who has steeped his spirit in no darker shadows, while walking among them with feet as firm and fearless?

Better, to our thinking, than any of the poems in this scriptural series, is "Potiphar's Wife," whose appearance followed that of "The Witch of En-dor." It is set in the same key as "Misrepresentation;" that is, a ghost addresses the poet—a homeless spirit, uttering low sighs, tortured with unrest, "all Egypt's beauty blooming in her face," and "clasping a mantle in one shadowy hand."

This is the ghost of Potiphar's wife, who records, in a melancholy and passionate wail, her love for Joseph, while hovering above the tomb in which he lies buried. The shred of mantle that she holds is the legendary one torn from Joseph as he fled. She now moans for his pardon, saying:

"See, thy fair mantle in my hand I hold,
A shred of thee, as sacred as thy kiss,
Far holier than the heart of Anubis;
And though the joys of Paradise I miss,
Still have I clung to it as worlds grow old."

But at length the poet himself says:

"In the vague gray gloaming I could see
The poor, unpardon'd ghost caress the mound
Where envied pity she had never found,
Prostrate and humble on the leafy ground,
Clutching the mantle in dumb agony.

"And when her lamentations seemed to cease,
To this distracted spirit, love-denied,
A dull, sepulchral voice at last replied,
And from the crypt's deep gloom in anger cried,
'Away, thou specter harlot. Give me peace.'"

This is less artificial in conception, more legitimately and naturally dramatic, more appealing through spontaneous pathos, and more soundly effective in its tragedy, than anything which Mr. Saltus has yet done. In that final line, spoken by a voice from the depths of the tomb, we have all the typical chastity of Joseph, whose name has come down to us through the centuries as the very incarnation of such icy rectitude as can never feel one qualm of real temptation. But the workmanship of "Potiphar's Wife" is somehow inferior to that of the other poems. It has beautiful passages—what one of Mr. Saltus's poems has not?—but the ghost's passion seems to us in places somewhat turgid and hysterical. Surely not so, however, when she exquisitely says :

" Blame for my sin, if sin it be, alone
 The curves symmetric of thy perfect limbs;
 Blame the grave music of Hebraic hymns,
 The memory of thy voice, that nothing dims;
 Blame my frail heart, that could not be of stone.
 " Blame the voluptuous murmur of the Nile,
 The pomp and glitter of my home, the palm
 That shaded every reverie, the calm
 Of torrid star-thronged nights, the gentle balm
 Of dreamy wines—but, above all, thy smile.

That line, "the grave music of Hebraic hymns," is a wonderful bit of felicity, and deserves a permanent place in the language of quotations, like Keats's "large utterance of the early gods," or Tennyson's

"Music that softer on the spirit lies
 Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

Strange enough, the last poem in this series is one that utterly forsakes the realm of lurid imagination. It is entitled "The Cross Speaks." The cross on which Christ was crucified tells of how it stood for years in towering stateliness, "the lord of cedars," in the holy woods of Lebanon. Below it "roamed the solemn peace-eyed herds," while winds from the Grecian seas caressed it. Its life was full of sanctity. In the distance it saw the towers and spires of Sidon. But one evening "strange men with shining blades" passed through the wood where it grew.

"Then to the core they struck me with sharp steel;
 I felt the sap within my veins congeal;
 I writhed and moaned at every savage blow.
 And I, whose strength had braved the fiercest storm,
 Tottered and fell, a mutilated form,
 While all the forest waved its leaves in woe."

The tree is then fashioned into a cross, and dragged "down to the holy town, Jerusalem," there to give death to those condemned by the law. The city's thieves are nailed upon it, one by one, as time lapses. Its "wood is soiled by

blood and split by nails;" wild cries echo from it; "oppressed by carrion weights," it lives for weeks "in one mad hell of harrowing wails." The final eight stanzas of the poem had best be given entire, since no descriptive paraphrase could do justice to their swift, brilliant, and yet pathetic beauty :

"Then came a dark and sacrilegious day
 Of crime, of malediction, of dismay.
 Rude soldiers tore me from the hated ground,
 And brought me, with foul oaths and many a jeer,
 Before one pale sweet man, who without fear
 Did tower above them, god-like, nettle-crowned.

"Shrill voices, formed to curse and to abuse,
 Cried, choked with scorn, 'Ignoble King of Jews,
 Save thyself now, if that thou hast the power.'
 But he, the meek one, resolutely caught
 My hideous body to him, and said naught,
 And God was with us in that awful hour !

"Thrilled by his touch, a sense I never knew
 Sudden within my callous fibers grew,
 Warning my spirit he was pure and good.
 And I could feel that he was Christ divine,
 And that a deathless honor then was mine;
 In one dark instant I had understood !

"The raucous shouts of thousands rent the air
 When on his outraged shoulders, scourged and bare,
 He bore to dismal Calvary and night
 My ponderous weight, my all-unhallowed mass,
 While I, God-strengthened, strove and strove—alas,
 Without a hope!—to make the burden light.

"He perished on my heart, and heard the moan
 That shuddered through me—he, and he alone.
 But no man heard the promise he gave me
 Of sweetest pardon, nor did any mark
 His pitying smile that aureoled the dark
 For me, in that wild hour on Calvary.

"When tender women's hands, that sought to save,
 Had carried his sweet body to the grave,
 A streak of flame hissed forth from heaven, and
 rent
 My trunk with one annihilating blow,
 Leaving me prostrate, charred, too vile to know
 That I was nothing, and God was content.

"But he who punished my sad sin with fire,
 Forsook me not in my abasement dire,
 And mercifully bade my soul revive,
 To take new spells of life that all might see—
 With beauty far exceeding any tree,
 Once more with resurrected leaves to thrive.

"And now, in verdurous calm, adored of birds,
 Circled by flowers, and by the tranquil herds
 That love beneath my stateliness to browse,
 I dream in peace, through hours of sun and gloom,
 And near unto the Saviour's worshiped tomb
 I wave my soft and sympathizing boughs."

This is very beautiful and forcible, but we think a mistake has been made in having the cross speak of its "sad sin" being punished by God; since, as Mr. Saltus manages his legend,

the episode of Christ's death upon the cross was something for which its own mere passive compulsion could not possibly have made it blameworthy. Then, too, the stanza beginning, "He perished on my heart," shows, to our mind, a management as awkward as it is uncharacteristic of the author. We have, in the second line, the pronouns "me," "he," and "he" once again, while each is immediately afterward repeated in the third line, making an unpleasant clash, and suggesting constructive weakness, whatever may have been the writer's real intention. But these are minor faults, and easily passed over amid the manifold excellences of the poem. Certainly there is nothing here to shock or wound the most exacting reader. Let him disapprove ever so strongly of "art for art's sake," he cannot but grant that art has been employed in "The Cross Speaks" only for sweet, healthful ends and uses. The whole poem has the fervid sincerity, the mingled eloquence and ingenuity, which marks so many of Victor Hugo's lyrics. The idea vaguely reminds us of Hugo; he might easily have chosen and used it, and had he done so, the great master's general treatment would probably not have been dissimilar to the one here employed.

Mr. Saltus is a most skillful sonneteer. It is in this branch of poetry that his love for Théophile Gautier becomes chiefly apparent. He builds his octaves and sextets usually after the most approved Tuscan model. And he has drawn his inspiration in sonnet-writing, too, at first hand, having studied the famous Italian singers for years. It is not long ago that he showed his able mastery of the Italian language by the following scholarly sonnet to Mr. Longfellow, of whose poetry he is said to be a profound admirer:

"AD ENRICO W. LONGFELLOW.

"Dopo la lettura del suo *Capo Lavoro sul Ponte Vecchio di Firenze.*

"Scritto hai di luoghi al cor Toscano santi
Dell' Arno e di Santa Maria del Fiore :
D'Amalfi tutte rose ed amaranti,
Di Roma augusta in tutto il suo splendore !

"Rifulge Italia d'immortali incanti,
Nei versi che t'inspira ardente il core,
E le sue glorie, i pregi, i preghi, i pianti,
Trovano un' eco in te sempre d'amore !

"E della bella Italia tu sei degno :
Che a te lasciò Petrarca l'armonioso
Plettro d'amor ; Boccaccio il suo sorriso.
Ma di Dante il sublime e forte ingegno,
Rese il tuo spirto grande e vigoroso :
Nè mai il tuo nome fia del suo diviso !"

French sonnets and lyrics of great grace and charm Mr. Saltus has also frequently written,

and he has repeatedly given evidence of possessing the very rare power to translate English poems into French with great fidelity and literateness, while at the same time preserving all the force and finish of the originals. It may be said here, in passing, that the English, German, French, Italian, and Spanish languages have no secrets for him, while he is acquainted with numerous European dialects, and has considerable knowledge of Russian and Turkish. Let us take one or two of his English sonnets. This, for example, which we think he wrongly entitles "Graves," and should call "The Night-Wind," is absolutely perfect in every way :

"The sad night-wind, sighing o'er sea and strand,
Haunts the cold marble where Napoleon sleeps ;
O'er Charlemagne's grave, far in the northern land,
A vigil through the centuries it keeps.
O'er Greekian kings its plaintive music sweeps ;
Proud Philip's tomb is by its dark wings fanned ;
And round old Pharaohs (deep in desert sand,
Where the grim Sphinx leers to the stars) it creeps.
Yet weary it is of this chill, spectral gloom ;
For moldering grandeur it can have no care.
Rich mausoleums, in their granite doom,
It fain would leave, and wander on elsewhere,
To cool the violets upon Gautier's tomb
Or lull the long grass over Baudelaire."

We have only space for another sonnet of Mr. Saltus, a masterpiece of color, music and passion:

THE BAYADERE.

"Near strange weird temples, where the Ganges' tide
Bathes domed Delhi, I watch, by spice trees fanned,
Her agile form in some quaint saraband,
A marvel of passionate chastity and pride,
Nude to the loins, superb and leopard-eyed.
With redolent roses in her jeweled hand,
Before some haughty Rajah, mute and grand,
Her flexible torso bends, her white feet glide !
The dull kinois throb one monotonous tune,
And mad with motion, as in a hasheesh trance,
Her scintillant eyes, in vague ecstatic charm,
Burn like black stars beneath the Orient moon,
While the suave dreamy languor of the dance
Lulls the grim drowsy cobra on her arm."

From the copious examples we have given, it must have become apparent to any reader that this young poet is a genius of very distinct and notable endowments. Never was promise of future greatness more abundantly given, and seldom has a man scarcely past his thirtieth year made for himself so stately a monument of accomplished work. He is so full of power that even those who dislike must recognize him; and while there is much in his work that the average newspaper critic will neither understand nor tolerate, there is also much that the literary age to which he belongs must of necessity welcome and value.

ABNER D. CARTWRIGHT.

THE GARDENS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

If we would get at the secrets of Nature, and be enabled to read her works with understanding minds, we must learn her language, and get the meaning, in the first place, of her simplest and commonest words. We must understand the first principles of her language, as revealed in the beginnings of things. Without this the study of the earth and the planets, the stars and space, motion and force, would be comparatively fruitless.

I propose, therefore, to consider some of the first of organic forms—the letters that make up the words, and the words that make the sentences, that may be read in the rocks, in the waters, and in the air.

In the study of marine botany we have to deal with the beginnings of life. Here we find protoplasm and the cell in their primitive, simplest form, easiest to recognize and understand. Without seeing the machinery of life thus simplified, we can hardly form a distinct idea of the intricacies as seen in the progressive forms of plants and animals.

What that force is that is planted in a bit of plastic matter—or, more properly speaking, what that principle is that exists as a center, and draws about it material from all directions, yet has no limit of wall or membrane, reaching out and commanding the atoms to fall into line and march to some definite design—science does not tell us. It is beyond the sense of vision, aided by the best of microscopes. Chemistry or natural philosophy cannot unfold it. It is, possibly, an infinitesimal brain, with sympathies wide as the universe, yet home so narrow that it cannot be measured by any of the means at our command; a principle of illimitable possibilities, and yet it has been impossible for the human mind, so far, to comprehend it. We have called it *vitality*, or the *life principle*. It is that force which takes hold of matter and rearranges its elements, forming them into definitely shaped bodies, that move and grow, and then die and fall to pieces. It differs from chemical affinity; and yet, as an eminent microscopist has said, "there is on the one hand the drop of resin gum or mucus, held together by the natural chemical affinity, and on the other hand there are certain *living beings* so exceedingly simple in structure that they may be compared to a drop of gum or mucus, but from which they are distinguished

by being held together and animated by the affinity which is called the *principle of life*."

It has been held by some that life is but a mechanism, that runs for a time and then stops—a living machine, in which matter is decomposed and its elements rearranged. "Molecular machinery" is the term, existing in matter, conditioned so that it may run for a season and then cease. But there is something that conditions this machinery, that supplies the animation, that generates the vitality, that designs the shape of the body, and that superintends all the processes of growth, maturity, death, and disintegration; something that makes the tall forest tree, the monster whale, and the humble sea-weed, into such different patterns from simple cells not distinguishable by our senses from each other.

But our purpose is not to speculate about the unknowable, but rather to consider a few things, plain and simple, coming so near the hand of the Maker that some of us think we almost know how the work is done, and that we are nearly wise enough to do it ourselves. The probability, however, is that we are as distant from a solution of the mystery of life, and know as little of it, as we know of some almost invisible star that went down last evening behind the western sea.

Impressions of sea-weeds are found in the oldest sedimentary rocks, and are doubtless the earliest of organized things. The plant preceded the animal. Its duty was and is to prepare the mineral kingdom for ready appropriation by the animal. The sea brought forth plants and animals in abundance before there was any dry land. At certain times and places the plant-growths in the sea must have been very abundant. They were of such a tender and evanescent growth that, with few exceptions, all signs of their existence have disappeared. I may mention here that one large and interesting family of the Algae, the Diatoms, made up of a silicious frame-work, admired and studied by all microscopists, has been left in large deposits, adding much to the bulk of sedimentary rocks. Some portions of the mountains on the northern shore of Monterey Bay are largely made up of minerals that are the result of marine plants—silex, lime, and alumina. How important and extensive, then, must have been these plants when the sea covered the earth's

surface almost, if not quite, universally! By them the water was kept in purity, so that animals might live therein. And all the way down through the epochs of the earth's progress they have continued, and still continue, to exert a salutary influence.

There are but few, if any, deserts in the sea. Almost every drop teems with spores of plants, and in many places the waters are so filled with dense tangles of vegetation that ships cannot pass through. So it has become proverbial that the sea is our mother. Even the same word in many languages is used for sea and for mother. In a poetical sense the poet Wordsworth says:

"Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither."

The currents which exist in all oceans carry the spores of sea-weed to all the coasts, and there, if the surroundings are favorable, they grow. In all the explored latitudes sea-weeds abound. The number of species decreases as we approach the poles, but the quantity is not lessened. I have said there are few deserts in the sea. The water is full of microscopic kinds in all latitudes. But sea-weeds rarely grow on sand, unless it is of a very compact form. When the sea-bottom is of loose sand, as it is in many places, Algae will not grow there; hence, there are many submerged deserts as plantless as the African wastes.

With but one or two exceptions, all the marine plants belong to the class known as *Algae*. They are *cellular* plants, with no system of canals or tubes running through them to carry fluids, as in ferns and flowering plants. The circulation is carried from cell to cell through the cell-wall by the process known in physics as *osmosis*. They derive their nourishment almost entirely from the water. Their roots serve more for hold-fasts than to derive nourishment from the material on which they grow. Although some forms of Algae have root, stem, and leaf, there are many kinds that consist of a simple cell. Generally these cells are in masses, and imbedded in a jelly-like material, but each cell is independent of its neighbor, and there is no union of mind to form a body. Then, again, these cells have a common purpose to spread into a leaf, or membrane, or to form in lines, and present a cylindrical body, with, perhaps, a membranous expansion at the summit. Some continue in strait lines, with joints at regular distances. Others tend to branch at these joints, just as a bud starts out from the axis of a leaf. Some cling to the rocks and stems of other sea-weeds so closely that they seem a part of the rock or plant on which they grow.

Some are hard and brittle, like coral, some leathery and tough, while others are thin and fine as silk, and as fragile as the web of a spider. Some float in the water, growing on each other in immense fields, at the centers of ocean currents, like the *Sargassum*. Indeed, there seems to be as great a diversity of form in plants of the sea as in plants of the land, but less intricacy. In fact, there is, to my mind, no good reason why marine botany should not precede the study of the terrestrial. While it makes but little difference where we begin, we find that all roads lead to it as the beginning of the science. It seems "as if Nature had first formed the types (in the waters) of the compound vegetable organs, so named, and exhibited them as separate vegetables, and then, by combining them in a single frame-work, had built up her perfect idea of a fully organized plant."

Suppose, for a few moments, we glance at a few types of plants as we see them in the line of progress from the simplest form to the most complex. We will not attempt to follow the links of the chain—that would be too difficult, and require too much time—but merely take up a plant, here and there, familiar to all.

Growing on the smooth surface of perpendicular cliffs, in this neighborhood, may be seen, during the rainy season, one of the water-plants, appearing on the rocks like a coating of red or dark brown paint. It looks, in some places, as though blood had been brushed on the banks. Under the microscope, we may see that it is a one-celled plant, surrounded with a kind of gelatine; in fact, it grows in patches, or communities. Each cell is of globular shape, and independent of its neighbors, so far as its life-history is concerned, although the gelatine belongs to the community. Its growth is similar to the "red snow," of which nearly everybody has some information. By some naturalists it is called *Palmella*; by others, *Porphyridium*. It is classed among the fresh water Algae.

Let us take one cell, or plant, as we find it in the mass of gelatine—round, full, blood-red. Watching it for a little while, we begin to see a tendency towards division. A thin wall is thrown across the middle, and soon we have a separation, each half becomes an independent cell. These again divide; and so the process of binary division goes on for a good many generations. We see no reason why it should stop until the whole world, and the universe, is full of the little microscopic *Palmellas*. But they have a different mind, and in one of these numerous generations a change takes place. Instead of the little round cell dividing, as heretofore, we see it filled with a different kind of

endochrome, chlorophyl, or cell-matter, as we are pleased to call it, from the cells we have been noticing. They burst, and from each hole in the cell issues swarms of spores. These are exceedingly small, and armed with *cilia*—fine, thread-like projections—so that the spores move, by means of these cilia, through the water, or air, as the case may be. Now, here is a new form of life-development, the product of a cell, and yet very different from the parent. They move with great rapidity, in every direction, when set free in water. They seem to be animals; and were they to remain, and continue to exhibit the same activity, for any considerable time, we could not distinguish them from many forms of life which are known to be animals. But in a little while—say an hour or two—they seek lodgment, and come to rest. The cilia fall off, they increase in size, and soon we find a well developed cell, just like the one we commenced with, ready to go through the process of “binary division” through certain generations, until it reaches the reproductive cell again. Now, this is the life of a plant consisting of a single cell, one of the smallest forms of Algae, that can be seen only with the microscope, unless in large masses. It is also, perhaps, one of the simplest forms. Yet it exhibits a mind of a similar character to that of some forms of animal life; especially in the little round of development it makes, reminding us of the Aphides, or “plant lice,” and other animals of a still more complex organization, or rather *differentiation*, but far removed from the simple plant of a single cell.

Let us look for a moment at another little plant found in streams and pools of fresh water; for it seems these little, almost insignificant, things are too fragile for rough handling in the sea, or to endure the salt water, so we find them about springs and shallow waters. It belongs to a small tribe of plants called *Nostocs*. It consists, instead of separate and almost independent cells, as in the *Palmetta*, of a filament distinctly beaded, and lying in a firm, gelatinous mass of somewhat regular shape. These filaments are usually simple or but seldom branched. They are curved and twisted in various direction, but having a tendency mainly toward a spiral direction. The masses of jelly that contain these filaments are sometimes of considerable size, and suddenly appear after a rain in places that were apparently dry before. It is only with a microscope that the filaments can be seen in the jelly. Now, one of the peculiar features of this plant is that at regular distances on the beaded filaments can be seen one or more beads larger and more distinct, as if the mind of the plant, after making

ordinary cells for a long time, suddenly changed, and made and intervened a peculiar kind of cell, differing in many respects from the common kind. As well as we can understand, these cysts, which are called *heterocysts*, are in some way so changed for purposes of reproduction. This *Nostoc*, then, is increased in several ways: 1. By one cell growing (“budding”) on the side or end of another, extending in a continuous line to form a filament of definite size and in a definite direction. 2. Division of the filament by breaking up of the jelly when wet or dry, as the case may be, each fragment serving as a nucleus for a fresh colony of threads. 3. By the escape of a subdivision of filament, around which, in the course of time, a gelatine is formed, and a continuation of growth. These two methods correspond to “cuttings.” 4. By *spores*, which are formed in the *heterocysts*, or enlarged cells, that I have mentioned. These spores are of two kinds contained in these vesicles or cysts, contiguous to each other. They are different from the endochrome that is found in the common cells. They are more like zoospores, or animal spores, and some of them have cilia moving freely through the water, similar to many other water plants and fungi containing “swarm spores.” This method corresponds to the seeds or fruiting of flowering plants.

We will glance now at another plant found growing on the rocks in all our seas—a beautiful, feathery, deep green little plant, looking like a small fern, or branches from a fir tree. It is called *Bryopsis plumosa*. Each frond and frondlet consists of a single tube, straight and round. The walls of the tube are made up, as usual, of little cells, closely fitted to each other, a thin, transparent structure. These tubes taper to each end, where they are closed nearly, if not quite. The plant grows from a base having a number of branches, tree-like. The plume is generally confined to the upper half of the frond, and the deep green color is given to it by the chlorophyl filling these tubes. This, when mature, escapes from the plant by the bursting of the tube, and is the means of its propagation, in the form of zoospores. Thus we have in this plant several things. We have a root, which, although of little use to convey nutriment to the fronds, serves as a hold-fast. It is a single elongated cell or tube, containing starchy matter and a slightly fibrous structure. From this arises a single tube, branching by buds from the side. These branches come off pinnately, and instead of a single cell filled with cell-matter (endochrome), we have little cases, slightly connected, surrounded by a cellular membrane, in which the processes of its simple

life are carried on. The mind of this plant is toward a symmetrical structure, sufficiently differentiated to look toward a higher type and greater complexity—a root, a stem, a frond, all constructed out of single, but much enlarged, cells, each one being an elongated tube, built into a beautiful little tree of the most exquisitely green shade.

Common on the rocks of our sea coast grows a species of *Halidrys*, commonly called the "sea-oak." It is a stout plant, with leaves cut and lobed, somewhat resembling certain species of oak. I mention it rather for contrast than comparison with the several plants we have been looking at. It belongs to the Order of *Fucacia*, and is closely related to the *Sargassum* of nearly all the temperate and tropical seas. It has a root which seems to adhere by means of a sort of cartilaginous disk spreading over the surface of rocks. It often grows to be seven or eight feet long. In this case the tips of the branches are composed of long strings of air-vessels, growing from the tips of the broad, leaf-like frond, and branching numerously, so that when these become tangled, it is very difficult to unfasten them. The first growth from the root is a flat leaf, mid-veined, and from this the frond proceeds. This leaf is six or eight inches in length. As the plant grows older, the mid-rib of this first leaf is bordered with lobes, and these gradually develop into cysts, or air-vessels, and surmounting all these we find the fruit, situated in spore-cavities, or cells, especially arranged for perfecting the seed for new plants. In this plant we notice what we have not noticed before. The whole structure contributes toward a fruiting process, located, not in all the cells, but in a special part of the plant, and by a special kind of cells. We also see the whole plant contributing to another special function—the air-vessels, which are for the purpose of suspending the plant in the water. We likewise see what might be called leaves, with mid-ribs attached to the frond. We find a thick and dense cellular structure, having, in the old plant, but little appearance of the delicate cells we noticed in the plants we have been looking at.

"The features of this coarse sea-weed have been added step by step from the little moving spore that found a crevice in the side of a rock in which to plant itself, throwing off cell after cell to make the root and the leaf; an expanding of the lobes; a change to air-vessels; a throwing in here and there, as needed, of connective tissue; and, finally, the construction of a little chamber, at the tips of the plant, lined with silky threads, in which the spores for the new plant may grow and mature.

Now, after considering this matter, may we not repeat what is true and has been taught in phenogamic botany for many years: that all the organs of a plant are transformed leaves. But we may take a step still nearer the beginning of organic things, and say, with equal truth, that all plants and all animals are but transformed cells. At least, we may say they are formed of cells, each one of which, at some period of its living existence, was a simple, independent being. They have become the *formed material* of the bodies of plants and animals. Comparatively speaking, there are very few living cells.

The proportion of the living to the dead, or formed, matter is as the thin, narrow surface of the living coral insects to the mass of the coral island. When a cell has fulfilled its office, it dies, and is either thrown away or enters into the composition of the body in which it grew, to carry out the form of that body according to the mind which presides in, over, and about the organism. A cell may be considered an organic unit, and whatever its elementary composition may be depends on the use it is intended to serve in Nature's endless diversity of forms.

After long and careful investigation, with patience and years, some of our naturalists have almost arrived at the conclusion that many of what are classed among the lower plants and animals as distinct forms, species, and genera, are of doubtful character, and are but spores, or cells, that will possibly, and in some cases certainly, change into something else. Thus some of the plants that we have been looking at are liable to change, before our eyes, into something quite different from the parent; as the little string of beads in the *Nostoc* filament suddenly develops into a large, round vesicle or two, or four, and then suddenly relapses again into the common little cell. I do not know that we can call this development. Nature seems suddenly to have changed her mind, and we have a flying, egg-laying *Aphis* after many generations of a helpless, wingless, plant-eating parasite. We have a Lichen which is suspected as originating from a *Nostoc*. And, indeed, all our orders of Lichens are suspected by some as being only escaped Algae, and held in prison by fungi. There are green coatings low down on shaded walls, fences, rocks, trunks of trees, and sometimes on the ground, when it and these are damp. These may be seen at all seasons of the year. They are generally single cell plants. They are called *Protococcus*, *Pleurococcus*, *Chlorococcus*, etc., by botanists. It is possible they belong to something else—are a part of some process of development, which, for the time being, is delayed in its progress to-

ward a higher state of existence; or, quite as likely, they never reach beyond their present form, and that their little round of existence ends with the dissolution of the walls and granules that compose their cells.

I have used the word "*differentiation*" in the sense of special organs, "each performing actions peculiar to itself, which contribute to the life of a plant as a whole." *Differentiation* leads to a composite fabric, as stem, leaves, roots, flowers, fruit, etc. I can see no reason why the number of organs should invalidate or constitute any organism to recognition as such. Whether the plant has one cell, or an indefinite number, and a complex organization, matters but little with independence and individuality. For we may compare an animal, or plant, to a populous town where each person follows his own vocation, yet all helping in the general prosperity.

Lately, Edmond Perrier, at the Museum of Natural History in Paris, advanced some new views in regard to this subject. They are probably not new to those who have considered transformations of plants and animals from their earlier beginnings. But M. Perrier may be the first one to publish these views. He says: "The law which I now have to put forward may be called the law of *association*, and the process by which it works, the *transformation of societies into individuals*." He has reference to colonial societies in which the individuals are almost, if not quite, in contact by continuity of tissue. For example: Polyps, as illustrated in the sponge and the coral. The animals of the colony are independent individuals, as may be proved by separating one or more of them from the group, when they will live and start a new colony. What, then, is a sea-weed, a cabbage, or a tree, but a colony of independent plants, associated and working for a common interest and object? So we have a system of form, color, and regularity of structure, according to the mind that is in, over, and about every living organism. What that mind really is we do not clearly see, we do not fully know. But as Dr. Carpenter, the world-renowned scientist, has lately said: "I deem it just as absurd and illogical to affirm that there is no place for a God in nature; originating, directing, and controlling its forces by his will, as it is to assert that there is no place in man's body for his conscious mind." The application of science by the human intellect is limited. Professor Tyndall likens our minds to "a musical instrument with a certain range of notes, beyond which, in both directions, exists infinite silence. The phenomena of matter and force come within our intellectual range, but behind,

and above, and around us, the real mystery of the universe lies unsolved, and, as far as we are concerned, is incapable of solution."

But, because we are placed in the midst of the infinite, there is no reason why we should not strive to solve all the problems within the range of our power. Moreover, that range has unknown limits to us. We know not how far in either direction we may be able to see and to comprehend. The fields of research in science are fruitful whichever way we look. Every fact we discover adds to our mental vista. Every well tested phenomenon is an aid to discovery. We are strengthened and enlightened as we proceed. It may seem of little account to plod over a pile of sea-weeds, or even to study the beautiful forms and colors that pertain to some of them, to admire the arrangement and structure of their cells, to learn their long Latin names, and perhaps worry no little in their classification and arrangement. And so it is of little account if we are to stop here. They are but the A B C, or, at best, short words, that go to make up the language that Nature speaks. For

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."

No two plants have the same mind, or the same language to express that mind. The *Nerocystis*, with its long thread, or rope-like stem, crowned with a wide expanse of leaves floating over the water, on which, in places, the sea-otter feeds and sleeps, has a long history of seafaring life to tell us, in words old and strange, dating back to a period when "the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters" for the first time—an ancient language, yet always new to each succeeding generation; never a dead language, save to those who will not at least try to read it.

Of a different mind, and a different language, are the pines that whisper over our heads in tongues more modern, and more complex,

"The murmuring pines, and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green;"

while,

"Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and, in accents disconsolate, answers the
wall of the forest."

But the voices of Nature are only audible in a poetical sense. Her grandest works, and most wonderful and powerful processes, are silent to our ears. The coral islands, infusorial depos-

its, and Algea, with lime and silex, building up great continents, and not so much as the sound of a hammer is heard! Even the immense system of worlds, moving with inconceivable velocities about and among each other, and not so much as a vibration is felt by our senses. The "music of the spheres" may be all about us, but we cannot hear it.

Well, then, may we, each one, soliloquize in the words of Bryant's "Forest Hymn":

"My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me; the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on Thy works I read
The lesson of Thine own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die; but see again,
How, in the faltering footsteps of decay,
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth—
In all its beautiful forms!"

C. L. ANDERSON.

OLD HUNKS'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Pacific Street held high carnival; in fact, all Barbary Coast was in a blaze of glory. Christmas Eve was being celebrated—save the mark! —in the gin-mills. From every door, as one passed along the street, burst out sounds of music and hilarity. Down in the cellars men were sitting at tables drinking to the accompaniment of orchestrions. Overhead—for, as though it were not enough that saloons should be placed side by side, they were piled one over the other—overhead, boisterous raffles were going on for Christmas turkeys, and there was more blaze of gaslight, and more men were drinking in the thick, smoky atmosphere; while women, passing to and fro in gaudy costumes, laughed in metallic and joyless tones at jokes of as questionable character as themselves. Sailors from all parts of the world, men and women of every nation, oaths and jests in every language! Block after block—saloon after saloon!

Up on the hill yonder the stately mother smiled on her children as they gathered around the tree in eager anticipation, and the father looked over his broad expanse of waistcoat with a smile of serene content. But how was it on Barbary Coast?

In little knots on the sidewalks, lured with a fatal curiosity nearer and nearer until angrily ordered away by the bar-tenders, were children, ten, twelve, fourteen years of age, with little pinched old faces; children unduly wise, who laughed and jested at drunkenness, to whom the light and the hilarity had a irresistible fascination; human shrubs whose dwarfed and distorted lives were destined never to bear flowers or fruitage. Some of them were smoking, some were munching oranges that the fruit-venders had rejected and thrown into the street; but the most of them were peering with admiration into the saloons in defiance of the occasional efforts made to drive them away.

Some of the "respectable" saloons had wooden screens inside in front of the doors to shut off the view from the street. At these places the music was louder, the laughter more continuous, the numbers greater, the smoke thicker, the confusion and glare more bewildering. Larger groups of children were here gathered on the sidewalk, and occasionally one more daring than the rest would creep around the corner of the screen and gaze upon the feverish and noisy scene with admiration. From little back rooms came the clink of coin, and, child as he was, the boy at the screen knew what it meant. Indeed, as he stood there, with a cigar stump in his little mouth, which he occasionally removed to pay his respects with unerring precision to the nearest spittoon, he was different from those about him only in size. Give him time, and the difference will disappear.

On this particular Christmas evening there was suddenly a shout among the urchins on the outside. The boy by the screen was on the sidewalk in an instant.

"What's up?"

"There comes Old Hunks."

Slowly up the street, muttering to himself, came an old, stoop-shouldered man, who glanced apprehensively at the group of boys. His appearance was shabby in the extreme. His hair was unkempt, his eyebrows were shaggy, his beard was tangled and uncombed, and his small, nervous gray eyes shone like balls of fire. To a stranger the old man might have appeared to be in the depths of destitution. But the residents of this neighborhood knew better. Many of them paid rent to him, for he owned many of the buildings that were illuminated to-night with such a fatal glare. His tenants hated him. They said he was a miser, that he was hard-hearted, that he granted no delays, that he had no soul. What use could a miser have for a soul?

The boys heard this talk at home.

"Hello, Hunksy," said one, with a box slung over his shoulder. "Have a shine? I'll take yer note for it."

No one knew the old man's name. Probably it appeared somewhere on musty old title-deeds. He signed his rent receipts, always, "O. H.," and when some wag—for they have a grim humor on Barbary Coast—suggested that the letters stood for "Old Hunks," the name stuck to him.

"What yer goin' to give me for Chris'mus?" queried a cross-eyed gamin with a freckled face.

"Lemme a bit, will yer, Hunksy?" asked another. "I'll pay yer out er my divydends."

"He wouldn't len' a feller a stable to be born in, he wouldn't," replied a third, "not without yer spouted yer watch with him."

The old man grabbed the last speaker, and administered a couple of sound cuffs.

"Who yer hittin'?" angrily demanded the urchin, although there seemed little room for doubt on that question.

But before he could get an answer, the miser had turned into a side-street, and the boys went back to the saloon door, not without some jeers at their crestfallen companion.

Old Hunks evidently was out of humor. Some of his tenants had not paid him to-day. Several were overdue a considerable time. There was Digby, for instance, who lived with his wife and four children in the two back rooms over the last saloon. Digby was more than a week behind, and it was Digby's boy whom he had cuffed. The father was in the saloon, drinking, as the old man probably knew. Four or five others were behind from one to two weeks, something Old Hunks had never permitted before. They pleaded hard times. They said they couldn't get work. What had he to do with hard times? It wasn't his fault if they couldn't get work. They didn't want to work. They wouldn't work if you'd give them a chance. Work, indeed—nonsense.

But the worst case was that of the sick woman with the two little children, who lived in the tenement house on this side-street.

"Three months now," growled Old Hunks to himself as he shuffled along the narrow sidewalk, from which the tired-looking, hard-faced women withdrew into their doors with their children to let him pass.

"Three months now, and not a cent. That's what I get for showing a little kindness to these people, and letting the rent run."

He turned in at the door of the tenement house, and climbed slowly up the narrow staircase. The air was musty, and rank with the smell of the afternoon's cooking, which had

mingled from a dozen different apartments. There was no light, save that one of the rooms on the first floor boasted a stained transom, thick with venerable dust, through which a few rays struggled from a candle inside. It was sufficient to enable him to feel his way up the creaky stairs.

As he finished the third flight, and stopped to catch his breath, he heard a woman's sobs, interrupted by those of two children.

"They heard me coming," muttered Old Hunks to himself, "and they're getting a good ready."

The old man knocked at the door. There was no response. He waited a moment, then knocked a second time. Still the sound of sobs within, but no answer.

Putting his hand upon the knob, he opened the door and went in. The room was cold and bare. The wind came in at a broken pane in spite of the effort some one had made to check it with a piece of newspaper. There was one chair, with the rounds missing, one small table, and a bed. Upon the latter, in the corner of the room, lay a woman, sobbing, and evidently very sick. By her side were two small children, a boy about five years of age, and a girl about three. The children also were crying. They were so occupied that they did not see the new comer.

Old Hunks did not look at the group, but fixed his face in a hard, set way, toward the vacant wall.

"I have come for my money," he said stonily, advancing a step or two.

His voice, and the sound of his feet upon the bare floor, attracted the attention of the sick woman. Turning with evident difficulty and pain, she looked in his direction, drawing one arm in instinctive fear about her children. Old Hunks saw the movement, although he avoided her face.

"I have come for my money," he repeated. "I have been put off long enough."

The woman put her hand to her head, as if trying to realize what was going on. She uttered a moan of pain, which she seemed too weak to stifle. At last she broke down completely, and commenced to sob.

"My children! Oh, my poor children!"

Old Hunks shifted position uneasily, but still held doggedly to his declaration, in a sterner manner.

"I have come for my money. What do you expect to do? I can't keep you along forever."

The woman straightened up in her bed. A sudden power seemed to have seized her. She rose with desperate resolution, and, walking unsteadily across the floor, caught the miser

by the sleeve. The pallor of death was in her face. The clutch of death was in her fingers. Her white garments hung about her like a shroud, and her luminous eyes burned with an unearthly light.

"For the love of God, sir, do not let my children starve. If you hope for mercy—oh, my poor children!—do not—"

The exertion was too much. She staggered, and fell to the floor. The old man, with some effort, lifted her upon the bed. He chafed her hands nervously for a few moments. He spoke to her, but she did not answer. At last he saw that she lay very still, that the nostrils did not appear to move. Her eyes had a glassy look, and the children, who had huddled together frightened, began to cry. And well they might, for outside was the merciless world, and here, in this silent room, was merciless Death.

The little boy dropped something from his hand. It fell at the feet of the miser, who picked it up and looked at it, then took it to the light, and held it there some time. It was a small locket, and contained the picture of a young girl apparently about eighteen years of age. The locket was gold. It had a small chain, long enough to go about the neck, also gold. He examined both chain and locket closely, then put them upon the table. He picked up his hat, and moved toward the door. He hesitated at the threshold, tame back, put the locket and chain in his pocket, and went out, closing the door behind him.

Who can tell his thoughts as he shuffled, muttering to himself, down the rickety stairs and into the narrow street? Was it not enough to lose his money? What right had a woman to die and leave her children for others to feed? It was not to be tolerated. Other women would be doing the same thing. People must pay their honest debts, and support their children. Little they would care for Old Hunks if he were to die! What if he did have a little money—there wasn't so much after all—but what of it? Didn't he get it honestly? Didn't he pay his debts—that was the question—did he ever die and leave both debts and children behind?

Whatever Old Hunks's thoughts may have been, he went slowly down the stairs and out into the night. And the helpless children were left alone with their dead—so helpless that they thought it was sleep, so innocent that they fondled her dead face and wondered why she answered not, and so tired with their sobbing that they finally crept up beside her and went to sleep upon her bosom.

Two hours passed, and still they slept. The clock on St. Mary's tolled the hour of midnight. The narrow street grew quiet, but

around the corner Barbary Coast was still ablaze, though the boys were no longer seen on the sidewalks. Men were drinking deeply and sullenly now. Now and then a drunken man staggered by on his way home. Now and then a noise from some saloon told of a brawl over the dice or cards. Farther up the street a man had been killed in a quarrel over a disputed game. On the hills above the lights were dying out of the windows. In a few homes they still shone on happy faces, and on fair forms that moved in the graceful dance. It was only a few blocks from this—to this. It is only a step from wealth to poverty, from virtue to crime, from innocence to shame.

The echoes of the cathedral clock had scarcely died upon the midnight air when a carriage drew up in front of the tenement house. Two ladies and a gentleman alighted, and the three passed up the narrow stairs. At the third flight they stopped, and, after a moment's hesitation, opened the door facing the staircase. The children were still sleeping.

"Poor things," said one of the ladies, "what would have become of them!"

Carefully lifting them one by one, still sleeping, the gentleman carried them down stairs and handed them tenderly to some person in the carriage. He then returned up stairs, and the carriage drove rapidly away.

Pacific Street awoke sluggishly the next day. On the side-street few were stirring early in the morning. The fumes of Christmas Eve still polluted the pure morning air of Christmas Day. Mrs. Dennis Regan, who had rooms on the third floor of the tenement house, having heard unusual noises in the next apartment during the night, peered out of her room about eight o'clock. The door opposite was open, and she saw three persons, two ladies and a gentleman, watching there. "The sick woman's dead," she said to herself, "and her rich friends have come to watch wid her. It wouldn't have hurt 'em to have looked after her a bit when she needed it more than she does now, poor sowl."

The news of the death, and the interest taken by the "rich friends," soon flew through the street, which straightway began to be mollified in its usual bitter feelings toward well to do people. But at ten o'clock an event occurred which roused the popular indignation to the highest pitch. The undertaker arrived, accompanied by a man muffled in a great coat, under whose directions the body was soon taken away. But Mrs. Dennis Regan, happening to come up the narrow stairs as the muffled man, who seemed desirous of avoiding observation, was going down, recognized him as the much detested miser, "Old Hunks."

The theory of the "rich friends" was immediately abandoned by the street.

"The old skinflint, bad cess to him," abjured Mrs. Dennis Regan, "has garnisheed the dead woman for the rint."

"The Lord save them pore childers!" shuddered her neighbor, as she listened with breathless interest to the story of the miser's heartless action.

"To think of me takin' that deperty sheriff fer a gentleman, and them two brazen-faced things fer ladies," exclaimed Mrs. Regan.

That Christmas afternoon, Old Hunks climbed up to his little room on the fourth floor of one of his own buildings—a room for which no one would pay rent, and which he had accordingly occupied for many years. Do you know what manner of place a miser's home is? It isn't a very inviting spot, to be sure. It has a barren and desolate look, like the life of the miser himself. But some how or other, the old man had become attached to this room through all the years that he had lived there. They were weary years as he looked back on them; years rich in gold, but oh, how poor in human sympathy and companionship! There was little pleasure that he could remember in them. He had given himself wholly over to money-getting, and his soul had shrunk, and shrunk, until the room had not appeared small and mean to him. That is the worst of a sordid passion; we lose our finer sense of the perspective and relation of things. On this afternoon, somehow, the room seemed cramped and oppressive. He sat down by the table, and leaned his head upon his hand. He was buried in deep thought. The hard expression was relaxed, and there were fine lines in his face. Observed closely, he did not appear so old as his white hair would indicate. He was evidently much distressed, and a nature capable of entire devotion to one object, even though a sordid one, is capable, also, of intense feeling. At last an expression of pain escaped him:

"O my God! And I never suspected it."

Rising after a while, and, going to an old trunk in the corner, he unlocked it and took out a strong tin box, which he brought back to the table and placed thereon. Producing a small key from his pocket he opened it. On the top were some deeds and mortgages. Removing these, he came to a small parcel, carefully tied in a piece of oil-silk. He undid this parcel slowly, and as though every movement was painful to him. It contained two old letters, and a small gold locket with a chain. He took from his pockets the trinket which he had taken from the little boy. In outward appearance the lockets and chains were exactly similar.

The one he had taken from the box contained the picture of a young, and, withal, handsome man, and bore the inscription:

"O. H. TO A. M."

The one he took from his pocket contained the face of a young girl, and in similar lettering was inscribed:

"A. M. TO O. H."

The two letters in the box were yellow and discolored with age.

"Twenty years!" he said, bitterly, to himself. "Twenty years! And we both threw our lives away for a momentary spite—she to become the wife of one she did not love, and I to become the miserable thing that I am. And I hunted her to the death! O my God! If I had only suspected it!"

He paced the floor in agitation. The past rose before him like a hideous specter, grinning in horrible triumph. Even the sweet face in the locket was turned to him sadly, with a reproachful look. A strong nature, capable of utter self-abnegation, of the demolition of every ideal and idol, of the pursuit of repulsive object not as a matter of choice but of will, is susceptible, upon occasion, of the most bitter and intense remorse. There was no thought in his mind of the contrast between the promise of his youth and the barren and dreary fulfillment of his manhood—only the haunting suggestion of the wrong to another, of the contrast between the sweet face which looked up to him from yonder table and the agonized face which had implored him with dying eyes the night before.

"Heaven is my witness that I never suspected it. I cannot—"

It was too much. His head burned, and he felt a heavy, oppressive pain at his heart which startled him. He went to the table, took a sheet of paper, and commenced to write. After a few lines he tore it up and selected another sheet. Upon this he wrote a few short sentences, then signed his name and affixed the date. Weak and exhausted, he went to the bed and lay his head upon the pillows. The afternoon sunlight came in at the little window and shone upon his tired face. The rays seemed warmer and more rosy than usual. Looking out through the panes, the west was afire with a glory of color. And through this radiance of the heavens the sun was sinking slowly into the waters of the limitless sea.

Early the next morning, Digby, still out of work, and still in arrears for his rent, mounted the stairs leading to the miser's room, to beg for a further delay. Digby considered himself

wronged, in some indefinite way, by every one who had wealth, and by his landlord in particular. It had so happened that, on a certain day of the week before, Digby had been possessed of the money to pay his rent. But the landlord, not knowing this fact, failed to call upon him, having done so without success several previous days in succession. As a consequence, the money went into the coffers of the saloon situated immediately under the Digby residence, and that worthy, by some irrelevancy of logic, considered Old Hunks principally to blame for this result. Hence it was, as he climbed the stairs, that he looked upon his errand as largely in the nature of a humiliation; and it was a little vindictively, perhaps, that he knocked with such unnecessary distinctness. Hearing no answer, with the usual directness of his class, he applied his hand to the knob, and opened the door.

He stood a moment irresolute. There is one presence which unnerves the strongest. Digby was not a bad man at heart. He took his hat from his head instinctively, and said, below his breath :

"God forgive me for the hard things I've said about him."

A doctor was soon brought, but human skill is powerless in the presence of the awful mystery of death. He pronounced it heart disease. He never knew with what unconscious truth he spoke.

Upon the table they found a holographic will, penned, signed, and dated in the well known characters. It lay, still open, where it had been written. They took it up, curious to read the will of a miser. After the appointment of an executor, it contained these words :

"I forgive and release all persons in my debt the amounts to which they are severally indebted. To my said executor, I give one-half of all my property, real and personal, in trust, to be invested by him, and the income to be applied to the relief of worthy people in distress in the city of San Francisco. All the residue and remainder of my property I give, share and share alike, to the two children of my deceased friend Alice Benton, formerly Alice Marshall. And, with trust in His eternal goodness, I commit my soul unto Him who knoweth and forgiveth."

CHAS. H. PHELPS.

NOTE BOOK.

THE CIVIL SERVICE REFORM ASSOCIATION is the name of an organization having its headquarters in New York City, and having in view the accomplishment of the following objects, as declared in the second clause of its constitution :

"The object of the Association shall be to establish a system of appointment, promotion, and removal in the Civil Service founded upon the principle that public office is a public trust, admission to which should depend upon proved fitness. To this end the Association will demand that appointments to subordinate executive offices, with such exceptions not inconsistent with the principle already mentioned, as may be expedient, shall be made from persons whose fitness has been ascertained by competitive examinations open to all applicants properly qualified; and that removals shall be made for legitimate causes only, such as dishonesty, negligence, or inefficiency, but not for political opinion or for refusal to render party service; and the Association will advocate all other appropriate measures for securing intelligence, integrity, good order, and due discipline in the Civil Service."

Mr. George William Curtis is President of the Association, and the high character of those who are engaged in promoting it is a sufficient guaranty of its purpose and aims. It is probable that this organization may be productive of great good if its influence be not dissipated in the attempt to bring about inconsequential "reforms" with which the people are not in sympathy. In other words, the progress of civil service reform so far has been retarded by the attempted enforcement of irritating, petty regulations as to the individual conduct of

office holders, regulations which in some instances went so far as to abridge the freedom of one in office to participate with his fellow-citizens in the privileges of American citizenship. It is safe to say that the people have never been and will not be in sympathy with any such efforts. Now, the essential point in reforming the civil service is to introduce a tenure of office during life or good behavior. So long as the petty offices shall be bestowed in payment for party zeal, so long will those who desire to possess or retain those offices be mere retainers of the party "leaders," so long will the "leaders" use their power to perpetuate their rule, and so long will the reform be delayed. On the other hand, let the tenure for life or good behavior be introduced, there will be every incentive for the honest performance of duty, and none whatever for its neglect. Public officials will look forward to a long and honorable life in the Government employ, and these positions will grow in respectability and general esteem. There is no good reason why a change of administration should affect the position of any officer of the Government, except, possibly, the Cabinet. But how is this to be brought about. It is not to be expected that Senators and Representatives in Congress will lend their aid to any scheme which shall deprive them of the patronage by which they perpetuate their power. In fact, experience has proved that they will stand like a solid phalanx in the way of any such measure. And if one Congress could be persuaded into the passage of an adequate law, the same would be subject to the amendment, repeal, or practical nullification of every succeeding Congress. It is clear that any pro-

vision of this kind, in order to be permanent, must be placed above the reach of those who might be interested to have it abrogated or amended. There is but one such place, and that is in the Constitution of the United States. In the case of our federal judges it was thought to be important that they should hold office during good behavior, and it was accordingly so provided in the Constitution. As a result, they are, in general, men of intelligence and honesty, keeping aloof from partisanship and performing their duties efficiently. From the beginning of the Government the judiciary has been its most honorable and learned department. Now, if it be desirable that all our offices be as inviolable as these, it is also desirable that the enactment be equally beyond the reach of those who would render it nugatory. It is better, perhaps, not to make the experiment than to fail in it. If the Civil Service Reform Association will devote its efforts to procuring a constitutional amendment providing that all appointive executive officers, save members of the President's Cabinet, shall hold office for life or during good behavior, except when retired for old age upon suitable pensions, it will accomplish more in the direction of reforming the public service than can be brought about in any other manner. It is well enough to urge competitive examinations, but the manner of appointment is of infinitely less importance than the tenure of office after appointment.

THE INFLUENCE OF SUCH A REFORM upon the motives of the voters will not be inconsiderable. The elective franchise will be to an extent lifted out of the quagmire of politics on to the higher and better ground of statesmanship. The objective point will be essentially different. An election will no longer be a mere scramble for offices. It will be a struggle to secure the legislative rather than the executive department of government—to shape the national policy, to enact the laws, and to determine in a given way grave questions of statecraft, rather than merely to secure the spoils. In England, when a change of administration takes place, a score or so of gentlemen, whose positions have

directly to do with the national policy, go out of office, and are replaced by as many of their opponents. The great body of office-holders are undisturbed. The question of spoils does not come even remotely into the contest. The question of individual gain does not and cannot enter the mind of the average voter. It is purely a matter of public, and not at all of personal, moment. The end in view is to influence legislation or to effect in some manner the public policy. It is a matter of utter inconsequence who does the clerical work, who fills the petty places. A broader, higher, and better motive prevails. In this country the struggle is to secure the executive department. The party is deemed to have won who has this, even if its adversary remain in possession of the law-making power. Every voter is a possible office-holder, and it is to be feared that too many of them have this fact in mind at the polls. When the tenure of office is for life or during good behavior, this motive will cease to exist, and voters will consider merely the public good.

THE INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY OF WRITERS for the opinions which they express in the articles published over their signatures in *THE CALIFORNIAN* has been editorially proclaimed upon several different occasions. But as a number of persons not otherwise open to the charge of feulence of intellect seem unable to comprehend this very general rule, we take occasion to reannounce it. We desire, and expect to publish, vigorous and able articles from leading men on both sides of live questions. We do not expect to prune, cut down, or distort the same, nor to strike out ideas with which we do not agree. If the magazine were to be held responsible for opinions expressed in articles it would be necessary to do this. Every article would be deprived of its individuality, and the only opinion would be that of the editor. We prefer to make the magazine the exponent of the best thought of the contributors, and we shall not ask them to write or think by measure according to our dictation. As a corollary, it is not *THE CALIFORNIAN*, but the contributor, who is responsible for the sentiments which appear over his signature.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

DUST-SHOWERS.

The wide-spread area over which a single occurrence of that class of phenomena known as "dust-showers" frequently extends has suggested the idea that they may oftentimes have a cosmic origin. Dust-showers, it is true, often occur from local causes, such as volcanic eruptions, by which ashes are distributed over areas of many hundred miles in extent, or from dust raised by the passage of wind-storms over large tracts of desert, and deposited at distant points, as often occurs in the southern part of California. But the following, collated from the official organ of the United States Civil Service for March, 1880, would seem to imply a cosmic origin: A most remarkable dust-shower made its appearance in British Columbia on the afternoon of March 24th, and, moving southward, passed over Idaho on the

morning of the 25th; still continuing its easterly course, it was central in Nebraska on the afternoon of the 26th. At midnight of the same day it was central in Iowa. On the afternoon of the 27th it was felt in Illinois, and at midnight in Ohio. Very remarkable dust-storms prevailed at the same time in Missouri, Kansas, and New Mexico. During the continuance of this fall of dust the barometer at the different localities mentioned varied from 0.04 to 0.75 below the normal point. It is well known that snow collected on mountain-tops and within the Arctic Circle, far beyond the influence of factories and smoke, or the effects of wind passing over the bare earth, confirm the supposition that minute particles of dust float in space, and, in time, come in contact with our atmosphere, when they fall to the earth. These particles of dust are sometimes found to consist largely of iron, and by many scientists are thought to bear

some relation to auroral phenomena. Gronemann, of Gottingen, has put forth the theory that streams of these particles revolve around the sun, and that when the earth passes through such streams the iron particles are attracted to the poles, from whence they shoot forth in long filaments through the upper atmosphere with such velocity that they often become ignited, and they produce the well known luminous appearance characterizing auroral phenomena. Professor Nordenskjold, who recently examined snow at points far north of Spitzbergen, reports that he found in it exceedingly minute particles of metallic iron, cobalt, and phosphorus. It would seem exceedingly probable that such particles could have no other than a cosmic origin.

HOT ICE.

The idea of "hot ice" would seem to be somewhat paradoxical. Yet it may be realized, and ice, or frozen water, may be kept in a vessel—glass, if you please—so that it may both be seen and handled, and yet be so hot that it will burn the hand that holds it. The principle under which it is possible that this curious experiment may be shown is as follows: In order to convert a solid into a liquid, the pressure must be above a certain point, else no amount of heat will *melt* the substance. Hence, if we can keep a cake of ice at a certain point of pressure, no heat can liquify it; the degree of heat which it will withstand depending upon the degree of pressure which is maintained. This interesting experiment has recently been performed by Mr. Thomas Carnelly, during his experimental investigations in regard to the boiling point of water, and other substances, under pressure.

ENGLISH DISLIKE OF INNOVATION.

One great cause of the decrease in English exports is the conservatism among English manufacturers and their extreme dislike of innovations. They are inclined to stick to old processes and old styles, refusing to study the tastes of their customers. They seek to impose their own notions and ideas upon the world. Hence, foreign buyers seek in America, in Germany, and in France, goods better suited to their taste and needs. French manufacturers are particularly ready and quick to suit their work to the tastes of their customers. They are especially apt in devising new styles and patterns, such as shall most readily meet the varying tastes of buyers. They realize that variety is pleasing and fashion capricious, and never hesitate to change a machine, or a pattern, when the old one fails to suit; while the Englishman looks well at the cost, and prefers to continue "in the good old way," with the hope that some day the fashion may come round again. Another example of the conservatism of the English manufacturer is manifested in his preference for hand work over machine work. He refuses to believe that a machine can be made to do more perfect work than the hand. Hence, in the manufacture of watches, of sewing-machines, and of many classes of fire-arms, he utterly fails to compete with more progressive mechanics on this side of the Atlantic. The more observing and thoughtful of Englishmen themselves are beginning to realize these facts, and have already raised the note of alarm. A British correspondent, who styles himself "A Skilled Workman," who recently visited some of our

manufacturing establishments, writes as follows to the *Sheffield Telegraph*: "The use of files, rasps, and floats are superseded by other tools [machine tools] astonishing in their adaptability for perfect and rapid production. No written description could convey an idea of their great ability and method. . . . The skill of the engineer has taken the place of the skilled artisans; for mere boys are tending these operations, and yet quality is not ignored. . . . The readiness of the employers to adopt any practical suggestion from any one of their hands is a notable feature in most American factories, whereas the cold shoulder is generally given such in England. We weakly waddle in the wake of America in the matter of inventions until a necessity is proved, when an earnest effort is made and progress is attained. Old-fashioned methods of manufacture will have to be abandoned for newer and better ones, if 'Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin,' is not to be written across British commerce in the future. The individual skill and hand-craft of the best Sheffield workmen I have not seen surpassed in the United States, but they are inadequate for all the requirements of the present age."

A DELICATE INSTRUMENT.

Professor S. P. Langley, of the Alleghany Observatory, has invented an instrument for measuring the intensity of radiant heat, which he claims is thirty times more sensitive than the ordinary thermopile—the most delicate instrument yet invented for such use. Moreover, the thermopile is very slow in its action, while the Professor's new instrument, which he calls the thermal balance, takes up the heat and parts with it, so that it may be registered, in a single second. Its action is almost as prompt as the human eye. Its accuracy is so perfect that it will record within one per cent. of the amount to be measured. Its sensitiveness is so great that it will register, accurately, an amount of heat which will not exceed one fifty-thousandth part of a degree of Fahrenheit. When mounted in a reflecting telescope, it will record the heat given off by a man, or even any small animal in a distant field. The Professor has been applying it to measure the heat of the moon, from which some interesting and reliable data may soon be expected. It is the most delicate and truly scientific instrument for measuring the energy of radiant heat which has ever been devised.

THE DEAD-POINT IN MIND TENSION.

It is a common subject of marvel that criminals, in the presence of immediate execution, are so often perfectly self-possessed, and exhibit such singular composure. They will sleep through the night before execution, and rise as for an ordinary day's duties. Those who form exceptions to this rule, who are more or less prostrated by the agonizing prospects of violent death, no doubt suffer much more than those who control their feelings. The former usually retain every faculty and sense, and seek for information, and adopt measures to minimize their sufferings at the critical moment. As a general thing, their pulse is even less disturbed than is that of the officials who are compelled to carry out the dread penalty of the law. Why is this? *The Lancet* answers as follows: "The mind has reached what may be designated a 'dead-point' in its tension. The excitement is over, the agony of anticipation, the trem-

bling doubt between hope and fear of escape, has exhausted the irritability of the mind, and there is, as it were, a pause, an interval of passive endurance between the end of the struggle for life, and the bitterness of remorse, and agony of disappointment, which may begin at death. In this interval, the mind is released from the tension of its effort for self-preservation, and almost rebounds with the sense of relief that comes with certainty, even though the assurance be that of impending

death. . . . The mental state of a criminal, during the hours previous to execution, presents features of intense interest to the psychologist, and, rightly comprehended, it is to be feared they would throw new light on the supposed preparation these unfortunate persons evince for a fate which, being inevitable, they, at the final moment, are able to meet with a composure in which hypocrisy or self-deception finds the amplest scope."

ART AND ARTISTS.

WILLIAM KEITH.

There are few among the landscape painters of the country whose work is more full, both of fulfillment and promise, than the artist whose name stands at the head of this paragraph. Mr. Keith has recently returned from New England, and has, in his San Francisco studio, eighty-seven sketches in oil of scenes in Maine and New Hampshire. To say that these are admirable is to do them scant justice. They range through all the different moods of Nature. They paint her in all her costumes, from the gaudy glory of her autumnal dress to her most sober and ashen vestment. They display more versatility than one would have imagined possible. To one familiar with New England landscape, they seem, in their way, perfect. A lady not inaptly remarked that they made her homesick. Detailed criticism is, of course, from the number of these sketches, impossible. The characteristic which they have in common is a remarkable truthfulness of impression, a bold grasp of the subject as a whole. They are vivid, realistic, true to nature as well as to art. In fact, one insensibly renders them the highest tribute that can be paid; he forgets the art, he sees only the scene. The impression one gets is general, not detailed; it is that which is received in gazing upon Nature for inspiration, not in examining her for information. Artists too often make the mistake of finishing every rock, tree, and bank as it appears upon a close study. As a result, the picture has no perspective; neither foreground nor background. It is bewildering. The one impression sought is lost in a maze of impressions. The picture is merely a botanical catalogue in oil. In Mr. Keith's sketches, everything is properly subordinated to and harmonized with the whole, as in nature itself. It presents the scene as the poet sees it, as the artist beholds it, not as the painstaking scientist analyzes it. Mr. Keith's admirers will claim that these sketches are equal, if not superior, to anything which has been produced in the same line. And those who enjoy the rare privilege of seeing them will not be inclined to dispute this claim.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA.

This society, founded in Boston a year and a half ago, has now had its experts for some months in the field, and is likely to make very important contributions to our knowledge of the life of prehistoric man in America.

The remains of the works of the former inhabitants of this continent are the principal source to which we must look for a knowledge of the condition of man in America previous to its discovery four hundred years ago. These remains have never yet been made the object of a comprehensive survey and a scientific classification, but their varied character, and the wide field over which they extend, make them a most attractive object of exploration. From the south-western corner of Colorado, across New Mexico, Arizona, and Mexico, to Yucatan and Central America, the unexplained structures of a vanished race impel us to inquire what were the objects of their builders, and how far their methods of construction indicate an intellectual purpose, mechanical skill, the possession of improved tools, or any other advancement toward civilization. Within the limits of the United States the principal structures awaiting interpretation are: (1) the extraordinary cave-dwellings, found principally along the tributaries of the San Juan, in Colorado, and built in the faces of cliffs hundreds of feet above the level of the valleys; (2) the towers and the ancient pueblos, no longer inhabited, built in terrace form, and comprising, in some instances, as many as five hundred apartments in one structure; (3) the modern pueblos, like the ancient in plan, and, like them, found principally in New Mexico and Arizona, and inhabited by existing Indian tribes. Such are the pueblos which extend along the Rio Grande del Norte, and are found at Zuñi and Moqui, points hitherto remote from contact with white men. To explore each of these groups of structures will be the first object of the Archeological Institute, which has wisely determined to begin investigations by a precise study of the inhabited pueblos. This will enable the Institute to put on record a scientific account of the mode of life, the industries, the customs, the religion, the folk-lore, the traditions of tribes which must soon perish before the advance of our own race. The information thus acquired will doubtless furnish the key to interpreting the constructive purposes of the ancient pueblos, so closely allied to those of the present; and the theory advanced as to the connection between the plan of the buildings and a supposed communal mode of life will probably be definitely settled. It may not be too much to expect that the study of existing pueblo life will also supply many hints as to the objects for which the cliff-dwellings may have been erected. The Institute will, at any rate, secure trustworthy ground-plans and measurements of those and of all other structures; and, in view of the demolition of many structures for building purposes which is certain

to attend the approaching settlement of the country, this work has not been begun a moment too soon. It is also of importance that the work of collecting the legends and superstitions of the numerous small tribes of Indians scattered over Arizona should proceed as rapidly as possible. It has been a matter of frequent observation by travelers who have visited Arizona at intervals during the past ten years that a frightful mortality invariably manifests itself in tribes which come in contact with the vagrant mining population of the place. This fact should stimulate the Institute to push its work forward as rapidly as possible. The ability to do so will no doubt depend upon the subscriptions received.

The Institute appeals to the whole country. It is a thoroughly American enterprise. At the same time the field of its labors belongs especially to the Pacific Coast, and we do not doubt that the value of the Institute's researches as a basis for future history will be appreciated here, and meet with substantial encouragement. In the list of life-members, which appears in the first annual report, Mr. D. O. Mills has the honor of representing California. It is to be hoped that in the next report the names of many other Californians will stand by his. The conditions of membership may be learned by addressing the Secretary, Mr. Edward H. Greenleaf, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

DRAMA AND STAGE.

CONTRARY TO GENERAL EXPECTATION, *Daniel Rochat* is a success in New York. Originally produced at the Théâtre Français, under the author's immediate supervision, to an audience composed of the *élite* of Paris, and interpreted by the best actors in all Europe, it failed to achieve even the modest success of being understood. This is something of a paradox, and the explanation interesting—for it is not often that the verdict of Paris is reversed in New York. The simple fact is, *Daniel Rochat* is an English play in a French dress, and its philosophy proved quite too subtle for the *naïveté* of the French mind. In the first place, the character of "Lea Henderson" could not be intelligible to them from any stand-point. That a woman could be religious without being bigoted, and worship liberty without denying God, has never entered into their ideas. Yet there is a little town in Massachusetts, Boston by name, which we venture to say would indorse "Lea" *in toto*. It is curious, in this connection, that the author of *l'Oncle Sam* should have displayed to the eyes of Europe so favorable a specimen of American womanhood. He would apologize, perhaps, by pointing out the fact that she is half English. Again, giving to "Lea" the power of analysis was positively startling to them, and the remark which so fascinated "Rochat"—"La liberté en France est un peu comme le génie de la Bastille, le pied toujours en l'air pour s'envoler"—could never have come from the mouth of a French girl. As she is the central figure, and "Rochat," dramatically speaking, but a foil to her, this, of itself, would explain its success where she was a living thing, its failure where she was a shadowy unreality. Moreover, making "Rochat" more bigoted that bigot was another shock to the conventionalism which is so characteristic of the French mind; and yet the proposition that proselytism and intolerance are common to human nature, and not the accidents of creeds, would seem to be almost an axiom. Sardou evidently apprehended some difficulty here, since in the long scene between the elder "Fargis" and "Rochat" he is careful to contrast the average skeptical temperament with the rarer enlightened one. "Rochat," completely taken aback by the conservative skepticism of his friend, exclaims:

DANIEL.—Enfin tu n'es pas un clérical! Tu es un philosophe!

FARGIS.—Religieux!

DANIEL.—De quelle religion?

FARGIS.—De toutes.

DANIEL.—Et moi d'aucune.

It may be urged that all this belongs rather to a thesis than to a play. But there is a practical, a dramatic—nay, a poetic—side to the most negative of human ideas; and if Sardou has failed to state his premises with simplicity, he has not overlooked any element of human interest in the working out of his conclusion. It is just the element of human interest in "Daniel Rochat" and in "Lea" which is precious, for he would be a poor playwright indeed who should find a work appealing almost exclusively to the feelings and the heart upon a negation. They are in the position of two travelers meeting at cross-roads, but to take widely divergent paths. She, hating tyranny of every kind, thinks to find in "Rochat" a liberality equal to her own, but awakes to discover a skepticism more narrow than the bigotry from which she has fled. For if "Lea" is typical of anything, it is of a thirst for liberty, but not the liberty which rejects the good with the bad. She prosecutes a crusade against all tyranny in the name of God; he, a crusade against all religion in the name of liberty. The situation of making a play turn on the mere formalities of marriage is not absolutely new to the stage, but is nevertheless one of great power and purpose; that of being married and not married is certainly dramatic enough for any taste, and this is the gist of *Daniel Rochat*, all else being mere details grouped around the central point. That two persons should contract with enthusiasm, marry in haste, one of the parties even ignorant that she was married at all; that out of discussion of mere formalities should grow a knowledge of one another; that a terrible duel should arise; that love should expire in the conflict, and divorce be a welcome solution—surely all this is dramatic enough; perhaps too much so.

THOSE WHO THINK THAT GENIUS HAS DEPARTED from the stage should see Sheridan. If greatness consists in a complete identification of the actor with the character, then Sheridan is unmistakably great. On seeing *Louis XI.* a second time, we tried the experiment of repeating mechanically to ourselves, "This is Sheridan the actor." The experiment proved a failure. Sher-

idan the actor disappeared, and in his place stood the grim personality of "Louis." Sheridan has this advantage over many of his fellow-actors, that he has attained celebrity after a long apprenticeship. He is master of the technics of his art. Sheridan has this in common with his English prototype, Irving. They are both realistic, though the former possesses a far greater power of drawing out the salient features of the characters he

plays. Moreover, he would not have stooped to the bit of clap-trap which Irving introduced into his *Louis XI.*, in making his hair turn white between the fourth and fifth acts. In fact, he is an artist, disdaining all unworthy ways to public favor. Never playing to the galleries, but always to the most critical of his audience, he has attained complete success by absolutely artistic methods.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FOUR CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LETTERS. Selections from the Correspondence of One Hundred and Fifty Writers from the Period of the Paston Letters to the Present Day. Edited and arranged by W. Baptiste Scoones. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

This collection of letters is, of course, open to the same general criticisms as all collections. They are never very satisfactory. They contain too much and too various matter to be read consecutively through, and not enough to be perfectly satisfactory for browsing among. The old letters of English writers are as interesting as any branch of history, biography, or literature could be, but the ideal way to read them is in full files. We ought to have libraries at our elbows in which should stand side by side full collections of the letters of every English writer worth publishing, and also of a good many not worth publishing, to make us appreciate the good ones. Among these volumes we could search and prowl at our own sweet will, and feel very much as if we had found in an old chest up garret stores of yellow packets recording the courtship of our great-grandfathers and the household affairs of their aunts and mothers, and had sat down on the floor beside it, with our laps full of the brittle sheets, to spend a long afternoon in wandering through the world of a hundred years ago. The obvious impossibility of reading old English letters in any such ideal way, unless one lives at some great literary center, reconciles us to such eclectic works as the one in question. It gives to most of us the opportunity to read letters that otherwise we should not have read at all.

It is somewhat surprising to see how small a proportion, even in a book of selected letters, consists of really good ones, and flattering to nineteenth century vanity to see how this proportion steadily increases as one nears the present time. The chronological order adopted by the editor displays this progress excellently. The most marked and permanent impression made by the book is the steady increase in simplicity, self-respect, and sincerity apparent in the tone of the letters. The strain of artificial compliment in all the earlier ones seems to us not simply a custom, but an indication of a certain servility. The self-respect with which writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries ask favors, the frank equality with which they address friends, is not to be found earlier. Humor, too, appears to be in letters a modern product, though literature showed no lack of it as far back as Chaucer. Another thing which few of the older letter-writers seem to have been capable of is clear and direct expression. It is really refreshing to

see the vague, cumbrous sentences grow clearer, century by century, as we approach the present.

The really good letters are distributed among a very few writers, and these are almost invariably men of literary distinction, whose "Life and Letters" are already in print. This fact takes away from the interest of the book. We feel that all that is best in it we have had before in lives of Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, Macaulay, etc. Nevertheless, the book gives us an interesting opportunity to compare the good with the mediocre; it includes many letters that are not brilliant, yet are mildly interesting, and it also includes some excellent ones that are not likely to be found elsewhere, especially among the older writers. There are one or two excellent letters of Roger Ascham, of Sir Thomas More, and of Lord Bacon, shining out like lamps among feeble tallow-dips, and there is at least one good, vigorous letter from Queen Elizabeth, written when too angry to mind the formalities. But the whole collection leaves us free to believe that instead of lost arts, letter-writing and conversation are still vigorous, and improving from generation to generation.

LEARNING TO DRAW, OR THE STORY OF A YOUNG DESIGNER. By Viollet-le-Duc. Translated from the French by Virginia Champlin. Illustrated by the author. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Everybody can learn to draw, but not everybody can be an artist. This dictum, which has the support of Ruskin, is also the guiding principle of the lessons conveyed in this capital book by the late distinguished architect and critic, M. Viollet-le-Duc. "Drawing," says the author, "taught as it should be, no more leads a child to become an artist than instruction in the French language leads him to become a poet. To me drawing is simply a mode of recording observations by the aid of a language which engraves them on the mind and permits one to utilize them, whatever the career he follows." If children who have gone through a long series of drawing lessons "never think of making a sketch which will remind them of a scene, a place, a piece of furniture, or a tool," it is "because they have never been taught to see; and one learns to see only by drawing, not from engraved patterns, but from objects themselves." These principles M. Viollet-le-Duc proceeds to illustrate in a charming story; for his whole book is only the story of a little boy who showed in a crude, but original, drawing of a cat that he had the talent of seeing for himself. Captivated by this sketch,

a generous old bachelor takes the boy into his own hands, and diligently trains his eye to see and his hand to record. From the drawing of geometrical cubes he advances to the study of plants, from plants to the anatomy of a bat, from the bat to man. On all sides the habit of observation is strengthened, and in the course of years the boy and his master visit the cliffs of the French coast, the "craggs and peaks" of Switzerland, the art galleries of Italy, and at last the boy finds his vocation. All teachers of drawing will find this book rich in suggestiveness, and, with a little explanation of the more technical passages, it might be put in the hands of pupils with the certainty of stimulating enthusiasm and correcting wrong tendencies. We speak of explanations because the author's philanthropic bachelor has not always united to his judgment a simplicity of statement adapted to his youngest readers. There is, we imagine, an art of being a bachelor not unlike that "art d'être grandpère" of which Victor Hugo is the consummate master.

NEW COLORADO AND THE SANTA FE TRAIL. By A. A. Hayes, Jr. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

At a moment when a southern overland route is about to be opened to travelers, the publication of a book descriptive of Colorado and the Santa Fé Trail is especially timely. Mr. Hayes's copiously illustrated book is probably the most complete, as well as the most trustworthy, account of that portion of the country which has yet been published. Chapters on cattle-ranches and sheep-herding supply carefully prepared statistics for the settler, and there are convenient directions for the tourist and the invalid, besides many incidents of travel and sketches of character for the casual reader. The style is unfortunately marred by stale quotations, cheap jokes, and a painfully conscious effort to be amusing.

THE BOY TRAVELERS IN SIAM AND JAVA. By Thomas W. Knox. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

MR. BODLEY ABROAD. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

THE LOYAL RONINS. Translated from the Japanese of Tamenaga Shunsui by Shiuichiro Saito and Edward Greey. Illustrated by Kei-sai Yei-sen, of Yedo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

JAPANESE FAIRY WORLD. Stories from the Wonder-lore of Japan. By William Elliot Griffis. Illustrated by Ozawa, of Tokio. Schenectady, N. Y.: James H. Barhyte. 1880.

Certainly children's books were never made more beautiful or interesting than now. Those of the present season seem to relate largely to foreign and fascinating lands. The reputation of the "Bodley Series" is so well established that *Mr. Bodley Abroad* will be welcomed with delight by thousands. It is profusely illustrated, and the peculiar charm of the other Bodley books is not wanting in this latest one. The Orient brings all its wonders to delight the children of America. Mr. Thomas Knox, whose *Boy Travelers in China and Japan* was so favorably received, leads off with a supplemental volume, in which he conducts his young

protégés through Siam and Java. A great deal of information is mingled with the narrative. The book is elaborately and beautifully illustrated. In *The Loyal Ronins* we have a translation of a Japanese romance, with cuts by a Japanese artist. The work is certainly unique in the book-maker's line. The "Loyal Ronins" were a band of faithful retainers who avenged the death of their master. As a piece of literary *bric-a-brac* this book is unexcelled. Not less quaint in its way is the *Japanese Fairy World*, in which the folk-lore of Japan is reproduced. Here also are specimens of native art. Those who delight in the literature of fairy-land, and we confess we believe them to be the best and most sympathetic minds to be found, will hail this addition from a new and strange quarter.

ONTI ORA. A Metrical Romance. By M. B. M. Toland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This little volume, beautifully bound and illustrated, is just at hand. The author is the widow of the late Dr. H. H. Toland, of this city, and to his memory the work is dedicated. Aside from a certain facility of metric construction, and a few good lines here and there, the poetry is ordinary and spiritless. Purporting to be American in scene and plot, the surroundings rapidly become European as the story advances, and the thread of narrative, with its gypsies, apparitions, and noble Frenchmen, is stereotyped and threadbare. The composition lacks character, thought, and the true poetic atmosphere, and we cannot but deplore the tendency toward the production of this class of literature.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. A Narrative Poem, with Some Minor Poems. By Thomas E. Van Bebber. 1880. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The work before us has been indited by a Californian writer and issued by a Californian publisher. We feel very friendly to home enterprise. We therefore refrain from a review.

THREE FRIENDS' FANCIES. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

JOHN SWINTON'S TRAVELS. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1880.

LOCKE. By Thomas Fowler. English Men of Letters Series. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

MARPLE HALL MYSTERY. A Romance. By Enrique Palmer. New York: Authors' Publishing Co. 1880.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.
No. 143.—*English Men of Letters*—Burns, Goldsmith, Bunyan.
No. 144.—*English Men of Letters*—Johnson, Scott, Thackeray.
No. 145.—*Three Recruits*. A Novel. By Joseph Harton.

HARPER'S HALF-HOUR SERIES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.
No. 145.—*Missing*. By Mary Cecil Hay.

OUTCROPPINGS.

CHRISTMAS.

When I look back over the years that I have lived, I find my earliest recollections clustered around Christmas, and clinging with a tenacity that defies time. I can recall every incident of that happy season—the joyful anticipation, which dated from the morning of the fifth of July; the eager expectation as the time drew near; the count of months and days and hours; the mysterious hush of Christmas Eve; the golden dreams that thronged the night, and the delirious joy of the winter dawn; the patterning of little feet, and the visions of little nightgowns, as the elders were awakened by the happy childish voices. Then the calm fruition of the day, and the sisters and the cousins, and the turkey and the pudding, and the stomach-ache that grandly crowned the whole. But the day came when we awoke from the bright dream, and in place of the rubicund and frosty face, the flowing beard, and the pawing reindeer, we found the ministering hands of parents and friends. It is the first idol that is broken, and nothing in after life, neither riches, nor power, nor fame, nor beauty, nor love, can quite fill the pedestal. Out of the mists of life's morning the rising sun fashions fleecy mountains and cloudy towers and depths of golden sea, while the bright blaze of manhood's noon dwarfs the mountain, scatters the towers, and the sea itself is found to be but the mirage of youth. But, though bright illusions go out of life, memory is constantly recalling them. Nor is material progress really hostile to sentiment; it is simply busy. By and by, when it sits down for a moment to wipe its heated brow, it will be sorry it had not time to notice that poor little feeling. Amid the clank of the piston, and the hiss of steam, and the click of the magnetic lever, the human heart is still beating, and once a year the children's hour commands a hush till you can count the throbs. Who shall estimate the value of this season? How many withered hearts have been renewed under its tender influence! How many selfish natures have felt the unwonted pleasure of making others happy! To how many Scrooges the Christmas carol has brought a revelation of humanity! If Christianity had given the world nothing else but Christmas, it would have given that which, in the sum of human happiness, outweighs all the gifts of all the creeds that earth has seen. Its distinctive glory is that it is the religion of humanity—the religion that softens man, that elevates woman, that casts a halo around infancy. The doctrine of Christ's nativity may be repugnant to the reason; the facts of his humanity touch the heart. Who can withhold veneration from a being who, in a world of violence and hate, preached the gospel of peace and love.

In the noble words of Macaulay, "It was before Deity, embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, sharing in their joys, leaning on their bosoms, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy, and the pride of the Portico, and the fases of the licitor, and the swords of thirty legions were humbled in the dust." To realize what

Christianity has done for women, look back on the ancient world. Take the literature of Greece. Think of its richness and variety. What phase of thought or feeling has it left untouched? It has reached the height of sublimity in the thunder of Demosthenes, and the billowy roll of Homer's hexameters. It has sounded the depths of passion in the tragedies of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. It has peopled comedy with the most fantastic figures, and made it vocal with bursts of song and peals of elfish laughter. What impression do we carry away of women? We know that there was a class of brilliant beings who amused the leisure, and sometimes shared the toil, of great men. But they had no domestic existence. We know that Socrates had a wife the thought of whom must have made the hemlock palatable. Doubtless, there was the household drudge, but her life has no place in story. The names of some Roman matrons have survived, famed chiefly for harsh and unlovely virtues. But woman, the companion and helpmate of man, the sharer of his joys, the consoler of his griefs, the queen on whose brow the wreaths of poetry were laid, and at whose feet mail-clad warriors knelt, owes all that makes her lot brighter than the lot of her sister in the ancient world to the infant that was born on Christmas Day. Has she forgotten it? Religion, faint from the blows of reason, has taken refuge in the hearts of women. Darwin and Spencer, and Huxley and Tynall, may investigate, and illustrate, and demonstrate, and prove; as long as one mother shall gather her little ones around her to tell them the story of Bethlehem, so long one ear shall be deaf and one heart closed to aught that would injure the religion which made a woman the mother of God. Christ said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." They have come, O Galilean! Men may reject Thy cross, but children will kneel around Thy cradle.

E. FIELD.

AT THE CIRCUS.

It was really a splendid show, was Cole's Circus. (Don't start, Mr. Editor; it's neither a puff nor an advertisement—they sailed for Australia more than two months ago.) It was instructive, too, my escort said, as we stopped in the menagerie tent to look at the animals, tame and wild, there assembled.

"Highly instructive," I assented, bitterly, as I gazed at the zebra in his cage; "for didn't I boldly use the simile 'striped as a zebra's legs,' in something I wrote the other day; and here I find every part of that aggravating brute's body striped, head and tail included—only not his legs! What shall I do?"

"Don't write about what you don't know, for the future," was the curt reply.

I got mad, of course, but kept my mouth shut till it was time to go into the next tent to see the performance. Just as my escort was about to enter the narrow lane leading into the large tent, I held him back.

"Don't," said I, beseechingly; "don't leave this tent. You can see for yourself that this menagerie is 'the most comprehensive and complete ever brought to

this coast,' with one exception—they have no bear. Now, if *you* could only be prevailed upon to stay with them, the collection would be perfect."

He pocketed my rebuke as submissively as I had taken his, and we went amicably together in search of our seats. The performance progressed in the usual satisfactory manner; the horses were something above the average; the wit of the clowns fell but little behind, and the athletes kept one in a delicious state of expectancy; every leap through mid-air looked as if it must be their last.

Just as the young lady who suspended herself through a pair of rings, about five hundred feet above sea level, was twisting and untwisting herself, to the enchanting strains of "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer," my dizzy glance slipped over something directly in front of me. I had brought my eyes down from the gyrating maiden on high, to rest them. But when they fell where they did, they literally slipped right off, and I had to raise them to my neighbor's face, so that they could rest on something dull and sober-tinted. I took the liberty to nudge him, however, and point out to him the shining object with my finger. It was a little boy's head, with the hair shingled. Shingled? Scrapped, sand-papered, planed off, would express it better. It was just one polished surface, cranium and forehead alike smooth, and the rays of the light reflected from both with equal brilliancy.

Even Bruin chuckled; and I laughed till I thought the boy's broad-faced mother must turn around to see what I was laughing at. Perhaps my laughter did not strike her as out of place, for she herself laughed at everything that was said and done—even by the clowns; and her pug-nosed husband brought up the rear of the ripple, so to speak—for from the mother the shingle-headed boy took his cue, and from him, two larger brothers, seated between him and the father; and, in this way, the laugh passed along the whole line.

Soon, however, a dark cloud was to obscure all this harmony and mirth. A loud-voiced man stepped into the middle of the ring, and announced that, after this performance was closed, there would be an extra performance—a family concert—to which all were invited to remain, upon payment of the extraordinarily low sum of twenty-five cents per head. It was a study to watch the effect of this announcement on the group in front of me. The pug-nosed father looked, questioningly, at the broad-faced mother; but this worthy matron's features seemed to harden and set during the short speech of the showman, and the three boys, never once consulting the eyes of the father, turned their triple attention to the *madre's* face. She was determined to ignore the three pairs of pleading eyes fixed upon her, and she looked straight ahead at the saw-dust ring; but three voices raised, in chorus, "Ma, let's stay—shan't we?" soon convinced her that this storm must be bravely faced.

"Hsh—sh—sh," she whispered, energetically, "not a whimper out of you;" and she learned forward to give them all the benefit of her threatening eye. The storm was only momentarily quelled, however, and it broke out with renewed fury directly.

"Ma, I want to stay—want to stay—want to stay," the refrain came along the line, more clamorously than before, and the stern parent was obliged to resort to more severe measures. Without another word she passed her arm behind the three young lads, and a spasmodic backward jerk of the oldest one's head, and

his sudden silence, convinced me that his hair had been pulled with unusual vigor. The second one dodged forward in the midst of his refrain, but did not escape his measure. Only the youngest, the one nearest her, came off unscathed.

Bruin had been watching this side-show with his habitual somber expression, but he bent over to whisper in my ear:

"Now you see what a shingled head is good for. That boy escaped his mother's wrath only by having no hair to pull."

I bridled up at once.

"Nothing of the kind," I said, indignantly; "she never meant to pull *his* hair. He's the youngest, don't you see? She wouldn't pull his hair if he had a bushel of it, and, besides, there's enough hair on his head to pull, if it is shingled. But what does a bear know about maternal tenderness and forbearance toward a youngest child?"

And I shrugged my shoulders in pity and contempt.

When we got ready to go, the interesting family marched ahead of us in the same order they had sat before us: mother, youngest, second youngest, oldest, father. Almost at the outlet of the tent stood the tempter once more, proclaiming this as the last chance to buy tickets for the family concert about to begin in a few minutes, price only twenty-five cents, children with their parents, *free*. Madame the mother set her teeth; Monsieur the father looked moved; but Messieurs the sons set up a shout of mingled woe and remonstrance against maternal cruelty and hard-heartedness. Moving on with the crowd, and unheeding the combined lamentations, the strong arm of discipline was once more brought around the three pairs of shoulders, two youthful heads were jerked backward, the third dodging instinctively, but, Bruin insisted, unnecessarily.

"I tell you," he whispered, excitedly, "she *can't* pull the little one's hair or she would. I can see it in her eye."

"You are mistaken," I answered, loftily, determined to have the last word, at all events; "she does not want to pull it. But there is hair enough on the boy's head to pull, and I'll prove it to you."

Bringing thumb and forefinger close together (for I knew there was not very much hair), I raised my hand stealthily to the back of the youngest boy's head, took a good aim, and smiled in anticipation of seeing a startled childish face turn on me with a command to "stop pulling my hair." Instead of that, presently came a howl:

"Ow—ow! O golly, who's a-pinchin' my head?"
JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

NIRVANA.

I stand before thy giant form, Ranier,
That rises wrapped in robe of dazzling snow,
And wonder what has made thee tower so
Calm, cold, and changeless in the sunlight clear.
The answer comes: Volcanic rocks have here
For ages burnt, upcast with fiercest glow
In fiery torrents from the hell below.
Thus did this mighty pyramid uprear
Its matchless form, till now it stands alone
Above the storms that vex the lower skies,
And snows eternal clothe its shapely cone.
O soul, cast out the hell that in thee lies
Of passions and desires that makes thee moan,
And, clad in white, thou, too, shalt grandly rise.

C. S. GREENE.

SOME INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

Old Tousus came into my claim one morning, equipped, as usual, with his mining outfit, consisting of a broken pick, a pan, and tin cup, and a piece of hoop-iron which had been transformed into a scraper. In those days the Indian population did a great deal of mining in a small way, and it was no uncommon thing to see a whole village, including the squaws and papooses, scraping industriously over the bed-rock which the white miners had cleaned in the careless way peculiar to the early days of mining, and instances are not wanting in which the Indians got the cream of the claim.

Tousus did not come alone this morning. He was followed by his squaw and little ones, and with them was an old Indian I did not recollect having seen before. I asked Tousus who he was.

"He—he my brother."

"What's his name?"

"Jim."

"I don't mean his American name, but what is his name in Indian?"

"O-o."

Which, being freely translated, meant that he did not know. Now, any man, white or Indian, should know the name of his brother, and of course Tousus lied. But the lie was what we Christians would call a "white" one, because it was told without intent to do any harm. As a matter of fact, old Tousus would about as soon have thought of cutting off one of his hands as to tell a stranger the Indian name of either himself or any one closely connected with him. In his firm belief, it would be followed by some great disaster to the party. But other Indians, while equally reticent about themselves, gave me the coveted information without hesitation, and I found the name of the new-comer was "Wywanny," which signifies "going north."

It was not a great while after this that I had an opportunity of seeing another example of Indian customs, which, while it does not have so deep a foundation in superstition as the one I have instanced, was yet adhered to most religiously. "Kentuck," a young Indian who had already attained fame as a hunter, was taken sick, and, notwithstanding the incantation of the most famous "medicine men" of which the tribe could boast, died in a very short time. Kentuck was the son of a former chief, and Indians came from far and near to attend the burial. A deep, round hole was dug, the body, rolled in blankets and doubled up like a ball, was lowered in, and then commenced the destruction of everything he owned while living. Among other things, a fine, new rifle, with which he had slain about forty deer the winter previous, was broken across a log, and the pieces thrown into the grave. Kentuck had been the purveyor of fresh meat the winter before for the whole camp, whites as well as Indians, for the snow had fallen deep early in the fall, and beef-cattle could not be driven across the mountains. Knowing Kentuck's gun to be the only good one owned by the Indians, I asked another, who was also a good hunter, why it was not saved. His answer was conclusive, so far as it went:

"He's dead now—he can't shoot it any more."

The wanderings of the Indians took them to another section, and some months elapsed before I saw Tousus again. When I next saw him, the whole family, as well as himself, were daubed with pitch—a sign of mourning.

"Who's dead, John?" I asked, using the name the whites had given him.

"My brother."

"What? Wywanny, the one here last summer?"

But such a cry of horror at this inquiry went up that I knew at once that I had, to use a slang phrase, "put my foot in it" somehow. Cries of "Don't name him," or words of similar import, came from every one. When the shock occasioned by my blunder had subsided, I asked one who talked English pretty well why the name of a dead Indian was not to be spoken, and was answered at once:

"S'pose he hears you call his name, then he'll come here."

These superstitions of the race have given rise to some curious incidents. The valley of the Trinity, when gold was first discovered, supported a large aboriginal population, and by all the accounts which have been handed down to us, it would seem that they were very friendly toward the new-comers. Be that as it may, the friendly feeling was soon broken by the act of an Oregonian, who shot an Indian deliberately one day, "just to see him jump," he said. After this act the Indians took to the mountains, and kept up a predatory warfare against the whites until the spring of 1852, when one of their camps being surprised and almost the entire population killed, in punishment for the murder of Captain Anderson, near Weaverville, the other villages sent in messengers to ask for peace. But the number of white men whose lives were sacrificed before this time was reached will never be known. The Indians were conscious of the numbers and superiority of those with whom they had to do, and carried on their war of revenge with a fiendish cunning which for a long time secured them comparative immunity from pursuit and vengeance. At that time the prospector who was present one day might be found miles away upon the morrow; or he might be encamped for weeks in a place while his very name would be unknown, perhaps, to his nearest neighbor. If missed from his claim or camp, it would be assumed that he had gone to some other locality, and if no suspicions of foul play were raised, the chances were that in a very brief space of time he would be forgotten. Such a condition of affairs was in every way favorable to the manner in which the Indians conducted their attacks, which were always directed against small parties or single miners and travelers, and were so successful that their victims never escaped to tell the tale.

After peace was concluded, the tribe came into the settlements and freely intermingled with the whites, when one of the common results of frontier life soon followed. Women, in the mines, were few and far between, and, as a natural result of this condition of society, many of the miners "took up" with Indian women. Some of these ill-assorted alliances continue even to the present day, where the miners became attached to the ones they had chosen, and were legally married. It was then only that the whites began to learn the extent to which their race had suffered while hostilities were in progress. Many a spot has since been pointed out as the scene of a conflict, in which one or more white men were slaughtered, and their bodies dragged away to some lone place, or buried, to conceal the evidences of the fray.

Plunder, as a matter of course, was a necessary accompaniment—plunder for its own sake, if nothing more. In many cases, the victims were the possessors

of large amounts of money, generally gold-dust. The Indians knew nothing then of the uses or the value of money. To them, it was only something that the white man cared for, and, therefore, legitimate "spoils of war." When one of their own number was killed, either in a fight where the white man was killed also, or on a cabin-robbing excursion, the booty thus acquired was looked upon as the peculiar property of the unfortunate aborigine, and buried with him. In many cases it was stolen, and thrown away afterward, as of no value. A legend points to a large sum thrown into the bushes, within sight of the town of Weaverville, which, though search has been made for it several times, has never been found. So far as recovering anything of this kind which was buried with, or strewn above the grave of one of their number, so great is their superstition that they would not think of touching a penny's worth of it, though it kept them from starving. And the same superstitious fear of speaking of the dead prevents them from pointing out such deposits to any white man, however friendly the relations may be otherwise. It was not until after years had passed, and those who lived with the whites began to be somewhat shaken in their beliefs, that intimations (slight and intangible at first, but given more fully after frequent questionings) were dropped. Yet although twenty or thirty places, where large sacks of dust, and pieces of money, "shaped as if cut off the end of a rifle-barrel" (fifty-dollar "slugs"), have been indicated, only two, so far as known, have been discovered. Two or three more of these mysterious finds have been made which may, or may not, be attributed originally to this cause. Of the first of these, I knew but little; the second I knew of, for I was well acquainted with all the parties, and learned the full particulars, except in regard to the amount of treasure recovered.

From the particulars of the story, it seems that some time in the year '50, or '51, a white man was traveling alone down the Trinity River, below the point where the main wagon-road to Shasta now crosses the stream. He rode a white horse, and carried a rifle. He was seen by a small band of Indians, who were upon the mountain above. They slipped across the ridge to a bend of the river below, to a point where the mouth of two brushy ravines made a most complete ambush. In the fight that followed, the white man was killed; his body was hidden, or buried; the gun, which became broken in the contest, was thrown into the river; while the white horse and pack were taken to the Digger camp. But the rifle, before it was broken, sent its messenger of death through the arm of one of the attacking party; and as the Indians were not able to bring any of the appliances of surgery to the aid of the wounded man, the hand came off some time before the death of the Indian. The hand was buried, and the gold-dust scattered on the little grave, with all the funeral ceremonies.

Among those present at this burial was a little girl of five or six years of age. Some years later, she was living with a white man, to whom she related the incident, and a party was at once formed to search for the treasure. The grave was in a flat, now fenced in and sowed to grain, and the leveled ground showed no trace of anything unusual. It soon became evident that the squaw either did not know the exact locality of the object of their search, or, knowing, was so worked upon by her superstitions, or so influenced by others, that she would make no further revelations. After they had

searched for about two weeks, and were about ready to give up, a band of Indians passed where they were working, and stopped to talk with the squaw, who told them what they were looking for. With the band was an older woman, who was known to have been at the burial, but resisted all persuasion and offers of reward to disclose what she knew. From the fragments of conversation overheard by the white men, it became evident that the Indians were trying to influence the young squaw to persuade her companions to quit the search. When the band went away, it was noticed that the old woman cast a stealthy glance toward an oak tree in another part of the field, and after the departure of the band, the man who observed this went where she had looked, and was fortunate enough to find the treasure. The ground had been plowed and harrowed several times, scattering the dust over a large surface, but the party (although they kept their own counsel) undoubtedly recovered several thousand dollars.

A great many other searches have been made, but with very indifferent success. As matters now stand, it is probable that nothing more will ever be found, unless through the medium of accident. The once numerous tribe of the Wintoons, which then peopled the valley of Trinity and its branches, has dwindled away to a mere handful, and if there are any yet living who remember the places to which Indian custom consigned the plunder taken from the hated race, their superstition is yet so strong that they will carry the secret with them to their graves.

T. E. JONES.

AT POINT BONITA.

Upon this frowning promontory's hight
Whose base is lashed by the upheaving surge,
I stand alone, and watch, with aching sight,
Yon lessening speck on the horizon's verge.

I trust my love to thee, and am undone
If thou prove merciless, O treacherous sea!
Thou hast thy myriads, while I have but one,
But she outvalues all thy wealth, with me.

Brave bark that bears her, fading down the west,
God speed thee, since 'twere vain to bid thee stay,
With thy fair freight o'er Ocean's placid breast,
May heaven's own zephyrs waft thee on thy way.

And thou, sweet wanderer, my plighted bride,
Though fate condemns us for a time to part,
Where'er thou stray'st, thy home is by my side,
Thy throne, fair despot, still is in my heart.

GEORGE T. RUSSELL.

AUTHORSHIP AND CRITICISM.

Addison somewhere declares that no man writes a book without meaning something, although he may not possess the happy faculty of writing consequentially, and expressing his meaning clearly. So also is many a well intentioned author mistaken in his judgment as to the value of that which he would indite; and, after the labor of composing and the expense of publication—when it is too late—it is discovered that time and labor and money have been expended upon a useless or vicious thing. When such is unfortunately the sad state of affairs, the fact is surely brought to light when the vigorous scalpel of the vigilant critic is applied to the tissue of the work.

The last named class of professionals, when they ply their art with a knowing hand, a steady nerve, and an honest heart, are very serviceable, alike to those who read and those who write; for they freely and fearlessly lay bare every substance-fiber, point out with unerring precision every element of truth and of beauty, and distinguish every tissue of worth and worthlessness; but when captious instead of critical, malignant instead of just, and bungling and boggling instead of applying with confidence and skill and intrepidity those tests that reveal true worth, separate gold from dross, they mislead the public, and send a Java-poisoned arrow, quivering, into the bleeding bosom of a worthy author, which, like a gnawing canker, saps the life-blood of his young ambition, and, mayhap, consigns him to oblivion or the tomb.

England's erratic poet sings mournfully of

"John Keats—who was killed off by one critique,
Just as he promised something great."

Her abused and neglected singer, whose organization was so delicate that he could

"Hardly bear
The weight of the superincumbent hour,"

whose earthly remains were committed to the urn near the Spezian floods, and his great *cor cordium* was sent to the British Museum to be placed among the curiosities of his native country, says that this kind and gentle and loving minstrel fell

"Pierced by the shaft which flies in darkness."

A strangely sensitive creature Keats certainly must have been, who could feel so deeply an unjust criticism that a hireling reviewer could publish; yet he did feel, and feel poignantly, the sting of the *viper*, and his spirit was so utterly broken by it, his ambition so hopelessly crushed, and his despair so absolutely reckless, that, as Headley declares, he wished to record his own ruin, and have his very tombstone tell how worthless were his life and name. With the fading of the last ray of hope of life, his dying hand indited a line he directed to be placed upon whatever monument should call the attention of succeeding generations to his last resting-place, which was done. The line reads thus:

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Surely singing birds, who prosper in serene regions, cannot flourish in a storm.

"Oh, can one envious tongue
So blight and blast earth's holiest things
That 'e'en the glorious bard that sings
Grows mute, and, all unstrung,
His bleeding, quivering heart gives o'er,
And dies without one effort more?"

Dr. John Hawkesworth, a brilliant essayist, whom Samuel Johnson pronounced capable of dignifying his narratives with elegance of diction and force of sentiment, is said by the elder Disraeli to have "died of criticism." Dr. Bently declares, and he was in a position to know whereof he spoke, that John Lake's thorough confutation of Bishop Stillingfleet's metaphysical treatise on the "Trinity" hastened the death of the Bishop. William Whiston, the intimate friend and warm admirer of Sir Isaac Newton, declared that he did not think it proper to publish his treatise in confutation of the philosopher's work on the "Chronology of Ancient

Kingdoms" during his lifetime, because he said he knew Newton's temperament so well he knew that it would kill him. Pope, the invalid poet, writhed in his chair under the sting of the light shafts darted at him by crabbed Cibber. And Tennyson, the English laureate, ere he had yet given anything to the public, read that exquisite little poem, "Lilian," to a company of his friends, and was laughed out of the room for his pains. When he first published his poems the critics found fault with them, and, with his shy and somber nature, Tennyson retired to solitude and study, and for ten years his name was not seen in print, and his very existence was forgotten by the literary world. When he did appear again and claim the attention of the public, he took his position among the veterans. Who can tell what would have been the result had the critics again found fault with his performances and the public turned aside with a sigh of disappointment?

The light of many a rising and ambitious genius—the world and the critics now recognize the critic-murdered Keats to have been a man within whose sensitive and delicate organization resided the Olympic fire of true genius—has been nipped in the bud by the unjust and harsh opinion of some hireling critic; so that in this day of doggerel verses and crabbed criticism we feel fully the force of Pope's caustic couplet, when he says:

"Such shameless bards we have; and yet, 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics, too."

When Byron's pugnacious spirit was roused to its highest pitch of fury by Henry (subsequently Lord) Brougham's ill-natured critique in the *Edinburgh Review* on his "Hours of Idleness," he wrote, in consummate spleen:

"As soon
Seek roses in December, ice in June;
Hope constancy in the wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or anything else that's false, before
You trust in critics."

And when Dr. Kenrick pronounced "The Traveler" to be "a flimsy poem," discussed it as a grave political pamphlet, condemned the whole system, and declared it built on false principles, and said that "The Deserted Village" was "pretty," but that it had "neither fancy, dignity, genius, nor fire"—poor Goldsmith, the impulsive child of Nature, could not resist the temptation to visit condign punishment, though summary justice, upon the impudent critic by administering to him a sound caning. For this indiscreet action the public severely condemned the poet. He published a defense of his action in the papers of the day, in which occurs the following characteristic paragraph:

"The law gives us no protection against this injury. The insults we receive before the public, by being more open, are the more distressing; by treating them with silent contempt we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only increases our mortification by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should singly consider himself as a guardian of the liberty of the press, and, as far as his influence can extend, should endeavor to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom."

Goldsmith was in a measure justified in his action. This man Kenrick was an Ishmaelite of the press—the hired tool of the Griffiths. He was a man of some talent and great industry, who had abandoned a paying

business as a mechanic for the thorny path of authorship as a profession. He tried his hand in every department of literature, gained a popular name, and received from some obscure university the title of Doctor of Laws; but he did not win success. He was one among that class of men of whom Dr. Johnson said they succeeded in making themselves *public* without making themselves *known*. His own want of success made him jealous of every one who was in any measure successful; and being reduced to book-work to gain a livelihood, in malignant reviews he made dastardly attacks on almost all the authors of his day. The following sketch of the critic is left by one of his contemporaries whom he had attacked:

"Dreaming of genius which he never had,
Half wit, half fool, half critic, and half mad ;
Seizing, like Shirley, on the poet's lyre,
With all his rage, but not one spark of fire ;
Eager for slaughter, and resolved to tear
From others' brows that wreath he must not wear,
Next Kenrick came ; all furious and replete
With brandy, malice, pretense, and conceit ;
Unskilled in classic lore, through envy blind
To all that's beauteous, learned, or refined ;
For faults alone behold the savage prow,
With reason's offal glut his raving soul ;
Pleased with his prey, its innocent blood he drinks,
And mumbles, paws, and turns it, till it stinks."

Vicious criticism, though always ungenial and nipping, to use Disraeli's figure, "does not always kill the tree it has frozen over," and points with force the saying of Richard Cumberland, that authors should never be thin-skinned, but shelled like the rhinoceros. Yet it is a sadly lamentable fact that the solitary road to literary preferment and successful authorship lies through the galling gauntlet of criticism; and it requires something of the spirit that impels the warrior to scale the walls of the citadel and carry off the fire-belching cannon, to pursue the even tenor of a course mapped out, and of plans laid, undisturbed and unruffled by the average critic's chirp—a something not at all in keeping with the modest, retired, and timorous nature of most authors.

It is certainly a source of consolation and comfort to sickened and disheartened authors to know that in his tremendous sweep, old Father Time, the great autocrat of the world and the sovereign arbiter of the fame of men and the life of nations, not only destroys authors and annihilates critics, but, with a benevolence scarce expected and surely not surpassed by mortals, kindly rescues from the slough of contempt and the misery of neglect some who have been ruthlessly cast down by critics, and mercilessly consigned to oblivion by the shallow public who humbly bow down at the critic's shrine, and, by daily weakening and removing unjust criticisms and unfounded prejudices, lifts worthy authors to their deserved places in the world's literature and history, making them

"A burnin' and a shinin' light"

to all the nations. In ancient times, when superstition and ignorance held a firm grip upon the base of the world, the dignities of the church detected witches and the magnates of the cities rabid dogs, by casting them into the water; so also could they, by a direct interpolation of the hand of Providence, bring to light the truth or falsity of a statement or position, the worth or worthlessness of a book, by an application of the "ordeal by

fire." When all Italy was thrown into intense excitement over the proposition to substitute the Roman for the Mozarabic rite, about the year 1077, with one common voice a resort was made to the fire ordeal. A missal from each was committed to the flames, and, to the great joy of all patriotic Castilians, the Gothic offices were untouched by the flames, while the others were utterly consumed; and thus, it was contended and conceded, the Lord of Hosts confirmed the decisions of the courts previously rendered in favor of the national ritual, greatly to the consternation and mortification of the partisans of the Roman offices. It will be remembered by the student of church history that at the commencement of St. Dominic's crusade against the Albigenses, the arguments of each were reduced to writing and the parchments committed to the flames to test the truth and accuracy of each. That of the Saint was unscathed by the fire, while that of his opponents was reduced to ashes. An appeal to this "law of fire" occurred at Constantinople as late as the thirteenth century. When Andronicus II. ascended the Byzantine throne, he found the city torn into factions by reason of the expulsion of Assenius from the patriarchate; and, in accordance with the prevailing custom and the popular demand, the statements and claims of each faction were reduced to writing and consigned to the all-determining fire-fiend, to ascertain which was in the wrong, when, much to the mutual surprise of each faction, the manuscript of each was entirely consumed.

This method of detecting spiritual truths and testing literary excellence may have been potent and reliable during those dark days of human history, when devils incarnate walked the earth and lurked in the vicinity of churches, and their allies—witches—infested and pestered communities, but it long since passed from use among the civilized and the enlightened, whom devils have abandoned and witches have ceased to trouble. Fire may now very properly be dubbed a *consuming* critic, inasmuch as it consumes all works regardless of classes or merits.

Criticism proper may be divided into two classes or kinds, to wit: Constructive criticism and destructive criticism. It is the province and mission of the first class to analyze and detect the author's methods of procedure, as well as to point out the beauties that are to be admired and the defects that are to be shunned and avoided; and thus help to a hearty appreciation of a chaste and healthy literature. The solitary end and aim of destructive criticism is to find fault and point out defects; the first is frequently, if not generally, capiously done, and the latter magnified, if not manufactured. This class of criticism, while distasteful alike to the author and the public, can benefit but one party, and that is the author criticised. This is not a class of criticism to be indulged in by the critic or commanded by the public.

Literary criticism is regarded by many as merely the art of finding fault systematically; the frigid application of certain technical terms and set rules, known and applied mainly by one class of persons only, by means of which those who make them a study are enabled to cavil and censure in a learned manner. Such has been declared by the prince of English rhetoricians to be "the criticism of pedants only." He then adds, and his doctrine in this is recognized as the true and only one:

"True criticism is a liberal and humane art. It is the offspring of good sense and refined taste. It aims at acquiring a just discernment of the real merit of au-

thors. It promotes a lively relish of their beauties, while it preserves us from the blind and implicit veneration which would confound their beauties and their faults in our esteem. It teaches us, in a word, to admire and to blame with judgment, and not to follow the crowd blindly."

J. MANFORD KERR.

NO MORE!

Come back? Ah, yes, when the faith
Thou hast slain like a bird in its track
Shall arise and revive out of death,
I will come back.

Come back? Yes, when from the dust
Of the grave's mouth, hollow and black,
Shall awaken my dead, lost trust,
I will come back.

And when in my heart this word
That tells of thy treason is dumb,
Thy voice that recalls may be heard,
And I will come.

But the dead that are dead rise not;
From the night with its ruin and wrack,
The hope that went forth proud and hot
Doth not come back.

And the grave and the pit give not up
The feet that have trodden their track;
And the drops thou hast spilled from the cup
Can they come back?

No; pass on thy way, and know this:
Nevermore, through the long years' sum,
Shall we meet for woe or for bliss—
I will not come.

BARTON GREY.

A MULE KICKS A BEE-HIVE.

I was visiting a gentleman who lived in the vicinity of Los Angeles. The morning was beautiful. The plash of little cascades about the grounds, the buzz of bees, and the gentle moving of the foliage of the pepper trees in the scarcely perceptible ocean-breeze, made up a picture which I thought was complete. It was not. A mule wandered on the scene. The scene, I thought, could have got along without him. He took a different view.

Of course mules were not allowed on the grounds. That is what he knew. That was his reason for being there.

I recognized him. Had met him. His lower lip hung down. He looked disgusted. It seemed he didn't like being a mule.

A day or two before, while I was trying to pick up a little child who had got too near this mule's heels, he kicked me two or three times before I could tell from which way I was hit. I might have avoided some of the kicking, but, in my confusion, I began to kick at the mule. I didn't kick with him long. He outnumbered me.

He browsed along on the choice shrubbery. I forgot the beauty of the morning. Remembered a black and blue spot on my leg. It looked like the print of a mule's hoof. There was another on my right hip. Where my suspender crossed were two more, as I have been informed. They were side by side—twin blue spots, and seemed to be about the same age.

I thought of revenge. I didn't want to kick with him any more. No. But thought, if I had him tied down

good and fast, so he could not move his heels, how like sweet incense it would be to first saw his ears and tail smooth off, then put out his eyes with a red-hot poker, then skin him alive, then run him through a threshing-machine.

While I was thus thinking, and getting madder and madder, the mule, which had wandered up close to a large bee-hive, got stung. His eyes lighted up, as if that was just what he was looking for. He turned on that bee-hive and took aim. He fired. In ten seconds, the only piece of bee-hive I could see was about the size a man feels when he has told a joke that falls on the company like a piece of sad news. This piece was in the air. It was being kicked at.

The bees swarmed. They swarmed a good deal. They lit on that mule earnestly. After he had kicked the last piece of bee-hive so high that he could not reach it any more, he stopped for an instant. He seemed trying to ascertain whether the ten thousand bees which were stinging him meant it. They did.

The mule turned loose. I never saw anything to equal it. He was enveloped in a dense fog of earnestness and bees, and filled with enthusiasm and stings. The more he kicked, the higher he arose from the ground. I may have been mistaken, for I was somewhat excited and very much delighted, but that mule seemed to rise as high as the tops of the pepper trees. The pepper trees were twenty feet high. He would open and shut himself like a frog swimming. Sometimes, when he was in mid-air, he would look like he was flying, and I would think for a moment he was about to become an angel. Only for a moment. There are probably no mule-angels.

When he had got up to the tops of the pepper trees, I was called to breakfast. I told them I didn't want any breakfast.

The mule continued to be busy.

When a mule kicks himself clear of the earth, his heels seldom reach higher than his back; that is, a mule's fore-legs can reach forward, and his hind-legs backward, until the mule becomes straightened out into a line of mule parallel with the earth, and fifteen or twenty feet therefrom. This mule's hind-legs, however, were not only raised into a line with his back, but they would come over until the bottom of the hoofs almost touched his ears.

The mule proceeded as if he desired to hurry through. I had no idea how many bees a hive would hold until I saw that bee-hive emptied on that mule. They covered him so completely that I could not see any of him but the glare of his eyes. I could see, from the expression of his eyes, that he didn't like the way things were going.

The mule still went on in an absorbed kind of a way. Not only was every bee of the disturbed hive on duty, but I think the news had been conveyed to neighboring hives that war had been declared. I could see bees flying to and fro. The mule was covered so deep with bees that he looked like an exaggerated mule. The hum of the bees, and their moving on each other, combined into a seething hiss.

A sweet calm and gentle peacefulness pervaded me.

When he had kicked for an hour, he began to fall short of the tops of the pepper trees. He was settling down closer to the earth. Numbers were telling on him. He looked distressed. He had always been used to kicking against something, but found now that he was striking the air. It was very exhausting.

He finally got so he did not rise clear of the ground, but continued to kick with both feet for half an hour, next with first one foot and then the other for another half an hour, then with his right foot only every few minutes, the intervals growing longer and longer, until he finally was still. His head drooped, his lip hung lower and lower. The bees stung on. He looked as if he thought that a mean, sneaking advantage had been taken of him.

I retired from the scene. Early the next morning I returned. The sun came slowly up from behind the eastern hills. The light foliage of the pepper trees trembled with his morning caress. His golden kiss fell upon the opening roses. A bee could be seen flying hither, another thither. The mule lay near the scene of yesterday's struggle. Peace had come to him. He was dead. Too much kicking against nothing.

LOCK MELONE.

A REMARKABLE REMINISCENCE.

Cases where persons have read their own obituaries are not infrequent in history, but are considered none the less remarkable. Lord Brougham the veteran English politician, Thiers the French statesman, Peabody the philanthropist, and Proctor the astronomer, all thus had the pleasure of reading the verdict of the press on their supposed-to-be ended lives. The similar and more recent case of Nellie Grant-Sartoris is fresh in public memory. While General Grant was sailing through the Golden Gate last year, in the course of conversation with the reporters and others around him, the subject of the false rumor of his daughter's death was broached, and the emotions of Mrs. Sartoris upon reading her would-be *post mortem* eulogies, were commented upon. General John F. Miller remarked that he had twice read obituaries of himself, having been reported dead on the battle-field. This led General Grant to relate a similar incident of Colonel Chamberlain, who has since been Governor of Maine.

A propos of these reminiscences, is the case of a resident of Oakland, whose story, apart from the coincidence, is full of interest, illustrating as it does the ups and downs of American society. Charles Snyder, the old gentleman who for a long time has been installed as manager of the Oakland Free Reading-rooms, and whose face is familiar to all frequenters of that newsy resort, is now sixty-five years old. Over a quarter of a century ago, under the stage name of Charles Ashton, he was an opera singer and actor of wide-spread fame in the Eastern and Southern States. His early musical instructor was the then noted Signor Bazioloe. He made his *début* with an elder sister of Adalina Patti, at the Astor Place Opera House, in New York City, under Maurice Strakosch. Snyder was henceforth recognized as the leading tenor of the time, and had a memorable run at the old Astor. This opera-house—which was then the acknowledged resort of the upper-ten—has since been transformed into the Clinton Library. After this, Snyder sang one winter with Madame de Vries in Havana, thirteen weeks with Jenny Lind in New Orleans, and was just finishing a farewell opera season in Cincinnati with Madame Alboni when the incident referred to occurred. He was under a \$100,000 engagement to go to Europe with Madame Alboni, when he was taken violently ill with congestion of the lungs. For several days he sunk, until his life hung as it were by a hair. At length his physicians gave him up, and

when on a certain evening an intimate friend of Snyder called to learn of his condition, he was informed that the case was hopeless—Snyder would die at midnight. The gentleman was one of the editors of the Cincinnati *Nonpareil*. True to his journalistic instincts, the editor smothered his grief, went straightway to his office, and wrote a half-column obituary of Snyder, recounting the virtues of that eminent singer, who, he said, had died at midnight. The article appeared in the next morning's paper. And now comes the strange *dénouement*. At midnight, the time set for Snyder's demise, an unaccountable change for the better occurred. The tide of life ceased ebbing; the sufferer began to breathe easier, and before morning was pronounced out of immediate danger. The next day he was able to peruse his own obituary. Mr. Sayder recovered, and subsequently became for a time an instructor in elocution in Washington. But he never again appeared before the footlights. The ravages of the disease had ruined his fine voice, and, with but brief intervals, he has not since been able to speak much above a whisper.

W. B. TURNER.

"SUCH A FAMILYAH PLACE."

Last spring, I rented a house quite near the business part of our town, and hired Henry—a colored man—to saw some wood for me. When I went home to dinner, I stepped out into the yard where Henry was at work, and asked him how he liked my new place.

"Oh, dis is a nice place," said Henry. "Such a familyah place, sah."

"Familiar place! Oh, you have worked here often, have you, Henry?"

"No sah; nevah worked heah afore in de world, sah," answered Henry.

"How is it so familiar to you, then; have you lived near here?"

"No, sah; my house is a long ways from heah, sah; I don't mean dat it's familyah to me, but familyah to de town; very familyah to de main street, sah."

"Oh, you mean convenient, Henry," said I.

"Yes, sah; convenient, sah, dat's it. I done mistook de word, sah; dat's all."

"Yes, it is a convenient place, Henry, and I think I've got a pretty good garden, don't you?"

"Yes, sah; fine garden, and so much scrubbery," said Henry.

"Scrubbery—what's that?"

"Oh, de currants, an' gooseberries, an' rasberries; an look at dem plum trees, sah; an' apple trees. Yes, sah, you got de best scrubbery ob any one on dis street, sah."

C. L. C.

SEND US ITEMS.

Our aim is to make "Outcroppings" a light and pleasing corner of the magazine, and we should be glad if our readers would send us from time to time, briefly and pithily told, such humorous incidents as may come under their observation.

AN ELEGANT HOLIDAY PRESENT.

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